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WORKS

Mr. Samuel Butler,

BUTLER'S

POSTHUMOUS

WORKS.

THE THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by R. KELLY, in Strand Street, and
Held by the Booksellers of London and Westminster.

M DCCC XXX.

The Posthumous

WORKS

Mr. Samuel Butler



Written in the Time of the Commonwealth
Respecting the Commonwealth

Butler (Samuel) the Poet. Smaller
Collection

WORKS

The Third Edition, Corrected

Printed by and for R. KELLY in Little Britain, and
Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster.

MDCXXX

The Posthumous
WORKS
OF

Mr. Samuel Butler,

(Author of *HUDIBRAS*)

Compleat in One VOLUME:

Written in the Time of the **Grand**
Rebellion, and in the Reign of King
CHARLES II.

BEING

A Collection of SATIRES, SPEECHES, and
REFLECTIONS upon those Times;

Publish'd from

Original M.SS. and Scarce and Valuable
Pieces formerly Printed.

The Third Edition, Corrected.

L O N D O N :

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W. R. K. S.



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(Author of Hudibras)

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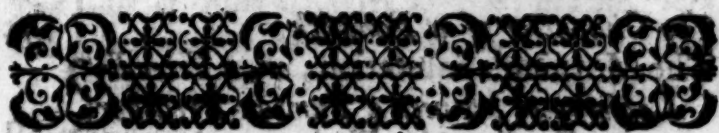
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MDCCLXX



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Hitherto at Court
 A lady he brought, whose name
 That they tell, he had told out
 The worthy knight, Sir Hitherto
 Of such deep sense and fondness was



Hudibras at Court page. 1.

THE

(1)

THE
REMAINS
OF
Mr. Samuel Butler.

HUDIBRAS at Court.

The ARGUMENT.

*Adventures ceasing, Knight and Squire
Towards their respective homes retire:
The manner how they lodge their arms;
And how forc'd back by fresh alarms;
Their resolution to repair
To Court, and what succeeded there.*

AFTER fierce wars, and hot disputes,
As e'er fell out 'twixt brutes and brutes;
After much waste of blood and treasure,
Robbing and plund'ring without measure
After both sides had took such pains, sure
To knock out one another's brains.
And after they had fought so long
For dame Religion 'till they had none;
A lucky hit brought things about,
That they fell in as they fell out.

Our worthy knight, Sir Hudibras,
Of such deep sense and foresight was,

That he well knew his furious zeal
 For anarchy and common-weal,
 His worship must to ruin bring,
 Should providence restore the king;
 He therefore, but with great compunction,
 Resolves to quit of war the function,
 And to abandon colonelling,
 And home return to peaceful dwelling.
 But first he thus bespoke the squire,
Ralph, I'm sure thou wilt admire
 When I have told thee my intention,
 Which I have fixt beyond prevention.

Quoth *Ralph*, I wish it mayn't repent
 Your worship, you're so fully bent:
 'Tis hard to judge, before we know,
 But stubborn people ne'er want woe;
 And I dear wage a broken pate,
 That 'tis some mischief 'gainst the state,
 Which you thus solemnly intend;
 But if it be, excuse your friend
 And servant, Sir, for verily
 The thing seems wond'rous plain to me,
 That there is some design now brewing,
 That will involve us all in ruin.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I hope you'll own,
 To take me up before I'm down,
 Is not the proper way to find
 It out, when something's in the wind;
 Nor is't good breeding, with submission,
 To judge and censure on suspicion:

But, *Ralph*, since you have had a share,
 With me, in all my feats of war,
 Stood kick and cuff, and went my halves
 In dreadful fights 'midst clubs and staves,
 And have on all occasions shewn
 A valour equal to my own;
 I will excuse you this, and all
 Your other faults in general.

Quoth *Ralph*, I thank you for your pardon,
 Tho' at the same time, me 'tis hard on,
 To be excluded from a secret,
 As if you thought I mean't to break it;

I have been trusted heretofore
With all your secrets o'er and o'er,
And that I should be now postpon'd
Is very hard it must be own'd.

At this the knight began to fly
Into a passion and talk high;
Ralpho, if you will give me leave,
Says he, I would you undeceive.
The resolution I have fixt
With your own sentiments is mixt.
You said just now that there was brewing
Some project to procure our ruin;
Why truly I believe the same,
And that the saints will come to shame;
If presbyter and independant
Fall out and fight, then there's an end on't,
Down goes the rump, and restoration
Will be the only word in fashion.
Now, *Ralph*, as ev'ry one that's wise,
Does his own preservation prize,
I to myself should be unjust,
Should I neglect to be the first
Made my retreat, which may perhaps
Preserve me against after-claps.
Self-preservation I'll be bold,
Than chivalry itself's more old.
And has more service done by far
Than knighthood, both in peace and war.

Quoth *Ralpho*, who could hold no longer,
Altho' I am no good states-monger,
Yet I begin to smell a rat,
And what your worship would be at,
You have, I find, some little guilt,
For christian blood devoutly spilt,
Some inward checks and throws of conscience,
Which, strictly speaking, are all nonsense;
And those have press'd you on so far,
That you resolve to quit the war.
To quit the war I grant indeed,
As cases stand, you ought with speed,
As 'tis a proper way to fence,
Against revolts of providence:

The REMAINS

But, by the way, Sir, doubts and fears
 Will never pay us our arrears ;
 I serve for plunder 's well as zeal,
 And as they both begin to fail,
 Whether we win or lose the day,
 W'are sure to suffer by our stay ;
 And yet, Sir, you must own, 'tis hard
 If we should meet with no reward
 For all the service we have done
 Down to this day from forty one.
 After so many kicks and drubs,
 And such pains-taking from the tubs ;
 For all our holdings-forth, long prayers,
 Our sighs, and groans, and precious tears ;
 Pardon me, Sir, I mean my own,
 If we should pennylefs go home,
 The thing I'm sure must needs look odly,
 And blame our conduct with the godly.

Quoth *Hudibras*, if your arrears,
 Are dearer to you than your ears,
 Or if that you have more regard
 For hanging, than for a reward ;
 I think 'tis pity you should miss
 Rewards for all your services.
 I've weigh'd the matter, and can find
 Not the least cause to change my mind,
 And further, *Ralpho*, tell you this,
 That in our stay there danger is.

Here's not one here but you and I,
 Therefore I mention't by the by ;
 The saints have done such cursed things,
 That all the land for vengeance rings.
 Have they not overwhelm'd the nation,
 With murder, blood, and desolation,
 Attempted to assassinate,
 And cut the throats of church and state ?
 And now as hogs can see the wind,
 And storms at distance coming find ;
 So I perceive a storm to gather,
 Which by retreating we may weather :
Nolens volens, we must *ergo*
 March publick or *incognito*,

Which in great measure I submit
To your dexterity and wit,
Only reserving, notwithstanding,
The power and privilege of commanding.

Since *nolens volens* is the case,
Quoth *Ralph*, I will not hang an arse;
It is my duty and desire,
To serve you like a trusty squire,
And tho' w' have cross adventures met,
And both been often soundly beat,
Should civil broils again break out,
I'll follow you the world about.

As to the manner of returning,
It won't it seems admit adjourning,
But whether publick or incog,
Be best, If I know I'm a dog:
That either way there must be danger,
I'm sure your worship is no stranger;
But in two ills, as still the least
Is by wise men accounted best;
So like wise men we should debate,
Which of the two suits best our state.

If we in publick should march home,
Your worship's every where so known,
And for so many actions famous,
That not a country ignoramus
But would come up out to gape and stare,
As if that you some monster were;
Quere if that would not defeat
The sole design of your retreat?

Secondly, should your worship go
In silence and *incognito*,
Would not the folk be apt to cry,
He's come among us for a spy,
And make a world of strange conjectures,
Both at their houses and their lectures.

Quoth *Hudibras*, your queries both
Are finely stated by my troth:
And now to make the matter short,
Ralph, here's my hand I thank you for't.
There's no objection can be made
To any thing that you have said;

Therefore to better sense submitting,
There is a way, if you think fitting,
Which we may take, and so be free
From all the dangers you foresee.

The middle way you mean, quoth *Ralph*,
Which all wise men dare hold most safe.
That all extreams are dangerous
Is now exemplify'd in us.
Too much may, like too little zeal,
Bring ruin to the common-weal;
For when 'tis over hot and furious,
Than zeal nothing is more injurious.
Pardon me, Sir, I thus break in,
A burning zeal's a burning sin,
And has more mischief done the saints,
Than all their oaths and covenants.

At this the knight gave breast a thump,
Lord, *Ralph*, how our opinions jump,
There is no power of Heaven or Hell,
Can pacifie a furious zeal;
Not fear of gallowses and ropes
Can stem the tide of zealot's hopes;
Like frightened wolves, they forward run,
Look back and grin, howl and go on.
But now to let this pass, and come
T' a final resolution;
As we bring nothing home but scars,
Bumps, bruises, and the marks of wars,
Are no more wealthy, wise, or stout,
Than what we were when we set out;
So we'll return the very same,

Ralph, to speak plain, fools as we came.

Quoth *Ralph*, there's one thing still behind,
Which we I think forget to mind;
Our horses and our arms shou'd not
In common prudence be forgot.
Fresh doubts, fresh jealousies and fears,
May set the nation by the ears,
And there may happen fresh occasion
For plund'ring and sequestration.
Such accidents, like resurrect-
-tion, may come when we suspect

Them least of all, and therefore we
Should always in a posture be.
That's true again, quoth *Hudibras*,
But, *Ralph*, can you propose the place;
I would not loose *Toledo* trusty,
Nor yet my dagger tho' 'tis rusty,
My pistols, spur, altho' but one,
For any confid'ration.

Quoth *Ralph*, I know a place I'm sure,
Where both our arms may be secure.
A hollow tree there is of note,
In which they say dwells *Leathercoat*.
This *Leathercoat* is held the sp'rit
Of a deceased errant knight,
And still retains good will and warrant
In his distress to serve knight errant.

Quoth *Hudibras*, the souls of knights
If truly errant, can't be sp'rits,
But like to souls of saint or martyr,
In quiet sleep for ever after;
This I affirm and so reject
Your proposition in effect:
In truth 'tis so abominable,
I to contain myself a'n't able.
What, *Sancho*, after we have been
Fighting and struggling against sin;
We that have plundr'd, preach'd, and pray'd,
'Gainst evil couns'llor, shall't be said,
That after all their loud pretences
For freedom of their consciences,
That they had no more grace nor merit
But to intrust an evil spirit,
To guard their arms? why this would be
A scandal to all chivalry.

Quoth *Sancho*, wou'd your worship hear,
I'd make it other ways appear.
I well remember food and firing,
Some years before I went a squiring,
Were both so dear, to save the life
Of my own self, my child, and wife,
I was constrained to make bold,
With landlord's hedges and his fold.

The REMAINS

God's goodness more than my desert,
 Did then, Sir, put into my heart,
 To choose this tree, this blessed tree,
 To be in need my sanctuary.

'Tis needless now and long to tell
 How oft' I've used it for my hell;
 Not such a hell where we suppose,
 The soul of the ungodly goes,
 But such a hell where taylors slip
 Their remnants and too large a snip.

But now that we no longer may
 Squander in words our breath away,
 And argue, as if arguing were
 Our trade, as well as that of war:
 Body for body I'll be bound,
 The arms shall all be safe and sound.
 For as I know my name is *Ralph*,
 So in that tree I know they're safe.

Quoth *Hudibras*, you know full well
 What hap'd 'twixt me and *Sydrophel*,
 Nor have you, I suppose, forgot
 How I was drawn into a plot,

By *Trulla* that eternal jade,
 And cudgell'd at the masquerade,
 Had you not then and there made shift,
 In my distress to give a lift,
 Without all doubt or peradventure,
 I had been now below the centre.

I am no coward, 'tis well known,
 Yet I with the same breath must own,
 I rather would engage a crowd
 Of butchers, tho' they deal in blood,
 Than meet one devil or a sp'rite
 That is the devil's perquisite.

But, *Ralph*, since you will stand the touch.
 My confidence in you is such,
 I will consent this hollow tree
 Shall be our present armoree.

This matter being thus decreed,
 The knight mounts first, then squire his steed.
Ralpho, who knew each road and by-way,
 As well as thief that robs on high-way,

March'd in the front and led the knight,
Till to the tree they came in sight,
And then the knight assumes the front,
And gave the word to *Ralph*, dismount.

The word's no sooner giv'n, but *Ralph*
From *Rosenante* tumbles off,
At the same time the knight o'erlighted,
And from himself himself unknighthed;
For if that ancient maxim's true,
That which can make, can unmake too;
Then as the sword, the only thing
That makes the knight in hand of king,
So when the sword is off, we know
The man's again in *statu quo*;
Whence we infer, without much stretching
The metaphor, or things far fetching,
The knight and squire being disequipp'd,
Are of respective titles stripp'd;
For titles die and fade like grass,
So 'tis plain *Ralph* and *Hudibras*.

By this time *Ralph* in thong of leather,
Had tyed th' habiliments together,
And lugg'd them to the hollow top
O'the tree, from whence he let them drop
Down to the bottom, where we'll leave 'em
Till now adventures shall retrieve 'em.

The next thing now that came in course,
Was the disposal of the horse,
For which they were oblig'd to call
Of war a council general,
Where *Ralph*, who in his turn presiding
Determines it without dividing,
To leave 'em in the marshes, where
They might their loss of flesh repair.

Being thus of arms and horse bereft,
No marks of knighthood now was left
But Boots, which wanting jack, no force
Could from their warlike legs divorce.

Quoth *Ralph*, who, as I take it, was
A better judge than *Hudibras*,
In this disguise we look so odly,
We may perhaps surprize the godly.

What therefore if we sloop an hour,
 It could not be amiss I'm sure,
 To make our selves a little known,
 Before that we approach the town.
 Near lives a friend of mine, whom some
 Call by the name of country *Tom*,
 That us'd to keep for the relief
 Of sturdy beggar, *alias* thief,
 A cup of nappy and a bottle
 Of *Aqua Vitæ* held a pottle;
 I've try'd him oft, and always found
 That he was at the bottom sound,
 And if your worship will go thither,
 He'll tell us who and who's together.
 Agreed, quoth *Hudibras*, and so
 Without delay they thither go;
 And *Ralph* who knew the house the best
 Lifts up the latch and enters first.
 The landlord, tho' a sturdy knave,
 And would the boldest thief outbrave,
 Had been the marshal of a ring,
 And fought and beat the gippies king
 Seeing this *quondam* squire and knight
 Wou'd, but could not conceal his fright,
 Till *Ralph* thus spoke: friend *Tom*, I find
 That out of sight and out of mind,
 And yet, old friend, methinks 'tis strange
 So short a time should make this change.
 I'm *Ralph* the taylor, and, you ass,
 This is your landlord *Hudibras*.
 My landlord, *Hudibras*, quoth he,
 God save his worship, can it be?
 Why surely it must be below him,
 In such a frightful garb to go in.
 Beshrew my heart if you don't look,
 As if by God and man forsook;
 Or as they say in terms more plain,
 Half hang'd and then cut down again.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, friend, hold your tongue,
 Us and your judgment both you wrong;
 For as 'tis said by *William*
 Of *Wickham*, manners make a man,

So I affirm a gilded coat;
Doth not enhance the man a groat;
Nor is a garter or a star
So ornamental as a scar.

The landlord finding his mistake,
Stands up and making a long scrape,
Quoth he, if I have made a slip
And let my tongue out-run my wit,
I beg your worship's pardon, and
Myself and house you may command.

We take you at your word, quoth *Ralph*,
And do depend that here w're safe;
And first, *Tom*, we desire to know,
How in the town all matters go?

Quoth he, as bad as bad can be,
Exceeding bad to a degree.
For since that you went out to battle,
They've seiz'd our landlord's goods and cattle,
By vertue of an outlawry:
Ejectments on ejectments fly,
Writs of rebellion what d'you call,
Attachments and the devil and all.
Thus matters with our landlord stand,
And, *Ralph*, I won't deal under-hand,
Your's are much worse, and if you're caught,
You'll be before your gaffers brought.

Something of this, quoth *Hudibras*,
I did expect might come to pass;
My dreams and startings in the night
Forewarn'd me things did not go right;
But as great conquerours glory gain,
When they their evil fate disdain,
So, *Ralph*, we must not sink below
The present burden of our woe.
If in this castle we are safe,
I'll find a way to bring us off,
And to reward our landlord's care
For giving us protection here.

Last night I was in vision told,
That monk had not the rump lay'd hold,
And giv'n it such a desp'rate twitch,
That it hung dangling at the britch,

And that another hearty snack
 Would tear it quite from off the back.
 The king methoughts I saw returning,
 From whence h'had been so long sojourning;
 And what was more, upon his face
 Methoughts I saw writ *Hudibras*.

Now is not this a call to court,
 What think you, *Ralph*? I think, in short,
 Quoth *Ralph*, if you neglect the summons,
 You ought to be turn'd out of commons.
 I who have been the everlasting
 Companion of your drubs and basting,
 And never left you in contest,
 With male, or female, man or beast;
 Fall back fall edge will not desert,
 But follow you with all my heart.

Why then, quoth *Hudibras*, I'll go,
 Since you and fate advise me so.
 Honour is like a widow won,
 By brisk, not formal setting on;
 And therefore *Ralph* since we are come
 T'a final resolution,
 Let us to horse and arms repair,
 And face about just as we were.

This said the knight and squire join
 Their forces 'well as their design,
 And put themselves upon the march,
 After adventures new to search;
 Still keeping close in warlike posture,
 As fit for battle as for muster,
 Till they arrive upon the spot,
 Where just before the king was got.

Near to this place a castle stands,
 Which all the neighbourhood commands;
 Here dwel't the king, who here we'll call,
 The prince of the enchanted hall.
 This mighty prince, who chanc'd to hear
 Of *Hudibras* the character,
 Nothing would serve his turn but he
 This famous knight and squire must see.

Now you must know Sir *Hudibras*
 With such perfections gifted was,

And so peculiar in his manner,
That all that saw him did him honour;
Amongst the rest this prince was one,
Admir'd his conversation.
This prince, whose ready wit and parts
Conquer'd both men and womens hearts,
Was so o'ercome by knight and *Ralph*,
That he could never claw it off.
He never eat, nor drank, nor slept,
But *Hudibras* still near him kept,
Never would go to church, or so,
But *Hudibras* must with him go,
Nor yet to visit concubine,
Or at a city-feast to dine,
But *Hudibras* must still be there,
Or all the fat was in the fire.

Now after all was it not hard,
That he should meet with no reward.
That fitted out this knight and squire,
This monarch did so much admire;
That he should never reimburse
The man for th' equipage or horse,
Is sure a strange ungrateful thing
In any body but a king.

But this good king is seems was told,
By some that were with him too bold,
If e'er you hope to gain your ends,
Careless your foes, and trust your friends;
Your friends no disrespect can move,
They'll be your friends because they love,
But if your foes should take things ill,
They'll be your foes, because they will,
Your friends are loyal good and just,
And can't be urg'd to break their trust,
They've no base arts or wicked ends,
But are, and will be still your friends,
Your foes are stubborn, cruel, proud,
Rebellious, insolent, and loud,
And will upon the least pretence
Disown you for their lawful prince.
Therefore 'tis prudent, Sir, to flatter
These foes, lest they should you bespatter,

And find a method to destroy
Those pleasures which you now enjoy.
These were the doctrines that were taught,
Till this unthinking king was brought
To leave his friends to starve and die,
An ill reward for loyalty.

But leave we this t'another place,
And now return to *Hudibras*;
Who finding, like an artful shaver,
That he was got so high in favour,
And has the monarch's ear, and more
Was of the cab'net of his whore;
A whore of state, who knew the length
Both of the monarch's purse and strength,
Without much thinking or projecting,
To squire *Ralph* fell thus reflecting:

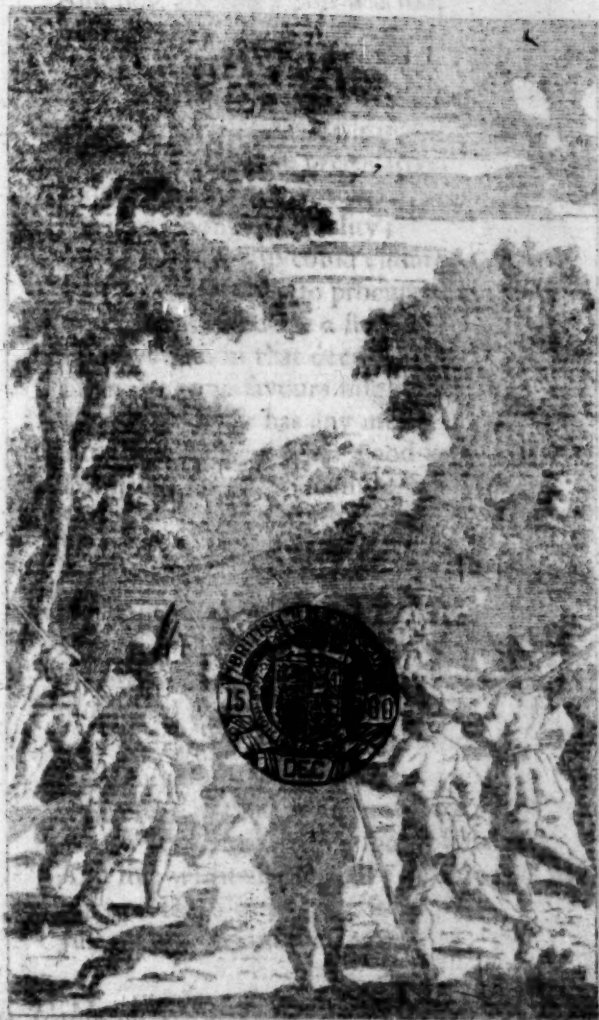
Since you have went my halves in all,
M' adventures, whether great or small,
'Twould be unjust if you should lack
In th' advantages your snack.

You see the court how 'tis enchanted
By witches and hobgoblins haunted,
And how the prince his treasure squanders,
Amongst his concubines and panders,
Whilst his true friends, the cavaliers,
For perfect want all hang their ears,
Are all neglected and postpon'd,
And rarely seen, and hardly own'd.

Quoth *Ralph*, all this I own is true,
But what is this to me and you?
I grant indeed the cavaliers,
Has cause enough to hang their ears,
When they see panders, pimps, and cullies,
Sharppers, setters, rakes, and bullies,
To favours and high posts preferr'd,
They can't be blam'd to think it hard;
But still th' advantages you mention,
Are foreign to my comprehension.

Quoth *Hudibras*, you are so forward,
So positive and so untoward,
That you break in and cavil still,
And will do so because you will.

And how, I think, is a good one.



Don in the Year 1841.

A LYNX who had unconquered,
O'er many woods and forests roared,
Hearing his subjects oft complain
Of many hardships in his reign.

REMAINS



Fox and Lyon page 36

But what advantage you receive,
Are foreign to my comprehension.
Quoth *Isaac*, you are far forward,
So patient and in expectation,
That you break in and out still,
And so do so because you will.

Else I'd have told you the design
Betwixt myself and concubine,
And how for you a post was fixt,
Unto my own the very next.

Quoth *Ralph*, if I may be so bold,
I fear your project will not hold;
Good projects at a court can't thrive,
Where vice has sole prerogative.
Indeed if you propose to be
A pimp among the quality;
Or if your worship could endure
The slavish business to procure,
And have allotted me a station
To serve you in that occupation;
Then we some favours might inherit,
But nothing else has any merit.
But, Sir, as there is no good warrant,
To make a pimp of a knight errant;
And as our learned authors tell,
The trades are scarce convertible,
I hope your worship will not err
From the rules of chivalry and war.

For my part I a court despise,
Where none but whores and villains rise;
Nor will I on the man depend,
I see ungrateful to his friend:
I'll to my hut in peace retire,
And there myself myself unquire;
Laugh at the knaves and fools of state;
And live without their love or hate;
But you to go or stay are free,
Just as the devil and you agree.

*The Fable of the LYON and the FOX. Alluding
to the Cause and Manner of the Great Rebel-
lion in the Year 1641.*

A LYON who had uncontroll'd,
O'er many woods and forests roll'd,
Hearing his subjects oft complain
Of many hardships in his reign,

Resolves to go from place to place,
To try if he could learn the cause.

A subtle fox who near him kept,
And us'd to dog him step by step,
Fearing that he among the rest,
Might be found out to be a beast,
Whose daily study was to bring
Contempt and ruin on his king ;
Rolls in his crafty mind a way,
How he his sov'reign might betray ;
And that the matter he might nick,
He pitch'd upon this cunning trick.

There was a common near a town,
Where he had frequent robb'ries done,
Oft kill'd young lambs, broke open pens,
And stole the goodwives cocks and hens ;
So ravenous and bold he was,
'That not a goose could go to graze,
But he both night and day would watch 'em,
And by some stratagem dispatch 'em ;
Which made the villages determine,
Both one and all, to slay the vermin.

Thinks he, if it should happen so,
This thoughtless brute should thither go,
I'd bark and howl and raise the town,
That they may come and pull him down ;
By which contrivance I avoid
To be, perhaps, myself destroy'd.

Now as he thought, so it fell out,
For as he rang'd the woods about,
Not dreading any sort of harm,
For innocence is still a charm,
He comes to that unlucky place,
Where *Reynard* thus obnoxious was.

The crafty vermin, when he saw,
That he by no means could withdraw,
Begins to yelp aloud and cry,
If you would save your life, Sir, fly ;
And still he howls with all his might,
You have no remedy but flight.

The royal brute, whose noble heart
Was never known to flinch or start,

Looks round and seeing no one near,
 Judg'd some officious beast was there;
 Or that some straggler was that way,
 Lurking about to catch his prey,
 Who seeing him so unexpected,
 And fearing he should be detested,
 Made this audacious outcry, purely
 That he might 'scape the more securely.
 These were his thoughts, 'until he sees
 Great crowds appear among the trees,
 Whom to avoid, and try th'e vent,
 To an adjacent brake he went,
 Where he propos'd so long to lie,
 Till all the rabble were gone by.

But as it was by fate decreed,
 That he in nothing should succeed,
 A rustick leading of a sow,
 To th' parson's boar, as they do now,
 Happen'd to see the very place,
 Where the poor beast secreted was.

The fellow, who had ne'er before
 Seen any thing that went on four
 Legs, look so fierce and formidable,
 With all the speed that he was able,
 Throws down the cord with which he led
 The sow to lose her maidenhead,
 And runs with all his force and might,
 (For fear, they say, adds wings to flight,)
 To tell that he had seen a creature,
 Of dreadful shape and monstrous stature;
 But he but little way had gone,
 Before he saw his neighbours come
 With clubs and spits, hedge-bills and prongs,
 Nay, some, for hast, had brought the tongs,
 And some had swords, and some had guns,
 One this, another that way runs,
 Resolving all, alive or dead,
 Reynard to bring before the head-
 Borough, who was oblig'd to pay
 Five shillings if they won the day.

The crafty fox, who was no stranger
 Either to the place or his own danger,

Steals to a thicket that was near,
Where he what pass'd might see and hear;
And pleas'd the vermin was to find
All things succeed as he design'd.

The rustick who did lead the sow,
Had so much breath recover'd now,
And seeing all his neighbours near,
Had so far respite from his fear,
That he first scratch'd his head, then humm'd,
Then thus the matter to 'em summ'd:
*Neighbours, says he, why what the pox,
Can ye suppose a little fox,
Tho' he were ne'er so great a thief,
Could do us all this damn'd mischief.
I am no conjurer, yet I know,
It cannot be, nor is it so:
Some creature whom the Gods employ,
Is sent among us to destroy
Our flocks and herds, and will, at last,
Upon the very owners feast.
I will not keep you in surprise,
I saw just now with both my eyes,
So strange a monster, that a fox,
Is no more like him than an ox.
Upon the arms of our good king,
I've pictur'd seen just such a thing,
His beard, his tail, his mane the same,
Only the picture looks more tame,
And that may well enough be said,
For one's alive the other dead.
By this time all the people came,
And in a ring inclos'd the man;
And as a nice observer finds,
That many men have many minds;
Such were their different thoughts and notions.
Some swear, some fall to their devotions;
Some doubt the truth of his relation,
Whilst others, with less sense than passion,
Affirm, it was a burning shame,
They should their honest neighbour blame,
Whose probity had oft been seen,
When he a juryman had been,*

Both at court-baron and court-leet,
When they their landlord's steward meet:
And sometimes too a quarter-sessions,
Where justices for hard expressions,
Punish poor rogues and whores, and try
Some thieves for petty robbery.

Upon the whole, their doubts and fears
Had almost set them by the ears;
And if the cobbler had not broke
The ice, and with some fury spoke,
There had been bloodshed; But, says he,

Neighbours, for shame, agree, agree;

For, to be plain, as cases stand,

I think we should go hand in hand:

This is no matter of small moment;

Then why should we our danger foment,

By quarrelling with one another?

I'll tell you, if he was my brother,

Should he distrust our honest neighbour

I'd call him blockhead for his labour.

Why, what the devil can we think,

He's neither mad, nor yet in drink:

Nor was he wont to laugh or scoff,

To lye and flatter and so forth;

Therefore, in short, I must believe,

He'd not himself or us deceive.

Says ~~Wesborough~~ **Wesborough**, for that his name was

Who afterwards grew very famous,

And, as his neighbours all can tell,

I'th' civil wars was colonel;

Nay, some there be that will not stick

To say, he was so politick;

Or, if you will, so great a rogue,

That when rebellion was in vogue,

That he among the rest was one

That doom'd his king to martyrdom.

But to proceed, If any dare

Go to the place, I'll shew you where,

Quoth he, this monster now lies lurking

And like some cavalier is working,

In his mischievous pate, some way,

Our cattle and ourselves to slay.

To this replies the clerk o'th' parish,
 I'd go if I were sure to perish;
 And yet, to make a little balt,
 Soft fire makes the sweetest malt.
 And soft and gently too go far,
 The proverb says, 'tis so in war.
 Then give me leave, I think 'tis best,
 Before that we attack the beast,
 To call a counsel, and devise
 To fall upon him by surprise.
 You know when civil broils grew high,
 And men fall out they knew not why,
 That I was one of those that went
 To fight for king and parliament.
 When that was over, I was one
 Fought for the parliament alone;
 And tho' to boast it argues not,
 Pure merit me a halbert got,
 And as Sir Samuel can tell,
 I us'd the weapon passing well.
 This leader was of knowledge great,
 Either in charging or retreat,
 Could pray and fight, and fight and pray,
 Could stand it, or could run away;
 And, as 'tis said, found out the thing
 To make the king oppose the king;
 Of him that thus was famous for
 His courage and success in war,
 I needs must say, to be no bolder,
 I learnt, in part, to be a soldier.
 But this is not a proper place,
 Nor time t'enlarge upon the case.
 The foe is very near at hand,
 And if we long consulting stand,
 We slip an opportunity,
 Perhaps, to slay an enemy,
 That if he had it in his power,
 Would us and all we have devour;
 Here is no room for mediation,
 Nor treaty, nor accommodation;
 No terms this matter can compose,
 But it must come to downright blows.

Our very liberties and lives,
 Our cattle, children, nay, our wives,
 Are all at stake, and that's enough
 I'm sure to make us danger proof.
 But as among the saints we know,
 Before they did to battle go,
 Nay tho' they only went to plunder,
 Or bring some bold malignant under,
 They always sung staves two or three,
 Until they met the enemy;
 So let us now, with one accord,
 Lift up our voices to the Lord.
 'Tis true, they fought to free the nation
 From pop'ry and abomination,
 And evil counsellors to bring
 To justice, that suduc'd the king.
 They fought to get into their hands,
 Of king and bishops all the lands;
 And did, at length, by prayer and fighting,
 Obtain the whole that they had right in.

Thus far the clerk: he that spoke next,
 Was *Jeremiah Mumble-text*,
 And he was one could preach and weave,
 Both others and himself deceive;
 Had such a burning fiery zeal
 For anarchy and commonweal
 That he could howl, and grin, and cant,
 Act both a devil and a saint.
 This minister of reformation,
 When first rebellion came in fashion,
 Could, as his shuttle, shoot his tongue,
 And, lawyer-like, prove right was wrong;
 He'd prove resistance was no treason,
 But grounded on the law of reason;
 And for to kill the king, no more,
 Than 'twas to rub out an old score;
 To swear, forswear, lie, and recant,
 Was but the duty of a saint,
 And that to squester and plunder,
 Did but the carnal man bring under,
 A sort of gentle moderation.
 To save a vile malignant nation.

He'd prove the priests and bishops all
 Were servants to the idol *Baal*,
 Drones, idle Belly-Gods, and so forth;
 A crew of useless things, of no worth.
 To sum up all, he would aver,
 And prove, a saint could never err;
 And that, let saints do what they will,
 That saints are saints; and were so still.

After this worthy babe of grace,
 Had three times hemm'd, and set his face,
 He thus begins; *By inspiration*
I find we are a sinful nation,
And since the spirit gives me leave,
I'll not myself nor you deceive,
 And here he blew his nose and hemm'd,
This item should not be contemn'd,
This monster must in course be sent,
To warn us of our punishment;
For whoring, drunkenness, and swearing,
Or more ungodly cavaliering;
For cavaliering is, my friends,
The cause to which our ruin tends.
That wicked creature call'd a king,
Is an abominable thing;
And till that monster be remov'd,
We shall be neither blest nor lov'd;
Nay, I believe this very brute,
O'er all the beasts is absolute;
And like the king, by right inherent,
In all the woods and plains, vicegerent.
I would not carry things too far,
Nor overstretch the metaphor;
But if we safely may rely on
Desborough, then he's a lion,
As arbitrary and despotick
As is the Vandals king and Gothick;
And rules the beasts with such a sway,
That if they chance to disobey,
Off goes their ears, as was of late,
Of our three worthies, the hard fate.
 Says he, for saints to fight and jar,
 May well be call'd a civil war,

But for the saints to kill the king
 And all his friends, is no such thing;
 For there's a diff'rence 'twixt the blood
 Of royalist and the brotherhood.
 Suppose the beasts, for we'll suppose
 The thing, tho' it for nothing goes,
 Should rise at once, both one and all,
 And on this headstrong monster fall,
 And should destroy the branch and root
 Of him and all his whelps to boot;
 Now can a man that is not stark
 Staring mad, or in the dark,
 Conclude the beasts commit offence,
 By murd'ring him they call a prince,
 One that would worry 'em and tear 'em,
 And not for petty crimes would spare 'em
 What signifies the empty word
 Of king, of bishop, or my lord,
 They're only common words of course,
 And in themselves, of little force,
 Meer linsley-woolsley stuff and nonsense,
 Compar'd with Liberty or Conscience:
 There is in these two words alone,
 More force and virtue, ten to one,
 Than is in all that pauktry book,
 That is by some for prayers mistook;
 Nay, the whole bible can't afford
 A better and more useful word,
 Than Conscience: to be plain and brief
 Conscience of all the words is chief:
 I cannot name it without passion,
 At least some secret agitation.
 Conscience is an internal light,
 That ne'er goes out by day or night;
 I may, perhaps, a little vary,
 As things succeed, or things miscarry;
 For by the saints 'tis held, success
 Is a sure guide to consciences:
 Success and Conscience are the same,
 And differ little but in name;
 Some consciences indeed may winch,
 Like jades that ill-stuff'd saddles pinch;

The REMBINS

*And we may have, spight of our ears,
 Some inward qualms, some doubts and fears,
 But then success takes off their sting,
 And does the man to temper bring.
 If conscience and int'rest differ,
 Conscience, in course, will grow the stiffer;
 On th'other hand, if they agree,
 Conscience is pliant, frank and free.
 It must be own'd that any saint
 May boggle at the covenant,
 And seem a little slye and loath,
 To take, for nothing, a false oath;
 But when success and int'rest force,
 These things are only things of course.*

*And thus went on this holderforth,
 Till a fresh outcry stopp'd his mouth.
 A knight there was of passing worth,
 Who with his neighbours sally'd forth,
 A sportsman keen, as ever set
 A snare, or spring, or drew a net,
 Could find a rabbit or a hare,
 The best of any that was there:
 And what was more, he understood
 Each turn and winding of the wood:
 To speak his character in brief,
 He was among the poachers chief.*

*As gen'als, when they go to fight,
 First view the ground, e'en so our knight
 Rid round and round about the place,
 In which the lion shelter'd was:
 But as it happens now and then,
 We fall by our own stratagem,
 So by the sequel you will see
 Th'event of *Reynard's* treachery.
Reynard, as you before were told,
 Lay close enkennell'd in strong hold,
 Expecting when they would assail
 The royal brute with tooth and nail;
 But as that things do often slip,
 The proverb says, 'twixt cup and lip,
 Just so it happen'd in this case,
 For chance brings many things to pass:*

A Beagle

A beagle of the knight's retinue,
 Coming by chance to an avenue,
 Did by unlucky instinct find,
 That *Reynard* lay full in the wind;
 The dog no sooner took the scent,
 But forwards he with fury went,
 And as he runs he opens too,
 As all staunch hounds by nature do.
 The knight impatient of delay,
 Bawls, *Hawk to Fowler, bark away;*
 For *Fowler* was a dog, he knew,
 Ne'er cry'd it but it must be true;
 And not to do his worship wrong,
 Of dogs none better knew the tongue;
 Nor was a tongue e'er better known
 Among the dogs, than was his own.
Reynard, who heard the cry was coming,
 Knew now there was no way but running.
 And what was worse too, he must pass
 Just where the mob assembled was.
 About the brake he made some doubles,
 But that did but augment his troubles:
 The scent lay high, and ev'ry round,
 To th' dogs himself he nearer found,
 And so, before he lost more strength,
 He thought it best to run a length,
 And try if he could reach that earth
 From whence he could not be got forth.

The lion who had quiet lain,
 But not, perhaps, without some pain;
 For let a beast be ne'er so stout,
 'Tis dang'rous to engage a rout;
 And he that will with rabbles fight,
 Whether he be i'th' wrong or right,
 Will find his blood and courage wasted,
 And must expect to be well basted.
 This royal brute, whose gen'rous breast
 With doubts and fears, tho' ne'er oppress'd,
 Yet seeing tumults and a hurry,
 Judg'd it unsafe for him to tarry;
 So to his den unseen repairs,
 And left the fox to stand the bears.

The fox, tho' subtle, strong, and swift,
Was now reduc'd to his last shift;
And as 'tis said, that wit is best
In sudden causes, so the beast,
Concludes, his ruin to prevent,
To try this bold experiment.

Near to a plain there dwelt a lord,
Whose park did store of deer afford,
And had all sorts of other game,
For some were wild and some were tame;
Thinks he, if I could thither get,
I should these restless curs defeat.
Thither, with all his force and might,
The crafty vermin took his flight,
And finding in the pale a hole,
Press'd by his danger, in he stole.
But this had likewise prov'd in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
Had not the passage been so small,
That not a dog could thro' it crawl.
And thus we see, as Stoicks hold,
That *fortune still doth help the bold*,
And the most daring subtle knave,
Doth often from destruction save,
Whilst those of worth, and better sort,
Are but her merriment and sport.
But to let small adventures pass,
Proceed we next to tell the case,
How *Regnard* like a politician,
That had more heads than beast in vision,
And in each head had some design,
The royal brute to undermine.

Have you not heard of one of late,
A potent stickler for the state;
One that could break his faith and troth,
With as much ease as eat his broth,
Play'd fast and loose, for and against,
Till he had got himself advanc'd;
Had seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one;
Could sail with ev'ry wind and tide,
And be on both or either side.

Such was the fox, such was the man,
One beasts, the other men trepan;
And both alike they did enjoy,
That useful maxim, to destroy
Both friend and foe, without remorse,
That hinder'd their rebellious course.

New spite and rage the fox inflame,
To see that he had miss'd his aim,
And nothing less than root and branch
Can ease the tumults in his paunch.
Accordingly he casts about
How first to find the lion out,
And with a look demure and civil,
That would almost deceive the devil,
To draw him into some adventure,
In which his ruin needs must center.
And as the crafty vermin thought,
So chance about the matter brought;
For it fell out upon a day,
When all the beasts were gone away;
That to the lion's den he posted,
And thus the pensive brute accosted:
*Health to my prince, long life and peace,
May with his age, his power encrease,
And may he be for ever free
From danger, and from treachery:
May no false tales or groundless fears
Disturb his thoughts or reach his ears,
That he may judge and truly know,
Who is his friend, and who his foe,
And be no more trick'd and misguided,
And from his subjects hearts divided.
The Gods can witness what I say,
None can with greater ardour pray
For the prosperity of master,
Than Reynard, 'tho by sad disaster,
Has been traduc'd and represented,
One of the party discontented.*
Great Sir, I should not be so rude,
To trespass on your solitude,
If both my conscience and my duty
Did not engage me to be true t'you;

The REMAINS

*Nor should I at this time presume,
 Into this sacred place to come,
 If bus'ness of the last import,
 Were not, in truth, my warrant for't.*

*The lion, tho' he knew the creature
 Was dangerous, and false by nature,
 And had been very oft found out,
 The chief abettor of the rout;
 Yet as the wisest princes use
 No informations to refuse,
 Give him his paw to kiss, in token
 That he was pleas'd with what h'ad spoken.*

*The cunning caitiff, quickly finding
 The lion thought him worth the minding,
 With all the formal art and spite
 Of an accomplish'd hypocrite,
 Proceeds: Dear Sir, the time is lost,
 When we of our own merits boast:
 I therefore shall avoid recital
 Of what I've done, since you requite all.
 Nay, more than all, in granting me
 This unexpected liberty,*

*To this replies the royal brute,
 I will not enter a dispute,
 What is your merit or demerit;
 What vice or virtue you inherit:
 But since your duty, as you say,
 And conscience too, brought you this way,
 And, as I think, you hint, moreover,
 That you have something to discover;
 I should be glad, and thank you too,
 If that proposal you'd pursue;
 And if I find it truth, depend,
 I shall esteem you as my friend.
 Quoth Reynard, then, my liege, may't please you,
 I will with no preamble tease you;
 You must remember, not long since,
 That you alone walk'd out from hence;
 And I believe have not forgot,
 That 'gainst your life there was a plot.
 In this case, Sir, I must speak plain,
 You'd then undoubtedly been slain,*

*If I myself had not been nigh,
And caution'd you aloud to fly.
I was that treacherous beast, I own,
To save your life expos'd my own;
Which I should now forbear to mention,
Were I not under apprehension
That you're in danger, for I'll prove,
That you can never stir nor move,
But you have some about you lurking
And are for your destruction working.*

*The gen'rous brute, tho' prepossest
With the true character of the beast,
And knowing that the formal saint,
Would lie and swear, cant and recant,
Yet having knowledge and foresight,
That something that he spoke was right,
Thought it advisable to hear,
The utmost he could make appear.*

*Reynard, says he, I cannot doubt,
But you some secrets have found out,
And won't believe, as matters stand,
That you will now act under hand:
The time and place I recollect,
Where I my safety did suspect,
And heard some beast, with all his might
Cry out, you have no way but flight,
To save your life, and to speak true,
I least of all suspected you;
Who, by the accounts I've often had,
Would for my ruin be right glad.*

*Says Reynard, 'twould, my lord, be dull,
And argue me a very fool,
To spend my time and breath to stop,
Of ev'ry senseless mouth the gap;
And therefore, Sir, to let that pass,
And come directly to the case:
When you ran to the wood for shelter.
I saw the people, helter skelter,
Come from the town, with each a club,
Design'd your royal hide to drub.
On this occasion, Sir, I must
To you and to myself be just.*

*My lord, I thought no remedy,
But either you or I must die;
And as your's is a life divine,
And worth ten thousand such as mine,
I thought in conscience I could do
No less, than venture it for you.
The manner how I scap'd, and how
I found the plot, you must allow
Miraculous, but as I scorn
'Gainst fellow creatures to inform,
I beg you would no questions ask,
For that's the most ungrateful task.*

*And thus, to cover his design,
Did this deceitful varlet whine.
Till the poor beast, whose only fence
Was an unguarded innocence,
Began to think his artful tongue,
Went with his heart and thoughts along.*

*Hard is the fate of that poor king,
When traytors informations bring,
And harder yet when they must trust
A villain that they know unjust:
Such was this lion's desp'rate case,
He knew this fox a traitor was,
Yet he had cook'd his information,
In such a formal handsome fashion,
And back'd it with such facts to boot,
He could not help but listen to't.*

*Reynard, says he, upon my credit,
If any other beast had said it,
I should not have believ'd a jot,
Or the least tittle of a plot;
But you so plain have made it out,
That I should be to blame to doubt:
And if for me you've that obedience
As you're bound to by allegiance,
I do expect that you'll declare
The plot and who the plotters are.*

*Here the perfidious sycophant,
Begins again to howl and cant:
On you our liberties depend,
And with your safety ours must end,*

*And he's a false unworthy brute,
When you're in danger will be mute;
But as some things are better done
By other hands than by our own,
Some other beast should make th' attack,
And I'll be ready him to back:
Or if you think't a safer way,
I can you to a place convey,
Where you unseen may bear and see
The heads of this conspiracy.*

*Saith the good beast, I like your last
Proposal better than your first;
And therefore, Reynard, I determine
To go myself and seize the vermin.
You say you can conduct me to
A place where I unseen may go
And view this junctio, at a season
When they are met to hatch their treason.
If so, and I can find 'em fitting,
I can take measures that are fitting,
To frustrate, without loss of time,
Whate'er these traitors may design.*

*The fox, who saw the beast so greedy
To take the bait, replies, I'm ready,
Let loss of life or limb betide,
My liege, to go and be your guide,
The worst that I can apprehend,
The way is rough and may offend
Your majesty: but for the rest,
Depend upon your faithful beast.*

*The lion, whose too gen'rous heart
Was free from all designs and art,
To all he spoke gave as much credit,
As if the oracle had said it.
Hypocrisy, that cursed sin,
Most often takes the best men in;
A gift it is, not only able
To tantalize and chouse the rabble,
But has a strange magnetick power,
To draw the great ones to its lure;
And therefore 'tis, among the saints,
The only sin not pray'd against.*

But to proceed, that we may come
Nearer to our conclusion:

The cunning fox the lion takes
Thro' unfrequented woods and brakes;
As thieves do passengers which they
Intend to bind and strip, or slay;
Just so it happen'd, as you'll hear,
For as they travell'd without fear,
He leads him to a place they call,
In country language, a trapfall:
He had no sooner step'd upon
This engine of destruction,
But through he falls into a pit,
From whence he no ways out could get.
The fox no sooner saw him in,
But he began to bark and grin;
To rail, demand, and, more, to move
The royal beast, did thus reprove:
*'Tis doubtless for your punishment,
This judgment by the Gods is sent.
You've been, I fear, too oft unjust,
And with your subjects broke your trust;
Have stretch'd prerogative too high,
And traspas'd upon property:
All which must be restor'd and mended,
E'er this calamity be ended.*

The beast, whose noble heart and soul
No dangers, no distress controul,
To the base varlet thus replies:

*I thee and thy advice despise,
Thou by my own distress and thy
False vows, and oaths, and flattery,
I'm hither brought, yet I determine,
Not to betray my trust, false vermin,
Nothing shall make me do a thing
Below the glory of a king.*

Quoth Reynard, Since you are so stout,
I won't attempt to bring you out:
If you don't think a composition
May be of use in your condition,
Here you may lie, and starve, and rot;
So to the brink o'th' pit he got,

And

And in his filthy tail he piss'd,
 And gave it in his face a twist.
 The royal brute, altho' a creature,
 Adorn'd with all the gifts of nature,
 One that could suffer persecution,
 And martyrdom with resolution,
 To be thus piss'd upon and treated,
 You must suppose was something heated.
 He would have spoke, but 'twas in vain
 For kings in prison to complain,
 So the poor beast had no permission
 To represent his hard condition :
 For *Reynard*, like an artful traytor,
 Had so contriv'd and fix'd the matter,
 That all the tygers, wolves, and bears,
 Already were about his ears.

*His tryal, sentence, and his death,
 Another fable shall set forth,
 Which I intend, to shew my art,
 To call this fable's second part.*

*A Thought upon Death, after bearing of
 the Murder of King Charles I.*

THE Glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate,
 Death lays his icy hands on kings.
 Scepter and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal laid,
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill,
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still ;
 Early or late,
 They sloop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 Whilst the pale captive yields to death.

The REMAINS

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

An Epitaph upon King Charles I.

STAY, passenger, stay and see,
Intomb'd lies injur'd majesty;
Why tremblest not? here's that would make
All but a harden'd rebel quake.
A king! O! startest thou not to hear
A murder'd king lies bury'd here?
Search all the records of old times,
And muster up all ages crimes,
And roll 'em up in one great mass,
'Twould fall far short of what this was.
A monarch sentenc'd to his death,
By vulgar, base, plebeian breath,
A lawgiver, by laws unknown,
Condemn'd to lose his head and throne.
Nay, and to make the odium more,
This must be done at his own door,
And all under the false pretence
Of liberty and conscience.

A Short Litany for the Year 1649.

FROM all the mischiefs I shall mention here,
Preserve us, heaven, in this approaching year;
From civil wars, and those uncivil things,
That hate the race of all our queens and kings:
From

From those who, for self-ends, would all betray ;
 From saints that curse and flatter when they pray ;
 From those that hold it merit to rebel,
 In treason, murders, and in theft excel ;
 From those new teachers have destroy'd the old,
 And those that turn the gospel into gold ;
 From a high court and that rebellious crew,
 That did their hands in royal blood imbrue ;
 Defend us, heaven, and to the throne restore
 The rightful heir, and we will ask no more.

*Upon the Storm at the death of Oliver Crom-
 well, revers'd out of Mr. Waller's fine
 Piece of Flattery.*

THEN take him devil ! hell his soul doth claim,
 In storms as loud as his king-murdering fame.
 His cheating groans and tears has shak'd this Isle,
 Cleft *Britain's* oak, for *Britain's* funeral pile.
 Now, at his exit, trees uncut are tost
 Into the air ; so *Faustus* once was lost.
Rome mist her first, so *London* her last king,
 Both kill'd, then wept, and fell to worshipping.
 We in a storm of wind our *Nimrod* lost,
 King'd him, and fainted him, then curs'd his ghost.
 In *Oeta's* flames thus *Hercules* lay dead,
 In *Worcester's* flames, he on his raving bed ;
 He some scragg'd oaks and pines from mountains rent,
 This stole two brave isles from the continent ;
 Ravag'd whole towns ; and that his *Spanish* theft,
 As a curst legacy to *Britain* left.
 The seas, which, with our hopes, God had confin'd,
 The devil made to narrow for his mind ;
 Our bounds enlargement was his greatest toil.
 He made our prison greater than our isle.
 Under the line our enslav'd cries are spoke,
 And we and *Dunkirk* draw but in one yoke.
 From broils he made, he best could disengage ;
 From his own head diverts our purchas'd rage :
 And by fine state art, to his country show'd,
 How to be slaves at home and thieves abroad.

Confederate usurpers quake to see
 The grave not under the pow'r of tyranny;
 Nature shrunk up at this great monster's death,
 And swell'd the seas with much affrighted breath;
 Then to the bounded shore her billows roll'd,
 The approaching fate of *Europe's* troubles told.

A Song on Oliver's Court.

His that would a new courtier be,
 And of the late coin'd gentry,
 A brother of the prick-ear'd crew,
 Half a *Presbyter*, half a *Jew*,
 When he is dipt in *Jordan's* flood,
 And wash'd his hands in royal blood,
Let him to our court repair,
Where all trades and religions are.

If he can devoutly pray,
 Feast upon a fasting day,
 Be longer blessing a warm bit,
 Than the cook was dressing it,
 With covenants and oaths dispence,
 Betray his lord for forty pence,
Let him to our court repair, &c.

If to be one of the eating tribe,
 Both a *Pharisee*, and a *Scribe*,
 And hath learn'd the sniveling tone
 Of a fluxt devotion,
 Cursing from his sweating tub
 The cavaliers to *Belzebub*,
Let him &c.

Who sicker than the city ruff,
 Can change his brewer's coat to buff,
 His dray-cart to a coach, the beast
 Into two *Flanders* mares at least,
 Nay hath the art to murder kings,
 Like *David* only with his slings,
Let him &c.

If he can invert the word,
Turning his ploughshare to a sword,
His cassock to a coat of mail,
Gainst bishops and the clergy rail,
Convert *Paul's* church into the mews,
Make a new colonel of old shoes,
Let him &c.

Who hath commission to, convey
Both sexes to *Jamaica*,
There to beget new babes of grace
On wenches hotter than the place,
Who carry in their tails a fire,
Will rather scorch than quench desire,
Let him &c.

An Old S O N G. By way of Dialogue.

Q. SAY, *Puritan*, if it should come to pass,
That thou must hear, or play, or mass,
Which wou'dst thou chuse?

A. Truly in such a doubtful case,
It would become a babe of grace,
To do as the spirit shall infuse.

Q. But were here in thy *Friday* dish,
A capon, or a piece of fish,
Which wou'dst thou eat?

A. Capons are for the babes of grace,
Give sinful *Papists* ling and plaise,
Such superstitious meat.

Lo! Here a *Puritan* catechised right,
Who loves his gut, but doth the spirit slight.

Q. Say, *Puritan*, if it should be thy hap,
To be enjoind a corner cap,
Wouldst thou deny?

A. Yes, I profess, *Babylon's* whore.
That idol did erect, nay more,
In favours of antiquity.

Q. But wouldst not be content to wear
The cap that hideth sin, not hair,
Sirnamed *Cælott*?

A. Yes, if it ben't of *Spanish* leather made,
Surely it cannot be gainsaid
By any true zealot.

Lo: Here a *Puritan* catechised right,
Who loves his schism, but doth the spirit slight.

Q. Say *Puritan* dost love the quire,
And holy bellows that inspire
The organ sweet?

A. Truly no, they're satan's instruments,
Not fit for *Sion's* holy tents,
The faithful think 'em not so meet.

Q. But wouldst not thou use any guile,
To hear a brother preach a mile
From text or sense?

A. Yes, so he rail religiously
'Gainst surplice and conformity,
The spirit will dispense.

Lo: Here a *Puritan* catechised right,
Who loves his humour, but doth the spirit slight.

Q. Say, *Puritan*, at glorious paint
In church window wouldst not faint
At such a sight?

A. The free or painted glass, for there
Idolatry is full as clear,
To pure eyes as is the light.

Q. But if a painted sister lies
Prostrate, wouldst thou cast thy eyes
On her with *Ruth*?

A. Well may the spirit so digest
A glance, a kiss, and feel the rest,
So it be naked truth.

Lo: Here a *Puritan* catechised right,
Who loves a painted whore, all other paint doth slight.

The Romish Priest deny'd Hell-Room.

A *Romish* priest that dy'd the other day,
 His soul to hell went presently away,
 The devil that then stood centinel,
 Askt him, from whence he came and why to hell?
 I am a priest, quoth he, come to sustain
 In these dark cells just and eternal pain.
 Corporal, quoth the devil, and began to roar,
 Corporal, make hast, for here's a priest at door!
 The corporal afrighted, cryed, away!
 Be gone, thou priest, for here thou mayst not stay:
 For he who upon earth did prove so evil
 To eat his God, will eat in hell the devil.

The Reformation.

TELL me not of lords and laws,
 Rules or reformation,
 All that's done's not worth two straws
 To the welfare of the nation;
 Men in pow'r do rant it still,
 And give no reason but their will
 For all their domination;
 Or, if they do an act that's just,
 'Tis not because they wou'd, but must,
 To gratify some party's lust,
 Or meerly for a fashion.

Our expence of blood and purse
 Has produced no profit;
 Men are still as bad or worse,
 And will be, whate'er comes of it;
 We've shuff'd out, and shuff'd in
 The persons, but retain the sin,
 To make our game the surer;

Yet

The REMAINS

Yet spite of all our pains and skill,
The knaves all in the pack are still,
And ever were, and ever will,
Tho' something now demurer.

And it cannot but be so,
Since those toys in fashion,
Are of souls so base and low,
And meer *bigots* of the nation;
Whose designs are pow'r and wealth,
At which by rapine, fraud, and stealth,
Audaciously they vent're ye;
They lay their consciences aside,
And turn with ev'ry wind and tide,
Puff'd on by ignorance and pride,
And all to look like gentry.

Crimes are not punish'd 'cause they're crimes,
But 'cause they're low and little;
Mean men for mean faults in these times
Make satisfaction to a tittle,
While those in office and in power
Boldly the underlings devour,
Our Cobweb-laws can't hold 'em;
They sell for many a thousand crown
Things which were never yet their own,
And this is law and custom grown;
'Cause those do judge who sold 'em.

Brothers still with brothers brawl,
And for trifles sue 'em,
For two pronouns that spoil all,
Contentious *meum* and *tuum*;
The wary lawyer buys and builds,
While the client sells his fields,
To sacrifice his fury;
And when he thinks t'obtain his right,
He's baffl'd off, or beaten quite,
By th' judges will, or lawyer's flight,
Or ignorance of the jury.

See the tradesman, how he thrives
 With perpetual trouble ;
 How he cheats and how he strives
 His estate t'enlarge and double ;
 Extort, oppress, grind, and encroach,
 To be a squire and keep a coach,
 And to be one o'th' *Quorum*,
 Who may with's brother-worships sit,
 And judge without law, fear, or wit,
 Poor petty thieves, that nothing get,
 And yet are brought before 'em.

And his way to get all this,
 Is meer dissimulation ;
 No factious lecture does he miss,
 And escapes no schism in fashion :
 But, with short hair and shining shoes,
 He with two pens and's note-book goes,
 And winks, and writes at random ;
 Thence, with short meal and tedious grace,
 In a loud tone and publick place,
 Sings *Wisdom's* hymns, that trot and pace
 As if *Goliath* scann'd 'em.

But when death begins his threats,
 And his conscience struggles,
 To call to mind his former cheats,
 Then at Heav'n he turns his juggles ;
 And out of all's ill-gotten store
 He gives a dribbling to the poor,
 An hospital or school-house ;
 And the suborn'd priest, for his hire,
 Quite frees him from th' infernal fire,
 And places him in th' angels quire :
 Thus these jack-puddings fool us !

All he gets by's pains, i'th' close,
 Is, that he dy'd worth so-much ;
 Which he on's doubtful seed bestows,
 That neither care nor know much :

Then

The REMAINS

Then fortune's favourite, his heir,
Bred base, and ignorant, and bare,
Is blown up like a bubble;
Who, wondring at's own sudden rise,
By pride, simplicity, and vice,
Falls to his sports, drink, drabs, and dice,
And makes all fly like stubble.

And the church, the other twin,
Whose mad zeal enrag'd us,
Is not purified a pin
By all those broils in which sh'engag'd us:
We our wives turn'd out of doors,
And took in concubines and whores,
To make an alteration:
Our pulpiteers are proud and bold,
They their own wills and factions hold,
And sell salvation still for gold;
And here's our reformation!

'Tis a madness then to make
Thriving our employment,
And lucre love for lucre's sake,
Since we've possession, not enjoyment.
Let the times run on their course,
For opposition makes them worse,
We ne'er shall better find 'em;
Let grandees wealth and pow'r engross,
And honour too, while we sit close,
And laugh, and take our plenteous dose
Of sack, and never mind 'em.

The Safety,

SINCE it has been lately enacted high-treason
For a man to speak truth of the heads of the
(state,
Let every one make use of his reason,
See and hear what he can, but take heed what he
(prate;
For

For the proverbs do learn us,

He that stays from the battle sleeps in a whole skin,

And our words are our own if we can keep 'em in;

What fools are we then who to pattle begin
Of matters that do not concern us?

Let the three kingdoms fall to one of the prime ones,

My mind is a kingdom, and shall be to me:

I'd make it appear, if I had but the time once,

I'm happier with one than he can be with three,

If I may but enjoy it:

He that's mounted on high, is a mark for the hate

And the envy of every pragmatikal pate,

While he that lies low is secure in his state,

And the great ones do scorn to annoy it.

I'm never the better which side gets the battle,

The tubs or the crosses, what is it to me?

'Twill neither increase my goods nor my chattie,

For a beggar's a beggar, and so he shall be,

Unless he turn traitor.

Let misers take courses to heap up their treasure,

Whose lust has no limits, whose mind has no measure;

Let me but be quiet, and take a little pleasure,

A little contents my nature.

My petition shall be, that canary be cheaper,

Without patent, or custom, or cursed excise,

That the wits may have leave to drink deeper and deeper,

And not be undone while their heads they baptize,

And in liquor to drench 'em:

If this were but granted, who wou'd not desire

To dub himself one of *Apollo's* own quire?

We'll ring out the bells when our noses are on fire,

And the quarts shall be buckets to quench 'em.

I account him no wit that is gifted at railing,

And flirting at those who above him do sit,

While they can outdo him at whipping and jayling,

Then his purse or his person must pay for his wit,

'Tis better to be drinking:

If sack were reform'd into twelve-pence a quart,
 I'd study for money to merchandise for't,
 And with a true friend wou'd make merry and sport,
 Not a word, but we'll pay 'em with thinking.

The Tub-preacher.

WITH face and fashion to be known,
 With eyes all white, and many a groan,
 With neck awry, and sniveling tone,
 And handkerchief from nose new blown,
 And loving cant to sister Joan,

*'Tis a new teacher about the town,
 Oh! the town's new teacher.*

With cozening laugh, and hollow cheek,
 To get new gatherings every week,
 With paltry sence as man can speak,
 With some small *hebrew* and no *Greek*,
 With hums and haws when stuff's to seek,

'Tis a new teacher, &c.

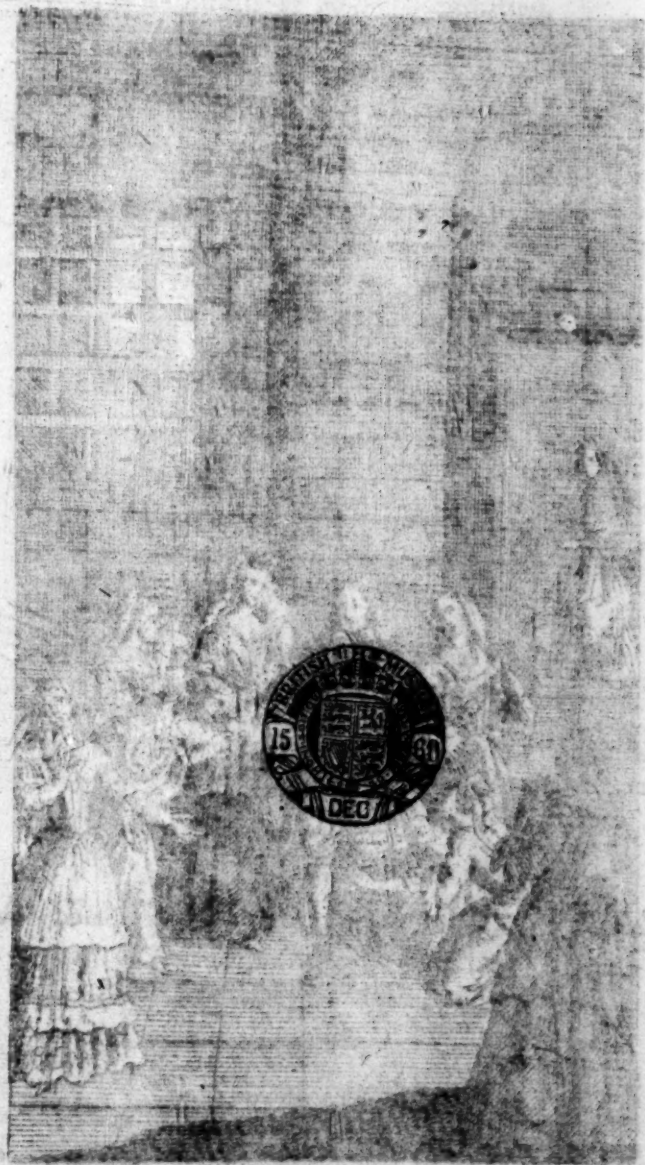
With hair cut shorter than the brow,
 With little band, as you know how,
 With cloak like *Paul*, no coat I trow,
 With surplice none, nor girdle now,
 With hands to thump, nor knees to bow,

'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With shop-board breeding and intrusion,
 By some outlandish institution,
 With *Calvin's* methods and conclusion,
 To bring all things into confusion,
 And with far-fetcht sighs, for meer illusion,

'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With



15 15

15 15



Du Val & Highwayman

With threats of absolute damnation,
But certainty of some salvation
To his new sect, not every nation;
With election and reprobation,
And with some use of consolation,
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With troops expecting him at door
To hear a sermon and no more,
And women following him good store,
And with great bibles to turn o'er,
Whilst Tom writes notes, as bar-boys score,
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With a double cap to put his head in,
That looks like a black pot tipt with tin,
While with antick gestures he doth gape and grin,
The sisters admire, and he wheedles them in,
Who to cheat their husbands think it no sin,
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With great pretended spiritual motions,
And many fine wimfical notions,
With blind zeal and large devotions,
With preaching rebellion, and raising commotions,
And poisoning the people with Geneva potions,
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

*A Burlesque Pindarick ODE, to the Me-
mory of the most renown'd Claud. Du Val,
the Highwayman.*

Tis true, to complement the dead,
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call 'em back again.
Or, like the *Tartars*, give 'em wives,
With settlements for after-lives.
For all that can be done or said,

Tho'

Tho' ne'er so noble, great and good,
 By them is neither heard nor understood
 All our fine flights, and tricks of art,
 First to create, and then adore desert;
 And those romances which we frame,
 To raise ourselves, not them, a name,
 In vain are stuff with ranting flatteries,
 And such, as if they knew, they would despise;
 For as those times, the golden age they call,
 In which there was no gold at all;
 So we plant glory and renown,
 Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,
 But to worse purpose, many times,
 To varnish o'er nefarious crimes.
 And cheat the world, that never seems to mind
 How good or bad men die, but what they leave be-
 (hind

And yet the brave *Du Val*, whose name
 Can never be worn out by fame,
 That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind
 A great example to mankind:
 That sell a publick sacrifice,
 From ruin to prevent those few,
 Who, tho' born false, may be made true;
 And teach the world to be more just and wise,
 Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
 Unmention'd in the silent chest,
 Not for his own, but publick interest.
 He, like a pious man, some years before
 Th' arrival of his fatal hour,
 Made ev'ry day he had to live,
 To his last minute, a preparative;
 Taught the wild *Arabs* on the road
 To act in a more genteel mode,
 Take prizes more obligingly than those
 Who never had been bred filous;
 And how to hang in a more graceful fashion,
 Than e'er was known before to the dull *English*
 (nation.

In *France*, the staple of new modes,
 Where garbs and courts are current goods,
 That serves the ruder northern nations
 With methods of address and treat,
 Prescribes new garnitures and fashions.
 And how to drink and how to eat
 No out of-fashion wine or meat.
 To understand crevats and plumes,
 And the most modish from the old perfumes,
 To know the age and pedigrees,
 Of points of *Flanders* and *Venice*,
 Cast their nativity, and to a day
 Foretell how long they'll hold, and when decay,
 To affect the purest negligences,
 In gestures, gaits, and miens,
 And speak by repartee routines,
 Out of the most authentic of romances;
 And to demonstrate with substantial reason,
 What ribbands all the year are in or out of season.

To this great academy of mankind,
 He ow'd his birth and education,
 Where all are so ingeniously inclin'd,
 They understand by imitation;
 Are taught, improv'd, before they are aware,
 As if they'd suck their breeding from the air,
 That naturally does dispense
 To all, a deep and solid confidence,
 A virtue of that precious use,
 That he whom bounteous heav'n endues
 But with a mod'rate shew of it,
 Can want no worth, abilities, nor wit,
 In all the deep hermetick arts,
 (For so of late the learned call
 All tricks, if strange and mystical)
 He had improv'd his nat'ral parts.
 And with his magick rod could sound,
 Where hidden treasures may be found.
 He, like a lord o'th' manor seiz'd upon,
 Whatever happen'd in his way,
 As lawful weif and stray,
 And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

From

The REMAINS

From the first rudiments he grew
 To nobler seats, and try'd his force
 Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
 Whom he as bravely did subdue:
 Declar'd all caravans, that go
 Upon the king's highway, his foe;
 Made many desperate attacks,
 Upon itinerant brigades,
 Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
 On carriers loads and pedlars packs,
 Made them lay down their arms and yield,
 And, to the smallest piece, restore,
 All that by cheating they had got before,
 And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field;
 In ev'ry bold affair of war,
 He had the chief command and led them on;
 For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
 Of others lives, until he's made it known,
 How much he does despise and scorn his own.

Whole provinces, 'twixt sun and sun,
 Have by his conq'ring sword been won;
 And mighty sums of money laid,
 For ransom, upon ev'ry man,
 And hostages deliver'd 'till 'twas paid,
 Th' excise and chimney publican,
 The Jew, forestaller and inhanfer,
 To him for all their crimes did answer.
 He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell
 Of all his foes, the constable,
 That oft had beat his quarters up,
 And routed him, and all his troop.
 He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
 That in his own allow'd highway,
 Does feats of arms as great as his,
 And when th' encounter in it, wins th' day.
 Safe in his garrison, the court,
 Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for't,
 To the stern foe he oft gave quarter,
 But as the *Scotchman* did to *Tartar*,

That

That he in time to come,
Might, in return from him, receive his doom.

He would not have starv'd this mighty town,
And brought its haughty spirit down;
Have cut it off from all relief,
And like a wise and valiant chief,
Made many a fierce assault
Upon all ammunition-carts,
And those that bring up cheese and malt,
Or bacon from remoter parts,
No convoy e'er so strong, with food,
Durst venture on the desperate road;
He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,
And the fierce higgler contribution pay:
The savage butcher and stout drover
Durst not to him their feeble troops discover;
And if he had but kept the field,
In time he'd made the city yield;
For great towns, like the crocodiles, are found
I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound,

But when the fatal hour arriv'd,
In which his stars began to frown,
And had in close cabal contriv'd
To pull him from his height of glory down,
When he by num'rous foes oppress'd,
Was in the enchanted dungeon cast,
Secur'd with might guards,
Lest he by force or stratagem,
Might prove too cunning for their chains and 'em,
And break thro' all their locks, and bolts, and
wards,
He 'ad both his legs by charms committed
To one another's charge,
That neither might be set at large,
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
As jewels of high value are
Kept under locks with greater charge
Than those of meaner rates;
So he was in stone-walls, and pondrous chains,
and iron grates.

D

Thither

Thither came ladies from all parts,
 To offer up close pris'ners hearts,
 Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
 And made 'em yield up love and honour too,
 But in more brave heroicks
 Than e'er was practis'd yet in plays;
 For those two spiteful foes who never meet,
 But full of hot contest and piques,
 About punctilio's and meer tricks,
 Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,
 And far more generous and free,
 With only looking on him did agree,
 Both fully satisfy'd; the one
 With the fresh laurels he had won,
 And all the brave renowned Feats
 He had perform'd in arms;
 The other with his person and his charms;
 For just as larks are catch'd in nets,
 By gazing on a piece of glass,
 So while the ladies view his brighter eyes,
 And smoother polish'd face,
 Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by surprize.

Never did bold knight errant, to relieve
 Distressed dames, such dreadful feats atchieve,
 As feeble damsels for his sake
 Would have been proud to undertake,
 And bravely ambitious to redeem
 The World's loss and their own,
 Strove who should have the honour to lay down,
 And change a life with him:
 But finding all their hopes in vain,
 To move his fixt determin'd fate,
 They life itself began to hate,
 And all the world beside disdain:
 Made loud appeals and moans
 To less hard-hearted grates and stones;
 Came swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,
 To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers,
 And follow'd him like prisoners of war,
 Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

Good

Good Advice in Bad Times.

[show,
ROWZE up, great *Charles!* thy courage
 Or faction soon will bring thee low :
 Some must be banish'd, others swing,
 Or thou must cease to be a king.
 No credit give to villain *Oats*,
 Be not amus'd with *Popish* plots;
 No foreign troops of pilgrims fear,
 Nor *Popish* armies in the air;
 But guard thy throne against the base
 Designs of those that boast of grace,
 And plead thereby, as times go now,
 A better right to rule than thou.
 Take care of *Tony* and his party,
 They are the rogues that mean to hurt thee.
 The Tories love thee and obey thee,
 None but the rebel Whigs betray thee,
 The stubborn wicked spawn of those
 That struggl'd for the good old cause,
 Till they thy royal fire subdu'd,
 And in his blood their hands imbru'd;
 These are the only snakes that sting thee
 And if not crush'd will soon unking thee;
 For thou hast warm'd them till they bite thee,
 The way they always will requite thee.
 Therefore look round thy court, good prince,
 And banish all such serpents thence.
 Mercy, that attribute divine,
 Hath been thy father's fault and thine;
 His clemency and goodness cost
 Himself and subjects all they lost;
 And thine, if thou wilt still restrain
 Thy justice, will abridge thy reign;
 For Whigs believe that mercy springs
 Alone from cowardice in kings;
 And therefore but insult the more,
 When princes moderate their pow'r.
 Banish thy spurious son the land,
 Let him no more thy troops command;

Withdraw thy fondness from the fool,
 Thy darling, but the party's tool;
 A fencing, riding, cringing thing,
 That courts the mob to make him king,
 An empty, dancing, fiery bauble,
 Adorn'd by strumpets and the rabble;
 The ladies idol at a ball,
 The stallion of thy court *Whiteballs*,
 Who got, great *Charles*, by thee, retains
 Thy princely lust, but wants thy brains,
 Which makes some think when you contented
 His mother, that your head dissented,
 And that's the cause the foppish ape
 Has nothing of thee but thy shape.

Beware of those that serve the crown,
 And yet in publick cry thee down,
 Who sneak and fawn about thy person,
 But tamper with thy foolish whorson,
 And by false arguments ensnare
 The youth to think he is thy heir,
 When thou thyself must own there's one
 Much nearer than a bastard son;
 Therefore if thou art wise, in spight
 Of Whigs, assert thy Brother's right,
 For if thou dost their humours please,
 They'll question thine as well as his.

Be watchful of the factious city,
 Who hate thee, tho' they often treat thee.
 Hug close their wives, get loyal heirs,
 For sheriffs, aldermen, and may'rs;
 Make cuckolds of the wealthy crew,
 And, like *Sir Robert*, knight 'em too.
 Thus kiss their ladies, like a king,
 And keep 'em poor by borrowing;
 A speedier way to raise supplies,
 Than all thy council can advise,
 Now faction rules the commons house,
 And swear they'll give thee not a soue,
 *Cause *Portsmouth* lends o'er guinea pies
 To *France*, or else the publick lies;
 And *Nesby* lives in greater state,
 Than thy own royal consort *Kate*.

Therefore

Therefore, great *Charles*! if thou would'st
 Thy foes, turn off thy mistresses, (please
 And then the parliament, they say,
 Will grant thee sums without delay.
 But sure thy wisdom must foreknow,
 That if you condescend so low,
 To live or reign as they would have thee,
 They'd make such laws as should enslave thee;
 Still keep thee poor, be finding fau't,
 Complain, but give thee not a groat;
 Be therefore careful how you grant
 Too large concessions in your want;
 No branch of royal power sell,
 Give 'em an inch they'll take an ell.
 Thou know'st they only want to bring thee
 To what will ruin and unking thee;
 And then thou'lt, like thy father, find
 The sad effects of being kind
 To faction; who intend no other
 Than to destroy thee and thy brother.
 Since these are the rebellious drifts
 Of those that put thee to thy shifts,
 Exert thy pow'r deriv'd of God,
 And make them tremble at thy nod;
 Boldly assert thy right divine,
 And lop those heads that aim at thine,
 Or thou wilt find the sons of those
 That were thy father's restless foes
 Will to destruction drive or lead thee,
 And all the *Stuarts*, that succeed thee;
 For root and branch work is their aim
 Which they'll compleat, unless the same
 Severity be us'd with them.
 Then learn of *Harry* to chastise
 Thy stubborn factious enemies,
 And keep thy *Peasants* in awe,
 With stamp of foot and threatening hau.
 Or else the *Cavaliers* will in time
 Above their royal sov'reign climb:
 And *England* boast, when thou'rt undone,
 Five hundred kings instead of one.

The Character of a Fanatick.

IN London streets is often seen
 A hum-drum saint whose holy mein
 Denotes the proud enthusiastick
 To be religiously fantastick;
 His looks most primitively wear
 An ancient *Abrahamick* ayre;
 And, like bad copies of a face,
 The good original disgrace:
 A hawks-bill nose divides his cheeks,
 And tunes his cant whene'er he speaks,
 Whilst on his breast one hand he lays,
 That fools may credit what he says;
 Tho' int'rest always bribes his tongue,
 To represent things right or wrong,
 And is the loadstone that attracts
 The saint to all he speaks or acts:
 As beauty draws the am'rous youth
 To swear repugnant to the truth,
 And, zealot like, to grace his lies
 With upcast looks and feigned sighs.
 His head stands mounted on a neck
 As stubborn as a post or stake,
 That will not suff'r 'im to bow down
 To altar, miter, or the crown,
 Affirming stiffly, they're no more
 Than trappings of the scarlet whore:
 Yet has a joint that always bends
 When 'tis to gain his own by-ends.
 Thus when there's nothing to be got
 Submission is a deadly fau't;
 But upon e'ery new occasion,
 When int'rest is the grand temptation,
 Then conscience gives a dispensation.
 His coat, whose colour is most grave,
 Yet carries in its sleeve a knave;
 Tho' new, derives its ancient fashion
 From good old times of reformation,

When

When blunderbuss and basket-hilt
More blood than fire and faggot spilt,
And zealots, by dissension civil,
Got th' upper-hand of pope and devil.

His hat, whose penthouse brims secure
His formal weeds from rainy show'r,
Hangs on his *occiput* most quaintly,
To make the knave appear more faintly
And from the sight of back beholders,
Screens his long neck and stooping shoulders.

His hair in greasy locks hangs down
As strait as candles, from his crown,
And shades the borders of his face,
Whose outward signs of inward grace
Are only visible in spiteful
Grimaces, very stern and frightful;
As if he thought no man could be
A zealous foe to *Popery*,
Except his looks declare his malice
To altar, candlesticks, and chalice.

The band he wears is very broad,
Exceeding far the common mode,
Just such as *Kniperdolin* wore
On doublet-collar heretofore,
When e'ery madman that could cant
Of saving-grace, was thought a saint,
Provided he could cry aloud
But reformation to the crowd,
That some arch villain, by his craft,
Like *Nol*, might raise himself aloft,
And under that deceitful curse
Of mending make all matters worse;
As tinkers, when thy undertake
To stop one hole, two bigger make.
That e'ery piece of work may end
In something that is new to mend.

His head is full of fears and fictions,
His conscience form'd of contradictions
Is therefore never long content
With any church or government,
But fancies e'ery thing that is,
For want of mending, much amiss.

So consequentially would vary
 All things to something quite contrary,
 As if he thinks, whate'er we crave,
 Is better far than what we have;
 And therefore still is disagreeing
 With e'ery thing that is in being.
 Thus like the moon that's always ranging,
 Seems destin'd to perpetual changing,
 And restless as the sublune tide,
 In crooked channels loves to glide.

His stubborn pride and zealous folly
 Arise from temper melancholy,
 Which in his looks imprint a sadness
 That shews him near ally'd to madness:
 Therefore he does not chuse or cull
 His faith by any scripture rule;
 But by the vapours that torment
 His brains, from hypocondria sent,
 Which into dreams and visions turn,
 And make his zeal so fiercely burn,
 That reason loses the ascendant,
 And all within grows independant.

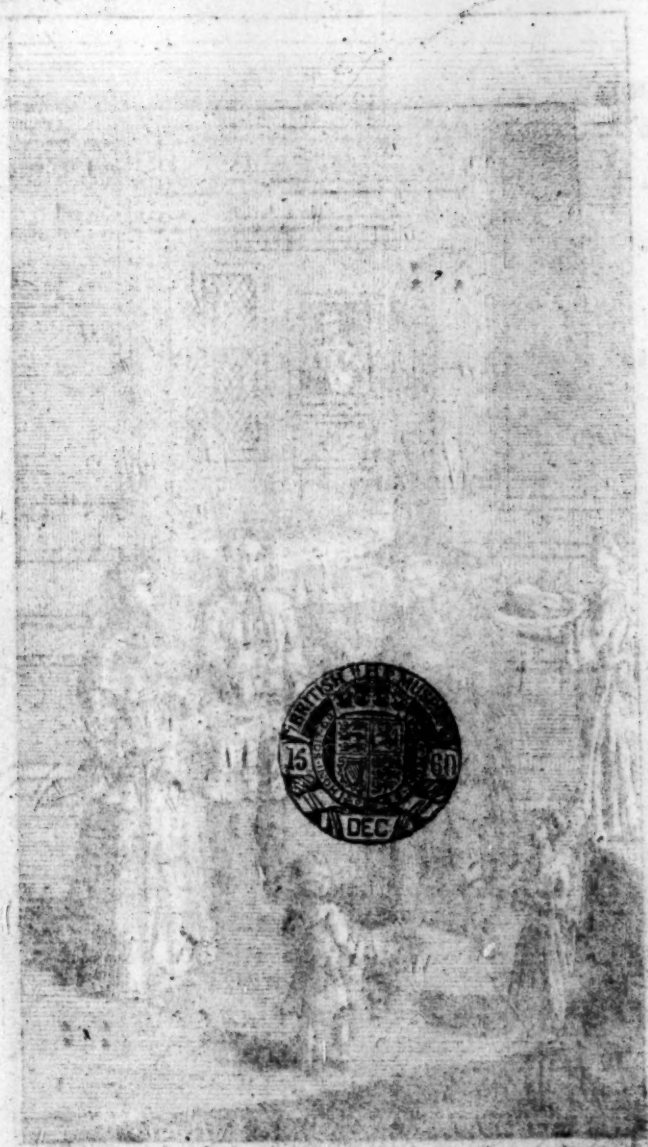
*So when the lees of ale or wine
 Condense below, the liquor's fine;
 But when the nauseous dregs break loose
 They sour and spoil the noble juice.*

The quaint deportment of the knave
 Is always wonderfully grave,
 And e'ery sentence that he says
 Digested into scripture phrase:
 His actions so demure as if
 To be a saint was to be stiff,
 And that religion must agree
 The best with dull formality.
 Regeneration, reprobation,
 Election, and predestination,
 Are the chief points on which he cants,
 When mix'd among his brother saints,
 In which fanatical discourses,
 He summons all his scripture forces,
 To prove all such as do accord
 With him the chosen of the lord;

But that the *Papists* are accus'd
 'Tis plain in *Canticles* the first;
 Therefore he joins their holy father
 The pope and dev'l so close together,
 That both may equal terror strike,
 And by the saints be fear'd alike.
 His *Christian* charity is such,
 He ne'er thinks what he gives too much,
 'Tis plain, because he ne'er is known
 To give one farthing of his own;
 Therefore as nothing is no charge,
 It can't be thought a gift too large.
 His dealings are so just and plain
 He never cheats but when he can;
 And where he finds he cannot bite ye,
 He'll prove too honest to outwit ye:
 But if your judgment you postpone,
 And to his conscience trust alone,
 No humane justice will he do,
 But use you worse than *Turk* or *Jew*,
 Yet vow, protest, and scripture plead,
 As if he was a saint indeed.
 Such are that old fanatick strain
 Of Whigs that envy *Charles's* reign,
 Insatiate rebels, whom no law
 Can govern, or good monarch awe;
 A stubborn restless generation,
 O'ercome with dogstar zeal and passion
 Impatient of the highest place,
 To which they plead a right by grace.
 Cruel in pow'r and restless out,
 When most rebellious most devout,
 Making religion a disguise,
 Or cloak to all their villanies;
 As if they thought the same design'd
 For nothing but a holy blind;
 Therefore like harlots seldom use it,
 Except to shame it and abuse it.
 From such implacable tormentors,
 Fanaticks, hypocrites, dissenters,
 Whigs, Round-heads, call 'em what you please:
 I say, from rebels such as these,

May God preserve the church and throne
 And *Charles* the wise that sits thereon:
 Nor may their plots exclude his heirs
 From reigning when the right is theirs,
 But may the *Stuarts* trample down
 Those enemies to church and crown:
 For should the foot the head command
 And fiction gain the upper hand,
 We must expect a ruin'd land.





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1800

The



The Morning Salutation pag 58

The Morning's Salutation: or, a Friendly
Conference between a Puritan Preacher and
a Family of his Flock, upon the 30th of Ja-
nuary.

Preacher,

GOOD morrow to thee: how dost do;
I only just call'd in to shew
My love, upon this blessed day,
As I, by chance, came by this way.
Grace, peace, and faith, be unto thee,
And all this chosen family.

Husband,

My soul does very much rejoice
To see thee, and to hear thy voice:
I bless the Lord to find thee thus
Abound in health as well as us,
And hope thou art dispos'd to stay
A while and comfort us this day.

Preacher,

I think I shall not stay to dine,
But the Lord's will be done, not mine.
Where's thy good wife? methinks I want
To see her, she's a pious saint;
In wedlock thou art truly blest,
Of women she's the very best.
Pray let her know that I am here,
And tell her I desire to see her.

Husband,

The Lord preserve her! here she comes,
She's as just been sweeping out her rooms,
You must excuse her housewife's dress,
She's always doing, I profess.

Wife,

I'm very happy, worthy Sir,
To see so great a stranger here.
I hope good Madam *Cant* is well,
And pretty Mrs. *Abigail*.
Dear Sir, I wish I could have seen
Them here, how blest'd should I have been;
Tho' I'm ashamed, I must confess,
T' appear in such a homely dress.

Preacher,

Thou 'rt a good woman, thou hast grace
That best adorns a beauteous face;
I think thy weeds become thee well,
Thou wouldst not dress like *Jezabel*.
To tell the truth, I've seldom seen
A wife more lovely or more clean.
Give me thy hand, thou faithful bride,
The Lord at all times be thy guide:
How do thy little comforts fare?
Those tender twigs, their parents care;
Pray call 'em hither, let me bless
Those pretty hopeful babes of grace.

Wife,

Here, *Aram*, come, my little saint,
Where's your low bow to Mr. *Cant*?
Daughter! where art? come hither, *Ruth*,
Fie, pull your fingers from your mouth.
Look up, my dear, hold up your head,
Where's your fine curtsy? there's my maid.

Preacher,

Lord sanctify these lambs, and grant
That they thy grace may never want;
Shew 'em thy ways, that they may be
A comfort to thy spouse and thee;
The Lord sufficiently hath shew'd
His love to both in such a brood.
May they still greater blessings grow
To thee that brought 'em forth in woe.

And

And as their years encrease, inherit
A double portion of the spirit.

Wife,

Thanks to you, rev'rend Sir, may heaven
Reward the blessing you have given.

Rebecca, take my closet-key

And fetch that bottle unto me.

Thy master brought me home last night

For *Palm*, and said he knew 'twas right;

And with the bottle pray bring in

A glass, take care you wash it clean.

Preacher,

I hope thou dost not think that I
Drink wine, except I'm sick or dry;

I ne'er take any thing that's strong,

One glass I fear will do me wrong,

E'en let it rest upon the shelf,

Thou 'dst better keep it for thy self.

Wife,

Good Sir, vouchsafe, at my request,

To drink this glass, 'tis not a taste,

It holds but half a pint at most,

Will you be pleas'd to have a toast,

Preacher,

No, by no means, if I must take

So large a dose 'tis for thy sake.

Good Lord give thou a blessing to it,

That when its down I may not rue it.

Well, 'tis exceeding good indeed,

I wish it mayn't offend my head.

May'st thee, at all times, for thy ease,

Abound in comforts, such as these.

'Tis a prime cordial, I protest,

This ought not to be drank in waste.

Husband,

Husband,

Alas, one glass, Sir, will not warm ye,
I'm sure a second cannot harm ye;
Cold weather does strong wine require,
Fill out, my dear,——a little higher.
Pray give the glass to Mr. Cant,
So long a walk may make him faint.

Preacher,

Thou best of all good women! hold
Thy hand, consider I am old.
Thou art too bountiful, I vow,
Thy love is too abounding now.
Lord sanctify this cordial juice,
And make it wholesome for our use.
Well!——'tis a comfortable creature,
In truth I think I ne'er drank better.
I can but thank ye for your love,
'Tis now, I doubt, high time to move.

Wife,

Nay, Sir, I hope you'll stay and dine,
Besides, here's almost half the wine:
Pray, Sir, accept, before you go,
Of t'other glass, and don't say no.
And if you're not engag'd elsewhere,
You're welcome to our homely fare.

Preacher,

Thou art so kind, I needs must say,
I scarce know how to go or stay.
What dinner hast thou, friendly creature,
Alas, I'm but a piddling eater.

Wife,

I must confess we have not dress'd
What's worthy of so good a guest;
Yet 'tis a dish that we may say
Is suited to the present day:
'Tis a calf's head, to tell you truth,
I wish such fare may fit your tooth.

Preacher

Preacher,

Bless me, the best and only dish,
Upon this day, that I could wish,
No food besides could so delight
My eyes, and eke my appetite.
Good pious saints, that you should join
Your hearts so mutually with mine.
Well, give me now the other glass,
I see that you abound in grace,
The Lord of mercy and of pow'r
Hath blessings for such saints in store.
I cannot bid ye now farewell,
Thy invitation must prevail.
Methinks from heav'n I hear a voice,
That bids me tarry and rejoice.

Husband,

None can more truly welcome be;
Therefore I hope, Sir, you'll be free.
This a day of joy and mirth
Among the saints that dwell on earth.
This and the fifth day of *November*
We're always careful to remember;
Both which deserve the the utmost reverence
For our remarkable deliverance.

Preacher,

'Tis very true, we ought to praise
The Lord upon these blessed days,
And typify the fall of him
That caus'd the land in blood to swim;
So good a dish, on such a day!
What christian can refuse to stay.
But tho' I tarry here to dine,
Pray do not send for any wine,

Husband,

A little, Sir,—wife, send the maid
For two of *Palm* and two of red:
This day we always drink, you know,
To th' pious hand that gave the blow.

Preacher,

Preacher,

The Lord direct thee! prithee do
 What thy own mind inclines thee to.
 But I must crave thy leave to light
 One pipe to whet my appetite:
 When that is done we'll shut the door,
 And praise the Lord for half an hour.

The Geneva Ballad.

Of all the factions in the town,
 Mov'd by *French* springs or *Flemish* wheels,
 None treads religion upside down,
 Or tears pretences out at heels,
 Like *Splaymouth* with his brace of caps,
 Whose conscience might be scann'd perhaps
 By the dimensions of his chaps.

He whom the sisters so adore,
 Counting his actions all divine,
 Who when the spirit hints can roar,
 And if occasion serves can whine;
 Nay, he can bellow, bray, or bark,
 Was ever like a *Brau-learn'd* clerk,
 That speaks all *lingua's* of the ark.

To draw in proselytes like bees,
 With pleasing twang he tones his prose;
 He gives his handkerchief a squeeze,
 And draws *John Calvin* thro' his nose;
 Motive on motive he obtrudes,
 With slip-stocking similitudes,
 Eight uses more, and so concludes.

When monarchy began to bleed,
 And treason had a fine new name;
 When *Thames* was balderdash'd with *Tweed*,
 And pulpits did like beacons flame;

When

When *Jeroboam's* calves where rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This gospel-comet first appear'd.

Soon his unhallow'd fingers stripp'd
His sov'reign liege of power and land :
And having smote his master, slipp'd
His sword into his fellow's hand :
But he that wears his eyes may note,
Oft-times the butcher binds a goat,
And leaves his boy to cut her throat.

Poor *England* felt his fury then,
Outweigh'd queen *Mary's* many grains ;
His very preaching slew more men,
Than *Bonner's* faggots, stakes, and chains,
With dog-star zeal and lungs like *Boreas*,
He fought and taught, and, what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him glorious.

Yet drew for king and parliament,
As if the wind cou'd stand *North-South*
Broke *Moses's* law with blest intent,
Murther'd, and then he wip'd his mouth.
Oblivion alters not his case,
Nor clemency, nor acts of grace,
Can blanch an *Ethiopian's* face.

Ripe for rebellion he begins
To rally up the saints in swarms,
He bawls aloud, Sirs, leave your sins,
But whispers, boys, stand to your arms.
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his gods can't be subdu'd,
Money I mean, and Multitude.

Magistrates he regards no more
That *St. George* or the king of *Colen*,
Vowing he'll not conform before,
The old wives wind their dead in woollen.

He

He calls the bishop, *grey-beard* *coff*,
 And makes his power as meer a *scoff*
 As *Dagon*, when his hands were off.

Hark ! how he opens with full cry,
Hallow my hearts, beware of ROME,
 Cowards that are afraid to die,
 Thus make domestick broils at home.
 How quietly great *Charles* might reign,
 Would all these hot-spurs cross the main,
 And preach down *Popery* in *Spain*.

The starry rule of heaven is fixt,
 There's no dissention in the sky:
 And can there be a mean betwixt
 Confusion and conformity?
 A place divided never thrives,
 'Tis bad where hornets dwell in hives
 But worse where children play with knives.

I wou'd as soon turn back to mafs,
 O, change my phrase to *thee* and *thou*;
 Let the *Pope* ride me like an *ass*,
 And his priests milk me like a cow:
 As buckle to *Smectymnuean* laws,
 The bad effects o'th' *good old cause*,
 That have doves plumes, but vultures claws.

For 'twas the holy kirk that nurs'd
 The *Brownists* and the *Ranters* crew;
 Foul errors motly vesture first
 Was coated in a *Northern* blue;
 And what's th' enthusiastick breed,
 Or men of *Knipperdolin's* creed,
 But cov'nanters run up to seed.

Yet thy all cry they love the king,
 And make boast of their innocence;
 There cannot be so vile a thing
 But may be cover'd with pretence:
 Yet when all's said, one thing I'll swear
 No subject like th' old cavalier,
 No traytor like *JackPresbyter*.

The Round-Head.

WHAT creature's that with his short hairs,
His little band, and huge long ears,
That this new faith hath founded?
The saints themselves were never such,
The prelate ne'er rul'd half so much.
O! such a rogue's a round-head.

What's he that doth the bishops hate,
And counts their calling reprobate,
'Cause by the pope propounded;
And think a zealous cobbler better,
Than learned *Usher* in e'ery letter!
O! such a rogue's a round-head.

What's he that doth high-treason say,
As often as his yea and nay,
And with the king confounded;
And dares maintain that Mr. *Pym*
Is fitter for a crown than him?
O! such a rogue's a round-head.

What's he that if he chance to hear
A little piece of common-prayer,
Doth think his conscience wounded,
Will go five miles to preach and pray,
And meet a sifter by the way?
O! such a rogue's a round-head.

What's he that met a holy sifter,
And in a haycock gently kiss'd her,
O? then his zeal abounded:
'Twas underneath a shady willow,
Her bible serv'd her for a pillow?
And there he got a round-head.

A Caveat to the Round-heads.

I Come to charge ye
 That slight the clergy,
 And pull the miter from the prelate's head;
 That you will be wary,
 Lest you miscarry,
 In all these factious humours you have bred;
 But as for *Brownists* we'll have none,
 But take them all and hang them one by one.

Your wicked actions,
 Join'd in factions,
 Are all but aims to rob the king of his due;
 Then give this reason
 For your treason,
 That you'll be rul'd, if he'll be rul'd by you;
 Then leave these factions, zealous brother,
 Lest you be hanged one against another.

Your wit abounded,
 Gentle Round head,
 When you abus'd the bishops in a ditty,
 When as you fanged,
 You must be hanged,
 A timpany of malice made you witty;
 And, tho' your hot zeal made you bold,
 When you are hang'd your arse will be cold.

Then leave confounding,
 And expounding,
 The doctrine that you preach in tubs,
 You raise this warring,
 And private jarring,
 I doubt, in time, will prove the knave of clubs.
 It's for your lying, and not for your oaths,
 You shall be hang'd, and *Ketch* shall have your
 cloaths.

The

The TURNCOAT, To the Tune of, London

is a fine Town

I *Lord no king since forty one*

When prelacy went down,

A cloak and band I then put on,

And preach'd against the crown.

Chorus,

A turncoat is a cunning man;

That cants to admiration,

And prays for any king to gain

The peoples approbation.

I shew'd the paths to heav'n untrod;

From pop'ry to refine 'em,

And taught the people to serve God,

As if the devil were in 'em.

A turncoat, &c.

When Charles return'd into our land,

The English church supporter,

I shifted off my cloak and band,

And so became a courtier,

A turncoat, &c.

The king's religion I profess,

And found there was no harm in't;

I cogg'd and flatter'd, like the rest,

Till I had got preferment

A turncoat, &c.

I taught my conscience how to cope

With honesty or evil;

And when I rail'd against the pope,

I sided with the devil.

Chorus,

A turncoat is a cunning man,

That cants to admiration,

And prays for any king to gain

The peoples approbation.

The Characters of the five Sectaries, viz.
 PRESBYTERIAN, INDEPENDANT,
 ANABAPTIST, QUAKER, and
 FIFTH MONARCHY-MEN. Con-
 cluding with Advice to King Charles the
 Second.

OUR ancient poets sung of crowds
 Of Gods that dwell beyond the clouds,
 And of the goddesses they bedded,
 As mortals do their wives when wedded.
 Which shews that in those pious days,
 The world did many altars raise,
 And taught by poet, well as priest,
 Ador'd the gods they lik'd the best,
 Yet ne'er disputed unto whom
 They paid a publick hecatomb;
 Or why one great immortal brother
 Was more respected than another:
 But all were mutually agreed
 To worship with most solemn head,
 The gods of whom they ad greatest need. }
 As flatterers adore those friends
 At court who best can serve their ends,
 And cringe to him whose giving hand
 Has most donations at command.
 The ambitious man apply'd to *Jove*;
 The am'rous to the god of love;
 The soldier to victorious *Mars*,
 To keep him safe from wounds and scars;
 The poet to *Apollo's* shrine;
 The toaper to the god of wine;
 The whore to *Venus*, for gallants,
 To cool her lust, and ease her wants;
 The hunter and abstemious maid
 Oblations to *Diana* paid;
 And mariners in all distress,
 Apply'd to *Neptune* for redress:

A thou-

A thousand deities beside,
 And demi-gods to gods ally'd,
 Were worship'd in the times of old,
 As we're by antient authors told:
 Nay, some ador'd, for sundry reasons,
 The sun, that gives the world its seasons,
 And to the moon, that shines by night,
 Paid equal homage for her light;
 Whilst others were such pious fools,
 To worship even *Geese* and *Owls*;
 And without cavils or disputes,
 Oblations made to birds and brutes,
 And with rich costly banquets serv'd
 Each wooden god themselves had carv'd
 Altho' they knew the log divine
 No stomach had to meat or wine,
 But in those days they'd priests that us'd
 To pick up what their gods refus'd,
 Wisely considering 'twas not fitting
 Good food should spoil for want of eating.
 However, in those pious times,
 Mankind were conscious of their crimes,
 And would not bluster, rave, and bicker,
 For dame religion in their liquor,
 As roaring bullies do when tipsy,
 For this fair punk, or that lewd gypsy.
 Then garlands were on maypoles hung
 Where nymphs and shepherds danc'd and sung,
 And rural swains with pipes and tabors
 Delighted both themselves and neighbours,
 Enjoy'd their bread in peace and quiet,
 Without contention, feud, or riot;
 Obey'd their princes unmolested,
 And paid due reverence to the priest-hood;
 But in these days of reformation,
 When faith depends on revelation,
 And we but one great God adore,
 The giddy world is plagu'd with more
 Religious whims than heretofore:
 As if each dreaming *Tom a Doodle*,
 With crop-ear'd melancholy noddle,

Had right to tease, misguide, and bait us,
 With some new holy *Ignis fatuus*;
 And putting on a sober face,
 That outward sign of inward grace,
 Pretend, without a page of learning,
 To be more knowing and discerning,
 In all mysterious holy matters,
 Than half a hundred *Pauls* or *Peters*.
 The first of these that undermine
 The church, and all that is divine,
 Is prick-eard *Presbyterian Jack*,
 That preaching, praying, whining quack
 Who does more harm 'mong female plackets,
 Than old *Ponteus* with his packets.
 A king he hates, tho' for no reason,
 But for the love he bears to treason;
 The very best of God's vicegerents,
 By him are represented tyrants:
 All loyalty, but flatt'ring knav'ry,
 And true allegiance, downright slav'ry.
 Yet none can more imperious be,
 Or claim more reverence than he.
 To bishops he's a foe most spiteful,
 The very name to him is frightful;
 And lawn he scorns, because his merit,
 He knows, can never reach to wear it,
 So he that travels thro' the streets
 On foot, derides the coach he meets;
 Not for its rattling thro' the town,
 But 'cause himself has ne'er a one.
 When'er in boarded booth he teaches,
 The only doctrine that he preaches,
 Is loudly railing 'gainst his betters,
 And binding kings in chains and fetters.
 That all within his holy place,
 May suck rebellion in with grace,
 And when occasion serves, by ready
 To pull down sov'reign lord or lady.
 The church he wickedly blasphemes,
 And shews his malice in extremes;
 Condemns her to his gaping hearers,
 For holding many *Papish* errors;

Calls her the *Babylonian* whore,
 And gives her fifty titles more,
 Deriv'd from *Calvin*, *Knox*, and others
 That justly may be deem'd their brothers.
 His morals are intirely such
 As held and practis'd by the *Dutch*,
 Extracted from *Geneva* college,
 Where callow saints improve their knowledge,
 And learn, when young, to cover base
 Opinions with a godly face;
 And as some wise observers tell us,
 To be religiously rebellious,
 And misapply, like mad Divines,
 The word of God to bad designs.
So pious matron that beguiles
Her husband and her bed defiles,
To shew her undigested goodness,
Talks scripture even in her lewdness.

The next reformer of the nation,
 Who cants and prays by inspiration,
 Affects the name of independant,
 In vile hypocrisy transcendant:
 This saint receives his Ordination
 From th' elders of the congregation,
 They give him pow'r to first conduct 'em
 Then does he bless 'em and instruct 'em,
 And by long lectures ill collected.
 Direct 'em as they'd be directed:
 Learning and all degrees of schools
 They hold unnecessary rules,
 And think, by grace, a cobling zealot
 May prove as wise as priest or prelate,
 And expound scripture to their hearers,
 By inspiration, without errors,
 As well as he who has at college
 Chopp'd logick to improve his knowledge.
 Church matters they debate by laymen,
 And give great privilege to women,
 Allow their teachers, who can stitch
 A shoe, perhaps, as well as preach,
 To mind their work all days but one day,
 On which they cant, and that's the Sunday.

E

Their

Their teachers have no pow'r supream
 O'er those they teach, but they o'er them,
 And for the meanest trivial things,
 Depose them as they would their kings.
 First taught by *Jesuits* in disguise,
 To foster what the church denies,
 And to maintain such heath'nish points
 As make 'em such rebellious saints:
 From them and other priests of *Rome*
 Who, to confound us, hither come,
 The independing saint derives
 Those wretched tenets he revives,
 And all that stiff-neck'd holy pride
 The zealot shews in e'ery stride:
 His quaint grimace, as full of spite
 As pamper'd horse just going to bite:
 His cloak, his collar, and his band,
 That do more mischief underhand,
 Than fifty guides of parish flocks
 Do good by drumming orthodox.

Among these rank rebellious weeds,
 The *Anabaptist* next succeeds;
 These saints derive their way of fooling
 From *Sutor Humor Knipperdoling*,
Hur, *Heizer*, *Hofman*, and a crew
 Of frantick fools, the Lord knows who,
 Some botchers, others cobling zealots,
 That follow'd neither priest nor prelates,
 But roar'd at both, like *bear* or *dragon*,
 And preach'd sometimes without a rag on,
 Which made the women flock to see
 The tokens of their sanctity,
 And to behold the naked truth,
 As well as hear it from the mouth.
 These sons of grace and of adoption,
 Refin'd from sin and all corruption,
 So cross-grain'd, holy, and morose,
 Love coin altho' they hate the cross;
 Are therefore full of idle sceptism,
 Concerning of its sign in baptism;
 Nor can his intellects conclude
 The type of sprinkling to be good;

Yet will in solemn words assert,
 He loves the church with all his heart,
 And cou'd conform, with a proviso,
 She'd into *bapto* change *baptizo*.
 His doctrine chiefly is upon
 The ancient use of *Baptist John*,
 Whose sacred customs the enthusion
 Prefers t' our Saviour's institution,
 And rather than with God comply,
 Will upon mortal man rely,
 Who was not worthy to unhloose
 The latches of our Saviour's shoes.
 The font he will not hear a word on,
 But flies away to th' river *Jordan*;
 And tho' no sprinkling will go down,
 He'll dip you there until you drown.
Thus many at a straw will stumble,
That leap o'er logs and never grumble.
So the stiff consciences of those
Who are the church's greatest foes,
With little sins are apt to struggle,
But swallow great ones without boggle.
 The *Quaker* next that quipso saint,
 In dress and speech so very quaint,
 Whose holy pride would chuse much rather
 To hazard hell than say, *Our Father*;
 Or sooner bend to psalm or psalter,
 Than bow his head before the altar.
 Among the rest promotes the notion
 Of pop'ry and of persecution,
 And in his groaning sits abuses
 The church for what she never uses,
 Cries out the horned beast, the *dragon*,
 The scarlet whore, the pope, the pagan,
 When all the whims that cause his sadness,
 Proceed from folly, zeal, and madness,
 Which in his crazy crown unite,
 And kindle what he calls the light;
 An *Ignis fatuus* that bewitches
 Like that which springs from marshy ditches,
 And leads him into foul mistakes,
 As c'other into thorny brakes

Much conscience he pretends to use,
 But deals with churchmen as with Jews;
 And tho' he will not swear will play
 The cunning knave, by *yea* and *nay*,
 With sober *verilies* outwit ye,
 And in a solemn manner cheat ye;
 Defies the wicked to deceive him,
 Yet cozens all men that believe him,
 And costly sins, for which he cares not,
 Makes up with lying, tho' he swears not;
 Which shews his conscience can detest
 All vice but what he likes the best.
*As women who reserve their kisses,
 Because they value not love's blisses.
 Compound for the neglect of joy,
 And to the closet-bottle fly.*

The next pretending son of grace,
 With formal mien and solemn face,
 Is the fifth monarchy enthusiasm,
 The pink and pattern of confusion;
 A stubborn rebel, who, to tease us,
 Will own no other king but *Jesus*;
 And him, was he on earth to reign,
 The saints would crucify again,
 Or serve him as themselves and fellows,
 Who were a scandal to the gallows,
 Did the best king, the bravest sov'reign
 That e'er had right divine to govern.
 These, if the devil e'er possess
 One wicked sect above the rest,
 Are surely those whose words and actions
 Are under *Belzebub's* directions.
 In this enthusiastick herd
 The maddest of the saints appear'd
 Those sacred rogues who were the proudest
 Of deeds the blackest and the bloody'st,
 And had the saving grace to boast
 Of the worst villanies the most,
 As if they wanted to excel
 On earth the wickedness of hell,
 And vilely hop'd, by dint of blood,
 To turn all evil into good,

*As rebels when they win the day,
O'er lawful pow'rs usurp the sway,
And by new precepts of their own
Charge all the crimes themselves have done,
On these they've wrong'd and overthrow.*

Of these and all the other saints,
Who've given the Christian church such rents,
Murder'd their king, usurp'd the throne,
And turn the kingdom upside down,
O England, England! have a care,
No mercy shew, or justice spare,
To whining holy cheats that pray
As witches do the backward way,
And ne'er invoke the God of peace,
Except to bless their villanies.
O England! look a little back,
Behold how daring and how black
A progress they had lately made,
When all was in confusion laid,
And no man's life, or his estate
Secure from their rebellious hate;
The churches they to stables turn'd,
And prisons, where the loyal mourn'd,
The pulpit to a sinful box
Of treason, 'stead of orthodox;
Whitehall, where princes us'd to meet,
Transform'd into a rebel's seat,
Where pious knaves, with one accord,
Together kneel'd to seek the Lord;
The nation to a field of blood,
Where traitors triumph'd o'er the good
And made the profitable toils
Of others their continual spoils;
The laws against the church and crown
Were turn'd to pull and keep 'em down,
And all religion into base
Hypocrisy and dull grimace.
Therefore, O king! let e'ery sect,
By wholesome laws be duly check'd:
Thy just prerogative extend,
Assert thy throne, the church defend,

The REMAINS

And timely pare the hydra's claws,
Or thou wilt find the *Good Old Cause*
New strength will of a sudden gather,
And serve thee as she did thy father.

Dunstable Downs; or the Inchaned Cave.

Near *Dunstable*, upon the down,
There is an alehouse, and but one,
Which some th' enchanted castle call;
Others, more aptly, *Gypse-Hall*.

Not far from hence if we may credit
Some ancient authors, that have said it:
Ere dwelt, to make the story brief,
Old *Dun* that memorable thief.
Within a hollow under-ground
Apartments yet are to be found,
Where both himself and horse retreated,
And still all hues and cries defeated:

But waving this to come to th' tale,
Near to this place there lies a vale:
Where a good dame much fam'd in story,
For praying souls from purgatory,
A chapel built, and got a grant,
That in remembrance of a saint
Ten thousand masses should be said
For her repose, tho' she was dead:
And that for this the neighbouring towns
Should have free common on the downs.

For many years this custom stood
In high regard i'th' neighbourhood;
Until at length it so fell out,
As time brings many things about,
A famous knight, who thought that masses
Were only said by such dull asses
The priest had wheedl'd to believe,
Masses to th' dead some ease could give;

Resolves



Dunstable Downs. page 70.



Resolves this custom to oppose,
And the whole common to inclose.

The people on the other hand;
When they the matter understand,
Fully determine one and all
By th' common they would stand and fall;
And that in spite of all his riches
They'd level both his hedge and ditches;
But how to do it most securely
They meet, and first consult maturely:

A world of methods they propound;
'Gainst which some still exceptions found;
Until one wiser than the rest
Stood up, and thus himself exprest:

*Neighbours, I own, to save our common,
He that is backward can be no man;
Nor is there any of you here
That dares go farther than I dare;
And yet I will not so entangle
My self, and friends, in any brangle,
But that in case of a defeat,
We may propose a safe retreat.
This knight we know is at this hour
A man of mighty wealth and power,
And in a little space can bring
The troops be rais'd against the king,
And order them, without remorse,
Free quarter here for man and horse,
Which would annoy, and vex us more
Than loss of commoning, I'm sure:
Let us not therefore be such elves,
To save our common, lose our selves;
But first consider what to do,
To save our selves, and common too:
Thus having spoke, he blew his nose.
Then scratch'd his head and on he goes,*

*Neighbours, if you'd be rul'd by me,
I'll undertake to set you free:*

The REMAINS

*There is a man at Gypsie Hall
 Has all the vagrants at his call;
 And what he bids them do, or say,
 Both great and small, they all obey.
 Now put the case we could persuade him,
 This knight intended to invade him,
 And seize his garden, and the ground,
 That he has borrow'd from the down:
 'Tis natural to think the man
 Will in this cause do all he can,
 And use his utmost care and skill
 To obviate the approaching ill.*

At this the people gave a shout,
 This is the very man must do't:
 This man will surely set us right,
 Against th' incroachments of this knight.

This said, to th' hall away they go,
 To let him first the business know:
 The fellow when he saw them come,
 Gave out that he was not at home;
 Supposing, not without some reason,
 Their visit might be out of season;
 Until the master of an inn,
 Judging why he was not within;
 Goes out and whispers to his wife;
 There is no danger on my life,

The neighbours only are come up
 To smoke a pipe, and take a cup;
 Something, perhaps, they have to offer,
 And if your husband likes the proffer,
 I know they will stand by and bail him,
 'Gainst any that attempt to jail him:
 At this the woman made no more
 To do, but stepping out of door,
 Bawls, *Richard*, why d' you run to hole,
 As if that you had something stole?
 Turn out for shame and show your parts,
 There's none within but honest hearts.

At this the fellow, tho' not quite
Recover'd from this sudden fright,
Crept from a place behind the manger,
Where he was wont to hide from danger;
And coming boldly in among 'em,
Neighbours, says he, this is not common:
Your presence here, I must confess,
I ne'er expected more or less:
But since you're come, you're welcome all,
As I may say, to *Gypfie-Hall*.

Dick, says a butcher, there's none here
But likes your company, and beer;
But 'tis not that, to tell you true,
Has brought us now to visit you.
We have a business that demands
Your fruitful head, and active hands;
And if you'll put your shoulder to it,
There's no body like you can do it.

If I can do the thing, quoth *Dick*,
Depend I will at nothing sick;
Therefore be free, and tell me what
You and your neighbours would be at.
Says one all this is wishey, washey,
Meer linsley woolsey stuff, and trashey.
The case is this, the neigh'ring towns
Must lose their common on the downs,
If we can't find a way t' oppose
A knight that vows he'll them inclose.

If this be all, were he a king,
Quoth *Dick*, 'tis but the self same thing:
I and my friends will spoil his fences,
Let him have what he will pretences;
And nightly level to the ground
Whatever he shall but and bound:
But then, quoth *Dick*, I hope you wont
Desert me after I have don't.

No, no, says one, (if your taken)
You shall not find your self forsaken:

There's not a man among us here
 But in your favour will appear :
 And furthermore we all assure you,
 You shall not want an honest jury.
 Why then, quoth *Dick*, to say no more,
 I'll serve you to my utmost power;
 And let this vile encroaching knight
 Begin inclosing by this light ;
 I, and some friends that I can trust,
 Will save the common do his worst.

All things thus fix'd to their desire,
 The people to their homes retire ;
 Expecting ev'ry hour that some
 Would bring the news the knight was come :
 And long they had not waited e're
 Advice was brought that he was there,
 With *Ralph* his squire, and two or three
 That came to bear him company.

At this the people great and small,
 Repair in haste to *Gypsie-Hall*,
 To learn which part the knight propos'd
 O' th' downs should be the first inclos'd,
 Who as 't happen'd pitch'd upon
 That part that *Gypsie-Hall* stood on.
 This nettl'd *Dick*, as you may think,
 Who wish'd that he might never drink,
 If he did not defend his palace,
 Tho' he was sure to go t' th' gallows.
 May I be curst if any, Sir,
 Quoth he, from hence shall make stir ;
 If all the *gyppses*, *thieves*, and *whores*,
 Can keep the vermin out of doors.

Whilst he was railing at this rate,
 A man o'erlighted at the gate ;
 Who calling for some *Aqua Vita*,
 Saith he, there are some gentry nigh t' you,
 That I suppose intend to come,
 This night, and make your house their home ;

The

The chief they call Sir *Hudibras*,
As mere a knight as ever was:
He has a squire, who to distinguish,
Is *Ralpho* call'd, tho' in plain *Englisb*
His name is *Ralph*, as great a lout,
As ever nasty whore turn'd out.
I've follow'd them this hour or two,
To learn what game 'tis they pursue;
But can by no means comprehend,
What 'tis the *Gothamites* intend.

Quoth *Dick*, and star'd him in the face,
You are a stranger to this place;
Or else you must without all doubt,
What they intend have soon found out.
The case not better is nor worse;
This knight is sent us for a curse,
In recompence for mischief done,
Down to this day from *forty one*.
It seems the saints that rule the roass
Have granted to this knight o' the post,
Sole liberty to rob the towns
O' the right of comm'ning on the downs:
And so it is, without all doubt,
He and his gang are looking out,
Where 'tis most proper to begin
To make their damn'd incroachments in;
Nay, more, he swears who him opposes
With basket hilt he'll slit their noses.

Will he, says he, then by this light,
I'll try the courage of the knight;
And I am much beside my notions,
If I don't make him change his motions.
But, landlord, as this can't be done
By, any single hand alone;
'Tis necessary we adjust
All the preliminaries first.
In this case we should understand
Each other, and go hand in hand;
Then if the thing be as I judge it,
I have a project in my budget,

Shall make this knight, and *Ralph* his man,
With shame return from whence they came.

God's blessing on you, then quoth *Dick*,
If you can shew them any trick,
I'll joyn with you with all my heart,
And do my best to act my part:
And, Sir, if we can save the downs,
We may depend the neighb'ring towns
Will stick at nothing to express
Their gratitude, and thankfulness:
Nor shall you for the future call
Early or late at *Gypsie-Hall*,
But you shall always find these doors
Open to serve both you and your's.

If this be *Gypsie-Hall*, quoth he,
Then is fulfill'd a prophecy
" I've often heard and read, a stranger,
" When *Gypsie-Hall* is most in danger.
" Shall in the very nick arrive,
" And from the walls the foe shall drive:
" The stranger that this *hall* shall save,
" The title of a king shall have.
And I that title now inherit,
Not from inherent right or merit;
Which as some hold are empty things,
Mere feathers in the caps of kings:
But choice, which some say at this hour
Gave the first kings all right and power.

But letting this at present stand,
To come to th' business under hand.
I find it is the fates decree,
I should fulfill this prophecy.
Know therefore, landlord, I'm the man,
The *gypsie* race have pitch'd upon
To be their king, and to preside
O'er all the straggling, canting tribe.
Nor do I vapour when I tell,
I know their government so well;

There's

There's none among them will complain
Of any hardships in my reign.
When any of my subjects fall
By dire mishap in any brawl;
I never cease till I have found
Some way the matter to compound.

Quoth Dick, great Sir, I beg your pardon,
You are a man I've often heard on,
And if you'll undertake this matter,
Nothing in nature can be patter.
I know you always have at hand
A trusty well appointed band,
That never boggle or stick out,
But what you bid them do, they do't;
By your advice, and their assistance,
This knight can make but small resistance :
And I'll be ready to pursue
Whatever you direct me to.

Whilst thus the landlord and the king
Were canvassing about the thing,
They chance to spy, thro' an avenue,
The knight approach with his retinue ;
At which the landlord in repairs,
And left the king to stand the bears.
The king who knew 'twas the true way
To flatter him, he would betray,
Rides to the knight, and having paid
Profound obedience, thus he said :

Prosperity and peace attend
Your worship, till your life shall end.
May you, and your renowned heirs
Possess these downs ten thousand years;
And may they never, never want,
So brave a knight, so good a saint.

At this the knight, with muckle grace,
Having in order set his face,
Reply'd, who e'er you are, your manner
Demonstrates you a man of honour;

And

And he must ill deserve to share
Your wishes or your character,
That does not own the obligation,
To be saluted in such fashion.

Quoth *Ralph* his squire, who always went
His halves, as well in complement
As in his good or bad adventures ;
I own I'm something on the tenters,
I had a scurvy dream not long since,
Altho' I know all dreams are nonsense ;
Yet I can't help to recollect
What I find verifi'd in effect.
My dream was this, *I thought we*
Were both hall'd up into a tree,
Where we hung dangling in great danger,
Until an unexpected stranger
Came and reliev'd from gibbet high
Your worship's noble self and I.

Ralph, quoth the knight, I needs must tell you,
That many things that have beset you,
Have been by dreams so plain foretold,
That I must own we've been too bold
To contradict the hints were given,
That seem'd to come direct from Heaven :
But for the dream which now you mention,
There's nothing in my comprehension,
That any ways can us effect,
Either direct or indirect.

The king replies most noble knight,
Your worship's doubtless in the right ;
I must confess we dream indeed,
Of things that very oft succeed ;
But then, Sir, with submission, 'tis
When they have some *analysis* ;
For without that all dreams are but
The products of an o'ercharg'd gut.

Well, quoth the knight, I must confess,
You like a man your self express,

But

But now the time and place denies
Your arguments, or *Ralph's* replies.
Let's first go make our quarters good,
And then if you are in the mood,
We'll try to find a cause more fit
To exercise our parts and wit.

Quoth *Ralph*, as 'tis my proper station,
I'll first go see th' accommodation,
This famous structure can afford
To you, its only rightful lord.
So clapping spurs to both the sides
O' th' steed, to th' hall he boldly rides,
Where *Dick* stood ready to salute,
And complement this squire brute.
I'm come to know, says *Ralph*, who 'tis
Commands in this *Metropolis*,
And whether he can entertain
A noble knight, and all his train.
Quoth *Dick*, and please you, I am he
That hold this tenement in fee;
And if his worship please to come,
He shall be welcome to my dome:
I can no rarities pretend,
But I will treat him as a friend;
And if things don't so well succeed,
I hope he'll take the will for th' deed.

If you, says *Ralph*, were *Ferdinando*,
You could no more do, than you can do,
And he that more than that expects,
Is faulty in his intellects.
As for the valiant knight, my master,
He has so often met disaster;
So oft has slept in trusty buff,
And has so very oft lain ruff,
That now his worship's grown so wise
He never thinks on rarities.
Have you an *Aqua Vitæ* bottle;
Marry, quoth *Dick*, I have a pottle.
And have you food for horse and man?
Why there I'll do the best I can;

*And ultra posse as I'm told,
Non esse will not water bold.*

Whilst *Ralph* and *Dick* thus talk'd together,
The knight and *Gypsie* king came thither,
And *Ralph* reporting what was done,
They all o'erlight. and in they come :
And being plac'd, *Dick* brings a glass,
And thus began to *Hudibras*;
Sir, here's a glass of *aqua vitæ*,
Were't better I would not deny 't you ;
'Tis to your worship's health ; quoth *Ralph*,
Friend, make no words, but drink it off ;
Our stomachs want a Cordial, more
Than empty complements, I'm sure :
For tho' some foolish authors think,
Knights errant never eat nor drink.
The notion's false, for if a knight
Don't eat and drink he ne'er can fight :
Then, landlord, without more delay,
Drink first, and shew my knight the way.

All this, to give the devil his due,
Quoth *Hudibras*, in fact is true ;
Knights eat to fight and fight to eat,
And drink to beat, or to be beat :
Then, landlord, let us taste your liquor,
'Twill make our tongues and tails run quicker :
At which the glass was toss'd about,
Till first the knight, then squire gave out.

The *Gypsie* king who silent sate
To hear the man and master prate.
Replies, at length, I understand
These downs are all your worship's land,
And that you gain'd them by pure merit,
You and your heirs for to inherit.
Now, Sir if I may be so bold,
The title under which you hold,
Is but a poor precarious thing,
Till you subdue the *Gypsie* king.

The *Gypſie* king, quoth *Ralph*, whose he?
 I never read his pedigree:
 Where can this king's dominions lie?
 I never heard; by *Mars* nor I,
 Saith *Hudibras*, this needs must be
 Some strange infernal monarchy:
 But let this king be who he will,
 I'll keep my resolution still;
 And let him come from Heaven or hell,
 Upon these downs I mean to dwell.

This king, says he, has no fix'd state,
 His sole dependance is on fate:
 The world's his empire, and his rule
 Extends to every knave and fool.
 His vassals are indeed but few,
 But they are valiant all and true;
 And whatſoe'er he bids them do,
 They with undaunted zeal pursue.
 Upon the downs a place they have,
 Yclipsed *the Inhabited Grotto*,
 Where they at midnight often meet
 And dance to th' echoes of their feet.
 This place they think a safe retreat,
 In time of danger or defeat;
 And here unseen themselves convey,
 When ever they have made a prey:
 Here they their youngſters firſt inure,
 All ſorts of hardships to endure.
 Here all their ſchemes and politicks,
 Their arts, their ſtratagems and tricks
 Are firſt examin'd, and approv'd,
 And here they love, and are belov'd.

Enrag'd at this, quoth *Hudibras*,
 This is a glorious king by *Mars*.
 If basket hilt has any ſway,
 I'll make this monarch ſoon obey,
 And him and all his tatter'd gang
 From off theſe downs intirely bang.

And

And I, quoth *Ralph*, will do my best
 To extirpate this cursed nest.
 Is this the monarch will oppose,
 Your worship's title to inclose :
 I would myself renounce all claim,
 To chivalrie, and quit the name
 Of squire for ever, if I did
 Not from the downs these vermin rid.
 These are some paultry cavaliers,
 That sneak in holes to save their ears.
 Their king is some poor outlaw'd fool,
 Some night-bird, some recusant owl,
 That pilf'ring flies from hole to hole,
 As if that he had something stole.

The *Gypsie* king who ill could bear,
 To hear this scoundrel domineer,
 Replies you go too fast, good squire,
Best malt is made by softest fire ;
 This is no paultry midnight king,
 You utterly mistake the thing ;
 And I'll be bold behind his back
 To say, he doth no courage lack.

Quoth *Hudibras*, this argues little,
 Shew us the cave, we'll try his mettle,
 And if we do not clear the den,
 We'll own our selves to be no men.
 At this the knight gave beard a twist,
 And on his breast thrice smote his fist.
 " Have I receiv'd in civil wars,
 " So many dreadful cuts and scars,
 " To fear this petty king of no-land,
 " More wretched than the tool of *Poland*.
 Well, saith the king, since you determin,
 To go and ferret out these vermin,
 Without more words or more disputes,
 I'll guide your worship to the brutes.
 Agreed, saith he, and for your pains,
 You shall partake of all the gains.

That

That scene thus laid, the king desir'd,
That they might be a while retir'd,
And so they all conclude to go,
To nap it for an hour or two :
I'the *Interim* he and landlord *Dick*,
Consult how they might do the trick.

Not far from thence there stood a barn,
Where gangs of *Gypsies* us'd to swarm ;
Hither the king, who always knew
The secret marches of his crew,
Repairs with speed, and singles out
Six sturdy ruffins from the rout,
And bid them put themselves in shapes
Of bulls and bears, and wolves, and apes,
Which always ready by 'em lay
When they had any pranks to play.
When thus equipt their orders were,
To an old chalk pit to repair,
~~And there remain until the word~~
Was given, *dismount, and draw your sword.*
When you have heard the word, says he,
Run from the pit immediately,
And seize two mortals and disarm 'em,
But yet take care you do not harm 'em.

Quoth one o'th' ruffins, who are these,
That you command us thus to seize ?
And what is more, command us too,
That we should them no damage do ?
You know dead people tell no tales,
And if that proverb still prevails,
I hold it safest by my troth,
To make sure work, and murder both,

In many instances 'tis granted,
A useful Murder may be wanted,
But (saith the king) as this case stands,
I must desire you'd hold your hands.
Your orders are to gag and bind them,
And tie their warlike hands behind them.

When

The REMAINS

When that is done I and a friend,
 In proper dresses will attend,
 And give such orders that are fit,
 To make this knight and squire submit.

Matters thus fix'd the king return'd
 And *Dick* of all h' had done inform'd,
 Who readily agrees to bear,
 In the whole management his share.
 'Twas now about the dead o'th' night,
 When wakeful squire rous'd the knight,
 And told him he had dream'd a dream,
 Which with his first was much the same,
 And that he could not help to fear,
 Some secret Danger must be near.
 You know, says he, your self and I,
 Are very much unfit to die:
 W'are both such sinners, should we drop
 Before w'have made all matters up,
 I dread we should be guilty found,
 Without admission to compound:
 'Tis therefore, with your leave, my notion,
 That first we go to our devotion,
 And try at least to deprecate,
 These boadings of approaching fate.

At this up starts Sir *Hudibras*,
 You dream of things can't come to pass,
 Your fears are nonsense too, and come
 From want of resolution,
 And then for praying I ne'er read,
 Of squire that pray'd 'till knight was dead.
 Besides, I'll tell you, by the bye,
 There's few knights errant ever die;
 They may indeed endure some pain,
 And in the vulgar sense be slain,
 But still their souls immortal be;
 Quoth *Ralph*, all this is new to me,
 A strange hypothesis which none,
 But errant knights depend upon.
 However since your worship's bent,
 To try this wild experiment,

If I should drop, I fain would know
Whither my soul is like to go.
You know we squires still stand our share,
In all the perils of the war,
And 'twould be hard when y^e are translated,
If we should not be re-instated.

The *Gypsie* king, who in a hole,
Stood privately and heard the whole,
Fearing *Ralph*'s argument might cool,
Of knight the courage, and o^rerule;
Steps out to *Dick*, and bid him run,
And tell them that the time was come:
Which *Hudibras* no sooner heard,
But up he got and stroak'd his beard,
And bid the landlord go and bring
Their steeds, and call the *Gypsie* king.
The king suspecting still that *Ralph*,
Would some ways bring his master off;
Goes to the knight, and told him that
Nothing could ever fall more pat.
These straggling vermin are all set,
As dead as partridge for a net,
And if you'll hasten you may take,
All the whole gang before they wake.

At this *Ralph* set his arms at *kimbo*,
And are the slaves so fast in *limbo*?
Then, landlord, bring us t^other dram,
All this can never be a flam.
Come, master, take a hearty sup,
When we have beat their quarters up,
In triumph we will hither come,
And clear what damage has been done.

Quoth *Dick*, I very seldom trust,
Nay often take the money first,
And if that I had known before,
Your worship would have run o^th' score,
My bottle had not been so free:
Well, says the king, leave that to me,

The REMAINS

I'll pay the shot. Quoth *Dick*, why then,
Ye 're very welcome, Gentlemen.

Having thus fix'd the whole affair,
They mount, and to the pit repair,
Where the six rogues lay all perdue,
Their monarch's orders to pursue ;
And he who knew they now were safe,
First ask'd the knight and after *Ralph*,
That if some ghosts of cavaliers,
Dress'd in the shapes of wolves and bears ;
Should from the cave this moment rise,
And seize them both by strange surprize :
Wou'd it not to remembrance bring,
Their barb'rous murder of the king ?

Quoth *Hudibras*, this question is,
Non a propos in terminis,
That is, 'tis neither fit for you
To ask, nor us to answer to :
And, by my troth, says *Ralph*, it favours
Much of the cavaliers behaviours.
But this, and all the rest, to wave,
Let's go directly to the cave,
And then 'twill quickly plain appear,
What sort of ghosts inhabit there.
Well, quoth the king, if that 's the case,
I'll go, let what will come to pass ;
And, therefore, not to make more words,
Dismount, Dismount, and draw your swords.

The ruffi'ns, who but only wanted
To hear the word, from cave enchanted,
Rush out at once, and soon divorce
Both knight and squire from arms and horse ;
And having, by their king's commands,
First hoodwink'd, gagg'd, and bound their hands,
Then to the hollow back they move,
To wait fresh orders from above.

It was not long before that *Dick*,
Who was made privy to the trick,

Together

Together with the king, o'erlights,
Dress'd in the shapes of dreadful sp'rits;
And after they had struck a light,
Orders were given to bring the knight,
That he might be examin'd first,
What made his worship so unjust
To rob the dead, and cheat the towns
O' th' right of comm'ning on the downs.

Quoth *Dick*, if I may freely speak,
The day is very near to break,
And if we do not find a way
To manage them before 'tis day,
'Tis ten to one but they are found,
And we instead of them are bound.

Then, says the king, do you propose
The method how we may dispose
Of them to morrow, and at night
We'll meet and set the matter right.
Indeed, as you suggest, I fear
We cannot settle the affair,
Before the light will drive us hence,
Of which I fear the consequence.

Quoth one o' th' gang, I'll tell you how,
We often in such cases do.
If we are hir'd to discover,
Hid treasure, or a private lover;
When we have got them in our snare,
At first we only curse and swear;
And now and then we sweeten too,
To try how far that nail will go;
But if these fail, then next we gag 'em,
And after that we bind and gag 'em;
But if we find these don't prevail,
We have still a trick that cannot fail.
To some lone wood, thro' a bye way,
Upon our backs we them convey;
Where in a tree we lug 'm up,
And tie 'em so they cannot drop,

And

The REMAINS

And there we leave 'em for a day,
To think if b'nt a better way;
All their whole secrets to confess,
Than to remain in such distress.

Faith, faith the king, tho' I have been,
In many, and many a merry scene;
I ne'er till now this project knew,
But prithee, landlord, what say you?

Quoth *Dick*, I like it passing well,
Provided they a tree can tell,
Where they with safety may be perch'd,
In case the country should be search'd.

If that be all, says he, i' th' shape
Of him that personates the ape;
I know a tree not far from hence,
Where we our lumber us'd to fence;
There they may roost a hundred years,
And not a mortal soul come near.

Well, quoth the king, then haul 'em thither,
And hang them on a bough together;
When that is done, then you may tell 'em,
That this misfortune is beset 'em,
Not only for the cursed guilt,
Of royal blood devoutly spilt;
For plundering and sequestration,
And bringing ruin on the nation;
But that b'ing lost to shame and grace,
They'd vilely enter on this place;
In opposition to a saint,
Who having made a sad complaint
I' th' other world, some power unknown,
Had sent them to protect the down;
With full commission, them to bring
Dead or alive before a king;
Who will a final sentence pass,
On the fools, *Ralph*, and *Hudibras*.

All

All this was done as soon as said,
And knight, and squire to th' tree convey'd;
There to remain 'till the next night,
Should finish the adventure quite.

And now what mortal can relate
Of knight and squire the rueful state?
But must believe Sir *Eglimoar*,
When he the *dragon* heard to roar,
Could not be in a much worse plight,
Then was, alas, this squire and knight.

Next night about the hour eleven,
According to instructions given;
The king and *Dick* to th' pit repair,
With vizors on, and coats of hair,
Where also in their former dress,
The gang were in a readiness;
Such further mischief to pursue,
That they should be, commanded to.
The king, who fear'd that knight or squire,
Might if they longer hung expire,
Order'd that they with speed should be,
Both brought before his majesty.

No sooner to the pit they come,
But, says the king, of knights thou scum;
Thou filthy wretch, whose very sight wou'd
Disgrace and scandalize all knighthood.
Thou that hast laid ungodly hands,
Upon the king's and bishops lands;
Tore up at root old *England's* laws,
And on religion set thy claws,
Thou that by rapine, theft, and plunder,
Both king and kingdom hast brought under,
And by the sham of sequestration,
Hast robb'd and pillag'd all the nation;
And thou who wouldst this very day,
Take from the poor their right away,
And under colour of a grant,
Disturb'st the quiet of a saint,

At whose complaints w' are hither sent,
Thy vile inroachments to prevent :
Now stand prepar'd to hear thy sum
Of punishments as yet to come.

And thou base poultry pricklouse squire,
That fight'st and pray'st, and pimp'st for hire ;
Thou that can'st cant, recant, and lie,
To back thy master's villany :
Or what's as bad to hide thy own :
Now stand and hearken to thy doom.

Says *Dick*, dread Sir, before you pass
Your sentence 'gainst this *Hudibras* ;
Or *Ralph* his squire, your vassal begs,
Out of their mouths, you'd take the pegs ;
And try if they have ought to urge,
From these black crimes themselves to purge.

At your request I will allow,
A favour I ne'er meant to do ;
But as my time is very short,
Before I must adjourn the court ;
I do insist you'd pass your word,
They shall not trifle with the board.
Go, says the king, ungag the louts,
And from their peepers take the clouts :
Being thus restor'd to speech and sight,
The knight view'd *Ralph*, and *Ralph* the knight
And after many a heavy groan,
The knight did thus himself bemoan :
Ah me ! what dangers do environ,
The man that meddleth with cold iron ?
How many drubs, dry blows, and scars,
Attend poor knights ordain'd to wars ?
And what is worse, how many more
Are yet remaining on the score ?
Quoth *Ralph*, how many pains and frights
Attend the squires of errant knights ?
How often do their headless masters
Bring their poor slaves into disasters ?

If I had broke a leg or arm,
When first with *Aqua vitæ* warm,
You trick'd me out from peaceful dwelling,
To follow you a colonelling,
I had been happily secur'd
From all the ills I've since endur'd,
And at this instant had been free,
From this infernal company.

Whilst you, quoth *Hudibras*, complain,
You only providence arraign :
'Tis nonsense in the present case,
To talk what might have come to pass,
If we permitted were to pry,
I' th' archives of futurity,
No man wou'd run himself in danger,
Who wa'nt to common sense a stranger.

Ralph had reply'd, but, says the king,
Go one of you the captives bring ;
Another night we must not lose,
To hear these fools themselves accuse.
At this a rogue whose gaberdine,
Was cover'd with the skins of swine ;
To th' knight and squire nimbly starts,
Saith he, come forth and shew your parts.
Then giving *Hudibras* a hunch,
Upon his breast the very bunch:
And taking *Ralpho* by the lugs,
Gave him at least a dozen tugs :
What must the court expect your coming,
Whilst you stay here and caps are thrumming,
Besides, says he, your worships stink
Far worse than jakes disturb'd, or sink,
And are so cursedly beshit,
There's no enduring in the pit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, no man is master,
Of his posteriors in disaster.
The alderman, who once let fly,
Upon th' account of danger nigh,

The REMAINS

Is not so much to blame, I'm sure,
 As him that did the cause procure.
 Upon the whole, I hope our scent
 Won't so annoy your government,
 But that we may have justice still;
 Altho' we smell a little ill.

And now a little glimmering light,
 Discovers to the squire and knight;
 A gang of hideous monsters drest,
 Both in the shapes of men and beasts;
 At sight of which my author says,
 The knight and squire purg'd both ways.

After some little pause, quoth *Dick*,
 I hope you went at trifles sick:
 And since the court by my endeavour,
 Has granted, on your good behav'our,
 The liberty of fight and tongue,
 I won't suspect that you should wrong
 A freedom which this bench, till now,
 Did ne'er to criminals allow.

Quoth *Ralph* I own if we should do it,
 You ought in justice make us rue it:
 The knight may keep his stubborn temper,
 And if he please be *idem semper*;
 But I am fully bent to merit
 Your friendship, most renowned spirit.

Says *Hudibras*, thou wicked varlet,
 Thou off-spring of a common harlot;
 Is this a time? is this a place?
 Oh! thou eternal brazenface;
 To slight thy master, and supplant him
 Of favours that this board wou'd grant him.

It pleas'd the king to hear the squabble,
 Between the master, and his babble,
 Who judging he might make some use,
 Of what the squire shou'd first produce;

Order'd the knight should private be,
Till *Ralph* had heard his destiny.
Poor *Ralph*, who by the fright almost,
Was ready to give up the ghost :
And having now no thought but death,
Stood trembling like an *Aspin* leaf ;
Until that *Dick*, who fearing, lest
That they should overstretch the jest,
Calls out aloud, if you'd be safe,
You must accuse your master, *Ralph* :
If you'll do that, I'll pass my word,
You shall find favour from the board.
At this the squire took heart a' grace,
First hemm'd, and then began his case.

He very ill deserves a favour,
And is a man of small behav'our ;
Who boggles with a bench of justice,
When life and liberty in trust is.
As for betraying of my master,
A broken head must have a plaister.
A master who is not a stark ass,
Will hang his man to save his carcase ;
And if the man is such an elf,
To save his master, hang himself ;
The matter as't appears to me,
Renders the man *felo de se*.
But now to make the business short,
I throw myself upon the court,
And will, so help me God, endeavour,
To merit your esteem for ever.

At this, quoth *Dick*, an't please you, Sir,
This trusty squire's a subtle cur ;
By the expressions he has utter'd,
He knows which side his bread is butter'd,
And I'll be shot if he wou'd stick,
To help to carry on the trick.

'Tis dang'rous trusting, says the king,
However if you'll try the thing ;

One of the fellows has a trimming,
Will make the squire look very swimming;
Let him be drest, his hands unbound,
And then the question I'll propound;
All which was done as soon as said,
And *Ralph* into the court convey'd.

But oh! what mortal wight can tell
Of *Ralph*, in shape of spright the smell,
Who now expected nothing less,
Than transformation from his drest?
Till both the king and *Dick* unmask'd,
And for the *Aqua vitæ* ask'd;
And after each had took a dram,
Thus to the squire the king began;
The wretch you serve, that vile pretender
To saintship, and a conscience mender,
His crimes and follies to compleat,
At once wou'd the whole country cheat;
And by enclosures on these downs,
Destroy the right of twenty towns.

Quoth *Ralph*, who soon recover'd from
His state of desperation:
He has a strong and firm a grant,
As e'er was given to a saint;
To have and hold these downs in fine,
For years nine hundred ninety nine.

This, says the king, is nothing to
The business that we want with you;
We value not how firm and strong
The grant is, nor indeed how long;
I and my ministers of state,
Can quickly change both strength and date.
What we wou'd have you do is this.
You know your master's rogueries,
And if you'd keep on the disguise,
And help us to detect his lies;
You'll do an act, perhaps you may,
Be th' better for another day.

With

With all my heart, quoth *Ralph*, I'll join,
And help you manage your design;
And if I do not clinch the knight,
Conclude I'm but a bungling spright;
At which the word was given to bring
Sir *Hudibras* before the king;
Who putting on a furious look,
Cries out, your devil has you forsook:
You 're now before a judge and jury!
Will do you justice, I'll assure you;
And punish you for all your crimes,
Says *Dick*, in these and former times.

Well, quoth the knight; and shook his head,
I find there's little to be said:
That I have crimes and not a few,
With sorrow I must own is true;
Yet still I hope among them all
You will not find one capital.

Not capital, says *Ralph*, that lie
Amounts to downright perjury;
And ought to be esteem'd a sort,
Of trifling and contempt o' the court.
I'll prove there is no sin almost,
But that against the *Holy Ghost*;
If saints may be allow'd to sin,
Of which you have not guilty been.

Pray, noble knight, to go no further,
Is murd'ring of the king no murder?
Sweet Sir, consult with your own reason,
Open rebellion, is't not treason?
Altho' you varnish't with Pretence,
Of liberty and conscience.
Sir, with your leave, the court expect
You'd answer fully and direct;
And not by way of metaphor,
Your worship is so famous for:
Then give me leave; are sequestrations?
Are plundering towns, and devastations?

Are robbing churches, fire and sword?
 Your weapons in the hand o' the Lord.
 Are they not carnal weapons when
 They're in the hands of sinful men?
 And must in spite of all pretences,
 Amount to capital offences.
 You are not charg'd with covenanting,
 With canting, lying, and recanting:
 With forming plots, and raising fears,
 To set the people by the ears:
 Those, and ten thousand such small crimes,
 Are lawful for the saints sometimes;
 And therefore we'll not here insist
 On them and on the other list.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I find your charge,
 In many points is very large;
 And is not in the terms of law,
 That learned counsel us'd to draw:
 But since I know that my condition
 Requires less law, and more submission;
 I humbly wou'd desire to know,
 On which o' the articles you'll go;
 Or whether't be your pleasure I,
 Should to them in the lump reply.

This is meer trifling, Sir, says *Ralph*,
 And ne'er will bring your worship off;
 This court is independent on
 All forms and methods but its own;
 And will not be directed by
 The person they intend to try.
 And I must tell you, you're mistaken,
 If you propose to save your bacon;
 By pleading to our jurisdiction,
 Which will admit of no restriction.
 Here's no appeal, nor no demurrer,
 Nor after judgment writ of error.
 If you persist to quirk and quibble,
 And on your terms of law to nibble;
 The court's determin'd to proceed,
 Whether you do, or do not plead.

Quoth

Quoth *Dick*, Sir knight, if you intend
Any o'th' board shou'd be your friend ;
Let me advise you whilst there's room,
To try to mitigate your doom.
As you are on destruction's brink,
The more you stir, the more you sink ;
'Tis my opinion, you submit
Yourself to'th' court if you think fit,
And frank and freely answer to
Such questions shall be put to you.

Oh ! quoth the poor distressed knight,
I own your friendship gentle spright ;
And if my frank and free confession,
Can any ways make intercession ;
I'm ready, as the Gods shall save me,
To answer ev'ry thing you'd have me.

For once, says *Ralph*, we'll take your word,
And therefore, Sir, inform the board
When first you rais'd a regiment,
To fight for king and parli'ment ;
Did you not with the rest agree,
To extirpate the monarchy ;
And to establish in its stead,
A monstrous thing without a head ;
Which after you the king had stripp'd,
You vilely common-wealth yclip'd ?
Quoth he, to flatter and dissemble,
Will very ill my case resemble ;
Therefore, I own, when we began
The work of reformation,
We purely us'd the name o'th' king
For out designs a covering ;
And to prevent some apprehensions,
We fear'd might frustrate our intentions ;
Till we had power to tell you true,
To root out king and bishops too.

And then, quoth *Ralph*, when that was done,
You fought for th' parli'ment alone :

I query then, was that pure zeal
For publick good and common weal?
Or was it not to lay your hands
Upon the crown and churches lands?

Indeed, says he, I own a spice,
Like other faints of either vice.
We sought the Lord in our distress,
And when the Lord was please to bless
Our undertakings; then the word
Was, *plunder in the name o' th' Lord*;
And so it was, for many years
We join'd our plund'rings with our prayers;
And us'd them both so long together,
Till there was left no room for either.

Quoth *Dick*, you have by this confession,
Made on the court a deep impression;
And if you can so fully clear
The point has brought your worship here,
Your sentence will so far be bated,
That you will only be translated
To the next wood, and squire *Ralph*,
Shall be releas'd to fetch you off.
The knight, who nothing less suspected
Than he shou'd be at least distressed;
O'er-joy'd, to think that *Ralph* and he
Shou'd both regain their liberty;
Replies, what ever you require,
I'll do to save myself and squire.

Why then, quoth *Dick*, I plainly tell you
The present mischief that's beset you,
Is not so much for what y' have done,
In favour of rebellion;
As 'tis for your pretence of right,
To seize these downs, unworthy knight.
What devil cou'd put it in your head,
To rob and pilfer from the dead;
For this you must good reasons shew,
Or else y' are still in *statu quo*.

This

This unexpected question dashes
 The knight, who turns as pale as ashes;
 And stood like one was thunder struck,
 Or like the picture of ill luck;
 Until the king, to push him on,
 Cries out, 'tis time that we were gone;
 At break of day I must determine
 The court, and therefore if this vermin,
 Has nothing for himself to say,
 Gagg him again without delay.
 At which the knight, in tone most doleful,
 Cries out aloud, you fill my soul full
 Of such deep horror, I profess,
 I cannot if I wou'd confess.
 None but the devil cou'd draw me in,
 To perpetrate so black a sin;
 A sin, which I as much repent,
 As when at first I gave consent
 To take the charge of knighthood on me,
 Which has, alas! alas! undone me.
 To make things short, quoth *Ralph*, you must
 Renounce all claim to knighthood first:
 Next you must solemnly recant
 All your pretensions to a saint;
 And after this you must, moreover,
 Forswear your trade of binding over:
 When this is done on your repentance,
 The court will pass a proper sentence.

Not, says the king, till he has sworn,
 That he'll infest these downs no more;
 For tho' he shou'd perform the rest,
 Till that is done, 'tis all a jest.

Well quoth the knight, if this will do,
 I' th' presence of the gods and you;
 I here renounce the diff'rent state,
 Of knighthood, saintship, magistrate;
 And lastly, I hereby disown,
 All right and title to the down;

Wishing that I may never find
 Rest for my body, soul, or mind;
 In this, or in the other state,
 If from the day this vow bears date;
 I do in any terms propose,
 The least pretensions to inclose.

Quoth *Ralph*, we take this recantation,
 Only by way of approbation;
 But yet not doubting but you will,
 What you have vow'd and sworn fulfil;
 And not pretend by *innuendo*,
 All this was done *se defendendo*.
 Shou'd he turn tail, by *Jove*, quoth *Dick*,
 And try to serve us a dog trick,
 I'd quickly raise about his ears,
 Ten thousand *ghosts of Cavaliers*;
 That back shou'd drag him to this cave,
 Where he such punishments shall have,
 That errant knight in days of yore,
 Ne'er underwent the like before.
At which the king, to end the sport,
Stands up, and so adjourns the court,

AN ESSAY.

WHEN *Henry's* fury first grew tame,
 For sober love he left the game.
 When father call'd the youthful stubborn,
 From lewd *Milk-Bank*, to pious *Woborn*;
 As well from broils and being drunk,
 As from his nasty chopt-kneed punk;
 Whose honesty he'd often swear for,
 Tho' he cou'd never tell us wherefore:
 His noble heart, no longer able
 To hear long grace at father's table;
 Attended, he forsook his dwelling,
 And rid abroad a passion telling.

A wight

A wight he was, whose very fight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirror of knightbood* ;
Who never bent his stubborn knee,
To any thing less mad than she ;
To whom a faithful heart he bore,
Tho' she lov'd musick much before :
Big in the pit, big in the boxes,
Fam'd much for wound of sword and poxes ;
And most successful he did prove,
In feats of duel as of love ;
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he was more wise or stout :
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But he with both doth make a pother :
The difference was so small, his brain
Out-weigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
Which makes some take him for a slave,
Which fools do work with, call'd a knave.

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it ;
For he left all his polliish'd words
Lock'd fast up with his fighting swords ;
As being loth to wear 'em out,
And therefore bore 'em not about ;
Unless unto the park, or so,
As sparks their best apparel do.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of frowns and oaths, a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a *buzzard* is no fowl,
And my lord *A---ll* was no *Owl* ;
That his fair countess was no w---,
And that a window is no door.
For rhetoric he never gap'd,
But all the croud of link-boys stop'd ;
Ravish'd at his most potent speeches,
As hungry dogs at unty'd breeches.
His well-bred ord'nary discourse,
Was swearing, bawdy, or else worse ;
A *Southerlandish* dialect,
Which learned bullies much affect :

It was a party-colour drefs,
 Of patch'd and pye-bald languages;
 For he cou'd coin and counterfeit,
 New words with little or no wit;
 Words that were more debas'd and hard,
 Than a soft brain could well have spar'd.

Thus was he gifted, and accoutred,
 We mean on th' inside, not on th' outward;
 For next of all we shall discourse,
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace,
 Both of his wisdom and his face;
 The weight about his hips did waddle,
 As if his back had wore a saddle.
 On which he 'as often with'd his fire,
 To lay a broiling on the fire;
 His sword puissant on the side
 Of his triumphant thigh did ride,
 The hilt of which with blows was burst,
 Where ladies did their honour trust,
 Tho' long before 'twas laid in dust.
 I' th' holsters at his saddle-bow,
 Two bright scrubb'd pistols he did stow,
 Stuff'd up with ink, and quills, and paper,
 As useful to him as his rapier.

Thus clad, and fortify'd, our *Harry*
 Left peaceful home, resolv'd to marry.

A squire he had, whose name was *Tom*,
 To help him drag his widow home,
 Tho' our good breeding doth inform us,
 'Twere civiller to call him *Thomas*:
 Never did trusty squire with knight,
 Or knight with squire jump more right;
 For those perfections which one wanted,
 Providence had to th' other granted:
 The squire was useful to indite,
 Or, as the world reports, the knight
 Hardly knew how to read or write.

On th' other side, the knight could sing,
 Drink, roar, and dance, or any thing,
 But speak poor sense, which he despiseth,
 Knowing his squire hath what sufficeth.
 And so we leave 'em. May they speed,
 For ne'er poor knight had greater need,
 As they go on, we shall proceed.

JANE SHORE and King EDWARD.

The Tune, St. George and the Dragon.

WHY should we boast of *Lais* and her knights,
 Knowing such champions entrapt by whorish lights?
 Or why shou'd we speak of *Thais* curled locks,
 Or *Rhodope*, that gave so many men the pox?
 Read old stories and there you shall find,
 How *Jane Shore*, *Ja. Shore*, she pleas'd *K. Edward's* mind.

Jane Shore she was for England, Qu. Fridegond for France;
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

To speak of the *Amazons* it were too long to tell;
 And likewise of the *Thracian* girls, how far they did excel;
 Those with *Scythian* lads engag'd in several fights;
 And in the brave *Venerean* wars did foil advent'rous knights:
Messaline and *Julia*, were vessels wond'rous brittle;
 But *Jane Shore*, *J. Shore*, took down *K. Edward's* mettle.

Jane Shore, she was, &c.

Thalestris of *Thermondon* she was a doughty wight,
 She conquer'd *Pella's* king i' the exercise of night;
Hercules slew the dragon, whose teeth were all of brass,
 Yet he himself became a slave unto the *Lydian* lass;
 The *Theban Semele* lay with *Jove*, not dreading all his thun-
 But *Ja. Shore* o'ercame *K. Edward*, altho' he had her under.

Jane Shore she was, &c.

Helen

Helen of Greece, she came of *Spartan* blood,
Ægiale and *Cressida* they were brave whores, and good;
 Queen *Clytemnestra* boldly slew old *Æreus* mighty son,
 And fair *Hesione* pull'd down the strength of *Telamon*:
 These were the ladies that caus'd the *Trojan* sack;
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she spoil'd *K. Edward's* back.

Jane Shore, &c.

For this the ancient writers did great *Venus* deify,
 Because with her own father, *Jove*, she feared not to lie:
 Hence *Cupid* came, who afterward reveng'd his loving
 mother,
 And made kind *Biblis* do the like with *Caunus*, her own
 brother;
 And afterward the goddess kept *Adonis* for reserve;
 But *Jane Shore*, *Ja. Shore*, she stretch'd *K. Edward's* nerve.

Jane Shore, &c.

The *Cholcean* dame, *Medea*, her father did betray,
 And taught her lover *Jason* the vigilant bull to slay;
 And after thence convey'd away her father's golden fleece,
 She with her lover sail'd away, in *Argo's* ship to *Greece*:
 But finding *Jason* false, she burnt his wife and court;
 But *Jane Shore*, *Ja. Shore*, she show'd king *Edward* sport.

Jane Shore, &c.

Romix of *Saxony* the *Welsh* state overthrew,
Igræyn of *Cornwall*, *Pendragon* did subdue;
 Queen *Quiniver* with *Arthur* fought single hand to hand,
 Tho' afterwards she made horns upon his head to stand;
 And to Sir *Mordred*, *Pittish* prince, a *Paramour* became:
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she made *K. Edward* tame.

Jane Shore, &c.

Moroxia

Moroxia of *Italy*, see how she stoutly copes,
 With *Jesuits*, *Priests*, *Cardinals*, and triple-crowned *Popes* !
 And with *K. Henry Rosamond*, spent many a dallying hour,
 Till lastly poison'd by the *Q.* in *Woodstock's* fatal bower :
 And *Joan of Arc* play'd in the dark, with knights of *Lan-*
guedoc ;
 But *Jane Shore*, met king *Edward*, and gave him knock
 for knock.

Jane Shore, &c.

Pasiphae, we know, play'd feats with the *Cretan* bull ;
 And *Proserpine*, tho' so divine, became black *Pluto's* trull ;
 The *Spanish* bawd her strumpets taught to lay their legs
 astride,
 But these and all their curtizans, *Ja. Shore* did 'em deride :
 Pope *Joan* was right, altho' she did the papal sceptre wield ;
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she made king *Edward* yield.

Jane Shore, &c.

Agathoclea and *Eantbe* did govern *Aegypt's* king ;
 The witty wench of *Andover*, she was a pretty thing ;
 She freely took her lady's place, and with great *Edgar* dally'd,
 And with main force she foil'd him quite, altho' he often
 rally'd :
 For which brave act, he that her rack'd, gave her his lady's
 land ;
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, king *Edward* did command.

Jane Shore, &c.

Of *Phrine*, and of *Lamia*, historians have related,
 How their illustrious beauties two generals captivated :
 And they that in the days of yore kill'd men, and sack'd
 their cities,
 In honour of their mistresses compos'd amorous ditties :
 Let *Flora* gay, with *Romans* play, and be a goddess call'd ;
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, king *Edward* she enthralld.

Jane Shore, &c.

The

The jolly tanner's daughter, *Arlot of Normandy*,
 She only had the happiness to please duke *Robert's* eye,
 And *Roxolane*, altho' a slave, and born a *Grecian*,
 Could with a nod, command and rule, grand signior *Solomon*.
 And *Naples Joan*, wou'd make 'em groan, that ardently did
 love her:

But *Jane Shore*, *Ja. Shore*, and *K. Edward* he did shove her.

Jane Shore, &c.

Aspatia does of the *Persian* brothers boast; [the roast.
 Tho' *Cynthia* joy in the *Leptbean* boy, *Ja. Shore* shall rule
Cleopatra lov'd *Marc Antony*, and *Bruneault* she did feats,
 But compar'd to our *Virago*, they were but meerly cheats:
 Brave carpet knights in *Cupid's* fights, their milk-white
 rapiers drew;

But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* did subdue.

Jane Shore, &c.

[Queen.

Hamlet's incestuous mother, was *Gertrude*, *Denmark's*
 And *Circe*, that enchanting witch, the like was scarcely seen:
 Warlike *Penthesilea* was an *Amazonian* whore
 To *Hector* and young *Troilus*, both which did her adore;
 But brave *K. Edward*, who before had gain'd nine victories,
 Was fetter'd like a bond-slave, with *Jane Shore's* all-con-
 quering thighs.

Jane Shore she was for England, *Qu. Fridegond* for France;
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

The



Frank & Son



Frank & Nan page 215.

The Quarrel Between FRANK and NAN.

THE ARGUMENT.

Nan and Frank, two quondam friends,
In which they'd both their private ends;
Fell from love to sudden wrath;
Much ado is 'twixt 'em both:
Many a whore and rogue is call'd,
But oh! brave Frank the bawd is maul'd.

Of civil dudgeon many a bard
Has sung, and tales have oft been heard,
Much in verse, and much in prose,
Of ancient friends grown ardent foes:
From this position I'm about,
To tell you how two friends fell out;
The dearest two, the kindest pair,
That e'er each other's heart did share,
Damsel and hero, fat and fair.

The noble hero, who not knows
Order attends where e'er he goes;
And in his even dealing hand,
He always bears a pow'rful wand,
The badge of office and command:
Frequent at lady W——'s door,
He has stood upon a well-known score;
Which the poor Jew, Sir John has seen
Full oft, and curs'd the Turk within.

Who not admires the damsel bright,
That ever trapes'd the mall by night?
Who, that ever had occasion,
For any filthiness in season?
Many a bed and basket full
She has put off of trash and trull.

In short, their virtues well are known,
 Where e'er her trumpet fame has blown ;
 For long has mighty clamor ran,
 Of honest *Frank*, and modest *Nan* :
 At length these two from harmless prattle,
 At last proceed to direful battle.

There is a time (as th' author has it)
 That writes a treatise call'd the *Gazette* ;
 (In many things by him related)
 When *White-ball* is evacuated ;
 That is, when the court and prince are
 Catching agues all at *Windfor* :
 For in *Greenland* as they write,
 The whole year's but one day and night ;
 So of late, it has been here,
 Only sunshine half the year :
 And, as evil spirits venture,
 Often in the Dark to enter
 Hallow'd roofs, when those that keep
 The place are absent, or a sleep ;
 So factious vermin, that are driven,
 From court for faults too oft forgiven ;
 When they have watch'd the king from's house,
 Come there to make their rendezvous.
 Then *Crofts* and *S---land* cabal,
 Then *Ce---l* lords it in the *Mall* ;
 With all the train of unflegg'd fool
 Callow as they came from schools
G---y, *M---dant*, *B---don*, *K---t*, and *T---n*,
 Still at worst follies deepest in,
 And *Hun--ton*, with his long tool,
 Not as his mark of man, but fool ;
 Whose tail, and follies, make his life,
 Only useful to his wife :
 All these, with foul infection tainted,
 Long ago had been transplanted ;
 Far from the court, that so the rest,
 That yet were sound, might scape the pest ;
 But as that vile disease the itch,
 Does some lewd natures so bewitch ;

That it they always chuse to catch,
 For meer indulgence but to scratch:
 So faction does with some prevail,
 For a bare colour but to rail.
 Honest *Frank* was one of these,
 In's heart, lov'd them, and their disease;
 Honest *Frank*, who's but a noddy,
 Yet rails as well as any body:
 And, as sacred libels show,
 Publish'd not many days ago:
 A certain lord was but a cur;
 (To which opinion few demur:)
 So honest *Frank*, might I speak, mine
 Is naturally something canine:
 For as some cur, whom's master owns,
 To love, and gives him crusts and bones;
 Tho' kindly fed, will yet be running
 Abroad, where carrion lies a sunning;
 So *Frank*, tho' he no filling need,
 On rotten faction loves to feed;
 With which, when he does back resort,
 He stinks intolerable at court?
 And for occasions of this nature,
 Has been of late a lazy creature;
 Tho' better had he minded duty,
 And so escap'd this war with beauty.

Beauty, which shines in *Nancy's* face,
 As much as he does in his place:
 Majestic wrinkles deck her brow,
 And godly glaring eyes below;
 That still with maudlin kindness shine,
 The soft effects of brandy wine,
 Rich carbuncles adorn her nose.
 The envy of her sober foes:
 And from her lips discourses fall,
 That makes her welcome to *Whitehall*.
 Whether one day she enter'd shining,
 Just as *Frank* was come from dining:
 But who the sequel cou'd have guess'd,
 To see how they at first caress'd;

How cheek my jowl they kindly walk'd,
And with what tenderness they talk'd!

My dearest *Nan*, says he, what whores
Are freshest now? Quoth *Nan*, my doors,
Heav'n knows, ne'er open'd to receive
A lover, since you last took leave:
Whom still to serve my will remains,
Tho' you ne'er pay me for my Pains.
Pay thee, (quoth he) *Nan*! pay for wenching?
When e'en our tables are retrenching?
Say *Nancy*, ah! that falsely fearest:
'Tis love I want; not coin, my dearest;
'Tis thee I love, 'tis thee I doat on,
More than a child that puts new coat on:
To see thee walk, I love thy trip,
I love the drops upon thy lip;
Thy just cravat, thy reg'lar wig,
My little pug, my dapper pig.
When with desire of thee I stretch,
I've no *sciatica*, nor stitch.
Quoth *Frank*, in rage; avant, you bitch.
Have I, for this, thro' all my life,
Kept civil distance with my wife;
Study'd fine speeches from romances,
And in my age led country dances?
Do I for this, ev'n at this hour,
Cheat every creature in my pow'r;
Gripe from the poor the utmost farthing,
To keep my credit up at carding?
Do I for this, effect a grace,
And paint my old *John apple* face;
Only to have a bawd adore me;
No, I'll have virgins fall before me.

Virgins, quoth *Nan*! and then she hung
A tongue out, full two handfuls long,
And with desire or malice stung,
Lick'd o'er the thickest painted place,
And spoil'd entirely that day's face.
But who can speak the noise and din,
The fury that did then begin;

The oaths, the outcries, and the blows,
 When *Francis* catching *Nancy's* nose,
 With furious gripe expressing hate,
 Squeez'd nine large insects out of that,
 Then with a shock upon her chest,
 So stirr'd the brandy in her breast;
 That an eructive sigh she sent,
 Which, as it through the region went,
 Such wond'rous influence did bear,
 A soaring owl dropt headlong there,
 Drunk with sophisticated air;
 Which omen much ill luck bespoke;
 For, the next tilt, the hero broke.
 The famous wand describ'd above,
 The ensign of his pow'r and love:
 But at the same time conquest got,
 And doom'd the vanquish'd bawd to pot:
 To porter's lodge he sent her jogging,
 To purchase liberty by flogging:
 And thus concluded was the fray,
 Betwixt the knight and lady gay.

A Satire on the Players.

THE censuring world, perhaps may not esteem
 A satire on so scandalous a theme,
 As a stage ape; yet, merely for the sake
 Of novelty, I'll once a trial make:
 For who can hold to see the foppish town,
 Admire so sad a wretch as *Betterton*;
 Is't for his legs, his shoulders, or his face,
 His formal stiffness, or his aukward grace?
 A shop for him had been the fittest place.
 But brawny *Tom* the play-house needs must chuse,
 The villains refuge, the whores rende'vouz.

Then in comes *Smith*, that murders every shape,
 The crying lover and the squinting ape;
 So very dull in both, that you may see,
 Sorrow turn'd mirth, and mirth turn'd tregedy:

Passion

Passion he ridicules; so whines, and cries,
 That you wou'd swear, he somewhat more than dies;
 Then, by his antick postures, men of sense
 Do say, he plays *Jack Pudding*, not a prince.
 Since so it is, *Will*, e'en in time be wise,
 Stick to the bottle; there thy talent lies:
 But for the stage, (conceited, malapert,)
 Thou'rt worse than strowling *Coish*, or strutting *Burt*.

You smock-fac'd lads, secure your gentle bums;
 For, full of lust and fury, see, he comes!
 'Tis bugg'ring *Nokes*, whose damn'd unwieldy t----
 Weeps, to be bury'd in his footman's a----
 Unnatural finner, lecher without sense,
 To leave kind whores, to dive in excrements!

Roaring mad *Cave*, is the reproach o' th' age;
 Scandal to all, but the lewd, shameless stage:
 The coffee-houses, and the taverns scum,
 Drunk every night, the looby, tumbling home,
 Alarms the watch. His chiefest eloquence,
 Does lie in many oaths, and little sense:
 I' gad, he'd make a swinging evidence!
 But now, the character of one you'll read,
 Who strove so long a fool to be believ'd,
 That at the last he is a fool indeed:
 Witness his bant'ring nonsense and his noise,
 Stealing from stall, and fooling with the boys.
 If still thou play'st such tricks, the world shall see
 The difference 'twixt *Jack Sparks*, and *Tony Lee*,
 Which is the silly'st cur, the dog or thee.

The next might e'en have acquiesc'd; but he,
 Big with the hopes of popularity,
 Must play again: altho' it be decreed
 That wise prophetick shou'd his omen read.
 When first he strutted on, faith, I was there:
 Who's there, cry all? a poppet, not a player.
 But, when he nam'd a God, the sparks did fear,
 The very pop wou'd make a God appear;
 A God to him's no more than bottle-beer.

Goodman

Goodman the thief swears 'tis all womens lots
To doat upon his ugliness and pox.

Many by common punks have been betray'd,
But to be jilted by a filly maid,
Is a damn'd thing: *Wiltshire*, I'd be asham'd,
At last among the cuckolds to be nam'd:
Thou'dst better still have led a whoring life,
Than to be plagu'd with poverty and wife.

Jewon's chief bus'ness is to swear and eat;
He'll turn procurer for a dish of meat:
Else the poor hungry ruffian must, I fear,
Live on grey-pease and salt for half the year.

The rest, tho' moving in a lower sphere,
Are no less villains than their masters are;
So sharpening and so insolent a crew,
Long as old *Tyburn* stood, it never knew:
But fame does say, their equals you may find
Of th' other sex; so lewd in every kind,
You'd swear that rogue and whore had both combin'd.

Imprimis, *Slingsby* has the fatal curse,
A lady's honour with a player's purse:
Tho' now she is so plaguy haughty grown,
Yet, 'gad, my lady, I a time have known,
When a dull whiggish poet wou'd go down.
That scene's now chang'd; but, prithee, dowdy beast,
Think not thyself an actress in the least:
For sure thy figure ne'er was seen before:
Such arse-like breasts, stiff neck, and monstrous gore,
Are certain antidotes against a whore.

But antiquated *S*—/ swears in rage,
She knows not what's the lewdness of the stage:
And I believe her, now her days are past;
Who'd tempt a wretch that on meer force is chaf't?
Yet in her youth, none was a greater *W*—:
Her lumpish husband *Og* can tell you more.
There's one, Heav'n bless us! by her cursed pride,
Thinks from the world her brutish lust to hide;

G

But

The REMAINS

But will that pass in her, whose only sense,
Does lie in whoring, cheats, and impudence?
One that is pox all o'er, *Barry* her name,
That mercenary, prostituted dame;
Whose nauseous a----like *Tony's tap* does run:
Unpity'd fool, that can't her ulcer shun!
Tho' like a *Hackney* jade, just tir'd before,
And all her little fulsome stock run o're;
Tho' faces are distorted with meer pain,
So thatwry mouth ne'er since came right again:
Yet ten times more she'd bear for slavish gain. }

Impudent *Sarab* thinks she's prais'd by all,
Mistaken drab, back to thy mother's stall;
And there sell *savin*, which thou'dst prove so
'Tis a rare thing, that belly cannot swell: [well,
Thou art as leud, and as debauch'd as hell. }

Fam'd *Butler's* wiles are now so common
That by each feather'd cully she is known: [grown,
So that at last, to save her tott'ring fame,
At musick club she strives to get a name;
But money is the syren's chiefest aim. }
At treats, her squeamish stomach cannot bear,
What amorous spark provides with cost and care;
But, if she's hungry, faith I must be free,
She'll for a meal shew her commodity.

What is 't, a pox, makes *Petty* seem to be
Of so demure pretended modesty?
When 'tis apparent she'll in private prove,
As impudent as any punk of love?
Strangers she fears; so cares not much to roam,
While she can have a sharer's pr— at home.
Carrer, 'tis time thou wert to *Ireland* gone, }
Thy utmost rate is here but half a crown:
Ask *T——* if thou art not fulsome grown? }

Sue P—— so long has known the stage,
She grows in lewdness faster than in age;
From eight or nine she there has jilting been,
So call that nature, which is truly sin.

of Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER. 123

Her *Coffee* father too's so basely poor,
And such a hireling, that he'll hold the door,
Be pimp himself, that she may play the whore. }

Once *Towford* had some modesty; but she,
Her husband being close in custody,
Wou'd be unkind to let him famish there:
So sins for guineas, to provide him fare.

But *Osborn* moves in a religious strain,
She'll jilt and pray, and pray and jilt again;
Sure now her jilting praying days are o're,
Who'd have an ugly, old, yet zealous whore.

Then *Norris*, and her daughter, pleasant are, }
One's very young, the other desperate fair: }
A very equal, well-proportion'd pair.
The girl's of use, faith, as the matter goes,
She plays the whore to get her father cloaths.

I've pleas'd myself: now criticks do your worst,
And he that fears your malice may be curst.

A Satire on the PORTS.

[for praise,
WRETCH! whosoe'er thou art that long'st
That courts a *Muse*, and itches after bays;
Be well advis'd before it be too late,
Or from my mouth prepare to hear thy fate.

Hard by the fair *Augusta's* walls there stood
Of yore an aged *cittadel* of wood,
Which long th' attacks of pelting boys had bore,
And prentice, storming for suburban whore
Scene of leud nymphs, and of polluted strains,
Where now a lordly * pile, so fate ordains,
Stands, and surveys around the humble plains. }
Goodly and great; provided as a fence
Gainst all the batt'ries of thought or sense.

G 2

There

* *Bedlam.*

There witty raving wretches howl and cry,
 And with their woes divert the standers by :
Sylvia in straw on her *Alexis* calls,
 And paints love's charcoal emblems on the walls ;
 The dark inhabitants ne'er see the day,
 But the wild motion of the moon obey.
 There, in a den, remov'd from humane eyes,
 Possess'd with muse, a brain-sick poet lies,
 Too miserably wretched to be nam'd,
 For plays, for heroes, and for passion fam'd :
 Thoughtless he raves his sleepless hours away,
 In chains all night, and darkness all the day.
 And if he gets some intervals from pain,
 The fit returns, he foams, and bites, the chain, }
 His eye-balls roll, and he grows mad again. }
 The application's fair : be wise in time,
 Avoid the youthful appetite of rhyme ;
 Beware, and be before-hand with your fate :
 Once in the gin, repentance comes too late.
 Your jilting muse is like your practis'd whore,
 Cheats, wheedles on, and keeps her cully poor :
 In vain you struggle from the charm to part,
 In vain you strive to disengage your heart.
 So spark, abus'd by mistress, rag'd and swore,
 And vow'd he ne'er wou'd see *Olinda* more :
 But, the fit over, to her arms he flies, }
 Doats, rages, swears, loves, languishes, and dies, }
 And courts new ruin from her lightning eyes. }
 Soldiers and wits the same hard fate has damn'd ;
 Both toil for conquest in a fairy land :
 Yet, tho' alike, all labour in the chace,
 One has the laureat's, one the general's place.
 What volunteer that ever trail'd a pen
 Of all the adventurers, since mighty *Ben*,
 Has ever found in these our starving days, }
 For all his golden hours, but poultry bays ; }
 An hungry moiety of stinted praise ? }
 Else why shou'd *Manly* that reform'd the age,
 And first show'd wit and nature on the stage,
 Immur'd in prison, under durance fit,
 After such deathless monuments of wit ?

Tate I cou'd pity and his wretched life,
Chain'd to a muse, and wedded to a wife :
Wrack'd by his wants, to farce and drolls ob-
And from a poet, turn'd an *Harlequin*. [scene ;

But *S* — *I*, that incorrigible owl,
That composition of a knave and fool,
Whipt by his needs, 'gainst wit and sense to
Forc'd to turn honest in his own despite. [write,
Let him to atone his bold presumptuous crime,
Like *Bridewel* criminals, each day beat rhyme :
And may his portion and allowance be
Just what he earns from wit and poetry ;
'Till maceration lets the booby find,
Such fat fed clowns were ne'er for wit design'd.

Mac Fleckno, for the mirth of mankind fram'd
For magick broomsticks, and for witches fam'd ;
In vain to strive by poetry essay'd ;
His muse and wife e'en spoil'd the poets trade :
Yet he jogs on in measure hard and rude ;
A wretched rhimer, pennyless and lewd.

D—*fy* that rhimes as squirrel jingles bells,
For sonnets fam'd as far as *Epsom* wells ;
That prates and talks for almonds like a parrot
Sings roundelays and stanza's in a garret ;
If he does sometimes keep his carnival,
To make their Graces merry at *Newball*
All after that is lent, and penury :
Even *Joseph Hindmarch* now has laid him by, }
And vows he ne'er will trade in's poetry. }
Thus hopeless pence from epick bays to drain,
Jockey and *Moggy* makes him eat again.

R—*mer* the great, of wit and parts profound,
With everlasting laurels be he crown'd ;
To whom soft *Ovid's* sacred shade's indebted ;
And thanks him for an elegy translated :
Matchless his stile, and worthy of a crown,
Where headlong booby torrents blunder down ;

But where, *Pen* weaves 'till her poor fingers ake,
 Bless me, ye nine! my wonder who can speak?
 I read and kifs, and turn it o'er again,
 And bless the beauteous offspring of thy brain.
 Go on, bright *bard*, and teach thy happy lyre
 A strain which after ages may admire:
Fleckno, and thou his colleague in the war,
 The states against the realm of sense declare:
 Like kings of *Brentford* hand in hand shall sit,
 The target thou, and he the flail of wit.
Marcellus thus the sword of *Rome* did wield,
 Whilst his wise fellow-consul held the shield.

Astrea, with her soft gay fighting swains,
 And rural virgins on the flow'ry plains,
 The lavish peers profuseness may reprove,
 Who gave her guineas for the isle of love.
 Glump *R---raft*, and tedious *Johnny C---n*,
 Who by court masks, and novels reap renown;
 And *Bank's* for *Bays* that left the lawyers gown:
 I leave to *Crambo*, dulness and translation,
 To view more modern follies of the nation.

Pert dull *French* drolls, th' *Italian Petroline*,
Andrews of *English* growth, we oft have seen;
 But who wou'd e'er expect to see or hear,
 From a grave bard above his fiftith year;
Morocco Zambra's on our theatre?
 If he goes on, as Heaven avert our fears,
 Down goes the amphitheatre of bears;
 Our *English* mettle will be out of doors,
 And sport succeed, and pastime of the *Moors*:
 Bull feasts, instead of bears, and broken skulls;
 And fierce *Almanzor's* launcing of the bulls.

Thus have I sung, in measure rough, and broken,
 What in plain prose, much better might be spoken;
 And shou'd the vanity of most that write,
 From the dull fifth rate, to your first rate, wit:
 Even my own dearest self I do not spare,
 But my own folly by my rhimes declare:
 To bid the Brethren of the quill beware.

So *Netogate* criminal, with heavy heart,
Lugg'd to long home in pensive *Holborn* cart ;
Sings psalms of grace, e'er halter close his eyes,
And warns his comrades to repent, then dies.

The present State of Matrimony.

O F all the fots with which the nation's curs'd,
The matrimonial ideot is the worst.
Our ruin oft may from ambition flow,
That's some pretence ; but all he has to show,
He is a slave because he will be so.
From whence we gather this undoubted rule,
A husband's next relation to a fool ;
Which being a truth that none can disallow,
What can we think of our unthinking *How*,
Who rashly wasted all the sweets of life,
To be th' un pity'd object of a wife ?
A wife, under whose yoke he's doom'd to bear,
That arbitrary sway he us'd to fear.
Justly she does the injur'd ladies right,
Unjustly persecuted by his spight,
When his chief bus'ness was to rail and write :
O ! how the sex will laugh, to see the man,
Who in loose satire has done all he can,
To set the husband and the spouse at strife,
Satir'd himself so sharply in a wife !
When bullets fly, warriors are safe in mail,
But what defence, what armour can prevail
Against the bosom curse of tooth and nail.

F---land plods on in the same path ; and yet
Has the ambition to be thought a wit ;
When he's the truest glass in which we see,
How vile a thing a hen-peck'd chit may be :
The loss of freedom long h'has mourn'd in vain ;
But will be longer e'er 'tis found again :
And may that be the fate of ev'ry fool
That's govern'd there where he has pow'r to rule.

There's *L---cy* too, whose follies to express,
 Wou'd be as hard a task as to redress;
 For let the world be judge, (as sure it will)
 If h' had not better kept the player still;
 Tho' now and then he might have the mishap
 To get that mark of gentleman, (a clap)
 Than marry home-bred punk without a groat,
 And (which is worse) not find the peace he sought.

In this vain rank *Ger---rd* the fop may pass,
 That whiffling, whimsical, fantastic ass;
 Beneath the curse of matrimonial strife,
 Tho' none can be more wretched in a wife:
 What man besides himself, could be so dull,
 So void of that which shou'd have poiz'd his scull,
 To wed a jilt in height of lust and youth?
 And madly think to beat her into truth,
 When with all modesty I dare maintain,
 That he may grow as wise, as now he's vain,
 E'er that false scouring drab turns true again. }

Nor is insipid *Stamf----* less to blame,
 In wife, and wit, his case is much the same:
 Well might he think one of so vast a size
 Wou'd not be pleas'd, without as vast supplies.
 There's not a hackney coach that scours the town,
 In which sh' has not been bugger'd up and down; }
 Either by lord, knight, squire, page, or clown.
 Knaves may be honest, usurers be just,
 Or a town-jilt still prostitute on trust;
 Strollers not scratch, altho' they have the itch,
 E'er his lewd countess cease to be at b---

Had *Arund----* but shunn'd his wretched fate.
 H' had scap'd the knowing what he knows too late;
 The knowir g he a jilt to's arms prefers,
 That has h' l many well-hung fools in her's:
 Wou'd h' be merry, strait his consort's noise,
 E'er he can think, th' abortive thought destroys;
 Or wou'd he be devout, (which is but rare)
 She'll make him mingle curses with his pray'r:

At home, abroad, at park, or play, or ball,
A wife still dashes his delight with gall.

But of all those that in our list appear,
(And there are choice of thoughtless coxcombs here) }
There's none more despicable than *K---ldare*;
A wretch, which, if we scan, we soon shall find,
His form is just proportion'd to his mind,
Others sometimes may have some truce from strife,
But he's for ever harrass'd with a wife :
And such a wife as hourly makes him feel;
Th' effects of her damn'd *Presbyterian* zeal.
Five pounds a week she allows him for expence,
To show the world he is a man of sense.
Were I to chuse my shape, 'twou'd be my pray'r
To be a dog, a monkey, or a bear, }
Or any thing, but that vain animal *K---ldare*.

Rocks that lie hid no mortal can avoid,
We pity those by such a fate destroy'd ;
But when they far above the waves appear,
He must be mad that seeks for safety there ;
What then can *Eth'ridge* urge in his defence. }
What reason bring, unless 'tis want of sense ?
For all he pleads besides is mere pretence.
Merit, with honour, join'd 's a crown to life ;
But he got honour for to get a wife.
Prepost'rous knighthood ! in the gift severe,
For never was a knighthood bought so dear.
Trace him from youth to his maturer age,
In all the time he triumph'd on the stage ;
And every sentence scan, and action weigh,
In's prating, snarling, drunkenness, or play ;
And e'er you such another brute can find,
That goes for man, and herds with human kind ;
He shall turn sound, his old spouse cease to sink,
(Impossibilities that ne'er can link)
Nay, which is more, he shall be freed from strife, }
From all th' incroaching plagues that wait on life :
Tho' curs'd with loss of money, pox, and wife, }
But here we must leave railing for a while,
And change our sharp, to an obliging stile ;

For whensoever we *B—ber's* praise begin,
 Envy is dumb, and satires cease to grin:
 His graceful mien resistless charms impart,
 And glides unfelt into a female heart;
 While on his lips such smooth discourse is hung,
 His person's less attractive than his tongue.
 In *Julian's* books his choicest virtues shine,
 And dart fresh lustre out at every line;
 Nor is the hero less admir'd in mine.
 Tho' had he 'scap'd the matrimonial snare,
 And still dress'd on, like *Andrew* in a fair;
 Been bubble, cully, whimsical, or dull,
 Or in translating *Butler* crack'd his scull,
 He might have 'scap'd the notion of a fool;
 Which now is fix'd as lasting as his life;
 For death's the safest refuge from a wife.

[bare,
 The veil's pluck'd off, and now the monster
 Let *Hewit* then, and *Henningham* beware;
 For tho' all men have faults, we must confess,
 Take marriage out, and every man has less.
 Yet let 'em still continue lewd, or vain,
 One boasts of fighting, t' other of his strain;
 'Bate matrimony, and I'll not complain:
 For here I fix it as a publick rule,
 'Tis better live a fop than die a fool.

A Satire

A Satire against MATRIMONY.

CURSE on those senseless fools who disallow
 Those harmless sports nature commands us to
 Without indenture, and loud proclamation,
 Made by a pop to a dull congregation :
 When as the gods cou'd ne'er endure that fashion.
 To priests, like scriveners, some will apply
 Themselves, who doubt of their security ;
 But generous souls, like gods, move in a sphere
 Above those tyes, made by old sinners here ;
 They are for that free way of propagation,
 Made by the law of nature, not o'th' nation ;
 Which dulls the pleasure by its limitation.
 Let foppish zeal, devotion's bastard, say
 What e'er it can ; or private pleasures may
 Be as divine, altho' not us'd that way :
 It is more modest ; that, I'm sure you'll say.
 What you call virtue's but a composition
 Of such ingredients nature makes her fish on :
 Dull phlegm and melancholy do produce
 Zeal in abundance, that does introduce
 Such bug-bears in your fancy, that an ant
 Appears to you to be an elephant :
 Nature, the Gods great instrument, must be
 Branded by you, with all the infamy
 You can asperse her with ; and all, because
 She gives us freedom, by her sacred laws,
 To use those pleasures she for us has made,
 And not to stand upon the *Levite's* aid.
 Good man, he cries for matrimony ! why ?
 It brings a gain to his divinity :
 Christ'nings, and burials to the same I vow,
 If you omit 'em, there's damnation too !
 But, why shou'd the poor brat in danger be
 Of being damn'd, because not cross'd by thee ?
 Or why, where funeral rite omitted is,
 Shoud that obstruct the mortal's way to bliss ?

These, and dull nuptials, all your wise men saw
 Were nothing, but to complement the law:
 So that the book, and ring appear to me
 Such a mistake in your divinity;
 That you must grant, the ceremony sent
 To such poor mortals, for a punishment,
 As cou'd not with their freedom be content. }

The Battle of the BAUDS.

GIVE o'er, you tilting sparks o' th' pit, give o'er,
 And fright the boxes and yourselves no more,
 Two *Amazons*, of scandalous renown,
 Have with dire battel made the field their own:
 Their fray on no slight grounds, like yours was made;
 But for pre-eminence in their famous trade.
 Both for the publick break their midnight sleep,
 And open courts for lated mortals keep:
 No rank of men their palaces refuse,
 From filbert prentices to acorn *Jews*.
 Zeal to the publick did their rage excite:
 But who can speak the terror of the fight?
 The oaths, the yells, the sweat, the dust, the blood,
 Are not to be exprefs'd, nor understood.
 Strong sarc'net scarves, with hood of gauze more slight,
 Promiscuously were scatter'd in the fight:
 Necklace and pendants perish'd in the fray,
 And reverend point that did the art display
 Of ages past, had now its fatal day:
 Our upper regions, ravish'd at the sight,
 With din of clatt'ring sticks applaud the fight?
 Nay, ev'n our sparks o' th' pit, like *Trojans* true,
 Made a fair ring, and stood spectators too.
 Could not your own sense make you tender hearted,
 Who have the comfort known of being parted?
 'Tis strange, that matrons so obliging kind,
 In a full pit, shou'd no acquaintance find!
 Some side-box nymphs, 'tis true, made protestation,
 This war wou'd be the ruin of the nation:

Which

Which to prevent, the destinies interpos'd,
And with a partial hand the battel clos'd.
Silence, the vanquish'd silence quits her ground;
The conqu'ring *Strafford* is with *myrtle* crown'd,
And *Drury-Lane* all loyal whores resound.

To FELTON in the Tower. 1628.

ENJOY thy bondage, make thy prison know
Thou hast a liberty, thou canst not owe
To such base punishments, kept intire, since
Nothing but guilt shackles the conscience.
I dare not tempt thy valiant blood to whay,
Infeebling it with pity; nor dare pray
That thou may'st mercy find; lest thy great story
Lose something of its miracle and glory:
I wish thy merit study'd cruelty,
Stout vengeance best befits thy memory;
And I wou'd have posterity to hear,
He that can bravely do, can bravely bear.
Tortures seem great unto a coward's eye:
'Tis no great thing to suffer; less to die.
Shou'd all the clouds fall out, and in the strife
Lightning and Thunder take away my life,
I should applaud the wisdom of my fate;
Which knew to value me at such a rate,
As at my fall to trouble all the sky,
Emptying upon me *Jove's* full armory.
Serve in your sharpest punishments, use the rack,
Inlarge each joint, and make each sinew crack;
Thy soul before was strengthen'd, that thy doom,
To show thy vertue she has larger room:
Yet sure, if every artery were broke,
Thou wou'dst find strength for such another stroke.

And now I leave thee unto death and fame,
Which lives to shake ambition at thy name:
And, if it were no sin, the court by it
Wou'd hourly swear, before the favourite,

Farewel

Farewel; for thy brave sake we shall not send
Henceforth, commander, enemies to defend:

Nor will it ever our just monarch please

To keep an admiral to lose the seas.

Farewel: undaunted stand; and joy to be

Of publick sorrow the epitomy.

Let the duke's name solace and crown thy thrall,

All we in him did suffer; thou for all:

And I dare boldly write, as thou dar'st die,

Stout *Felton*, *England's* ransom, here does lie.







Cobbler & Vicar of Bray. page 236.

The Tale of the Cobler and the Vicar of Bray.

Rara est Concordia fratrum.

IN *Bedfordshire* there dwelt a knight,
Sir *Samuel* by name,
Who by his feats in civil broils,
Obtain'd a mighty fame.

Nor was he much less wise than stout,
But fit in both respects
To humble sturdy cavaliers,
And to support the sects.

This worthy knight was one that swore
He would not cut his beard,
'Till this ungodly nation was
From kings and bishops clear'd.

Which holy vow he firmly kept;
And most devoutly wore
A grizly meteor on his face,
'Till they were both no more.

His worship was in short a man
Of such exceeding worth,
No pen or pencil can describe,
Or rhiming bard set forth.

Many and mighty things he did,
Both sober and in liquor,
Witness the mortal fray between
The cobler and the vicar ;

Which

Which by his wisdom and his power,
 He wisely did prevent,
 And both the combatants at once
 In wooden durance pent.

The manner how these two fell out,
 And quarrell'd in their ale,
 I shall attempt at large to show
 In the succeeding tale.

A strolling *cobler* who was wont
 To trudge from town to town,
 Happen'd upon his walk to meet
 A *vicar* in his gown.

And as they forward jogg'd alone,
 The *vicar* growing hot,
 First ask'd the *cobler* if he knew
 Where they might take a pot.

Yes, marry, that I do, quoth he,
 Here is a house hard by,
 That far exceeds all *Bedfordshire*,
 For ale and landlady.

Thither let's go, the *vicar* said;
 And when they thither came,
 He lik'd the liquor wondrous well,
 But, better far the dame.

And she who like a cunning jilt
 Knew how to please her guest,
 Us'd all her little tricks and arts
 To entertain the priest.

The *cobler* too, who quickly saw
 The landlady's design,
 Did all that in his power was
 To manage the divine.

With

With smutty jests, and merry songs
They charm'd the *vicar* so,
That he determin'd for that night
No farther he would go.

And being fix'd, the *cobler* thought
'Twas proper to go try,
If he cou'd get a job or two,
His charges to supply.

So going out into the street,
He bauls with all his might,
If any of you tread awry,
I'm here to set you right.

I can repair your leaky boots,
And underlay your soles,
Backsliders I can underprop,
And patch up all your holes.

The *vicar* who unluckily
The *cobler's* outcry heard,
From off the bench on which he sat,
With mighty fury rear'd.

Quoth he, what priest, what holy priest,
Can hear this bawling slave?
But must in justice to his coat
Chastize the saucy knave.

What has this wretch to do with souls
Or with *backsliders* either;
Whose business only is his *soles*,
His *lasts*, his *thread*, and *leather*.

I lose my patience to be made
This strolling varlet's sport;
Nor could I think this sawcy rogue
Would treat me in such sort.

The *cobler*, who had no design
The *vicar* to displease;
Unluckily repeats again,
I'm come your soles to ease.

The inward and the outward too
I can repair and mend;
And all that my assistance want,
I'll use them like a friend.

The country folk no sooner heard
The honest *cobler's* tongue,
But from the village far and near
They round about him throng.

Some brought their boots, and some their shoes,
And some their buskins bring;
The *cobler* sits him down to work,
And then begins to sing.

Death often at the *cobler's* stall
Was wont to make a stand;
But found the *cobler* singing still,
And on the mending hand.

Until at length he met old time,
And then they both together
Quite tear the *cobler's* aged sole
From off the upper leather,

Even so a while, I may old shoes,
By care and art maintain;
But when the leather's rotten grown,
All art and care is vain.

And thus the *cobler* stitch'd and sung,
Not thinking any harm;
Till out the angry *vicar* came,
With ale and passion warm.

Dost thou not know, vile slave, quoth he,
How impious 'tis to jest
With sacred things, and to profane
The office of a priest.

How darst thou, most audacious wretch !
Those vile expressions use,
Which make the souls of men as cheap
As soles of boots and shoes.

Such reprobates as you betray,
Our character and gown ;
And would if you had once the pow'r
The church itself pull down,

The *cobler* not aware that he
Had done or said amiss ;
Reply'd, I do not understand
What you can mean by this.

Tho' I but a poor *cobler* be,
And strole about for bread ;
None better loves the church than I
That ever wore a head.

But since you are so good at names,
And make so loud a pother ;
I'll tell you plainly I'm afraid,
You are some cobbling brother.

Come, *vicar*, tho' you talk so big,
Our trades are near a-kin ;
I patch and cobble outward soles,
As you do those within.

And I'll appeal to any man,
That understands the nation,
If I ha'nt done more good than you,
In my respective station.

Old leather, I must needs confess,
 I've sometimes us'd for new;
 And often par'd the sole so near,
 That I have spoil'd the shoe.

You *vicars* by a diff'rent way,
 Have done the very same;
 For you have par'd your doctrines so,
 You made religion lame.

Your principles you 've quite disown'd,
 And old ones chang'd for new?
 That no man can distinguish right,
 Which are the false or true.

I dare be bold, you 're one of those
 Have took the covenant;
 With cavaliers, are cavalier;
 And with the saints, a saint.

The *vicar* at this sharp rebuke,
 Begins to storm and swear;
 Quoth he, thou vile apostate wretch!
 Dost thou with me compare.

I that have care of many souls,
 And power to damn or save,
 Dar'st thou thy self compare with me,
 Thou vile ungodly knave!

I wish I had thee some where else,
 I'd quickly make thee know;
 What 'tis to make comparisons,
 And to revile me so.

Thou art an enemy to the state,
 Some priest in *Masquerade*;
 That to promote pope's designs,
 Has learnt the cobling trade.

Or else some spy to cavaliers,
And are by them sent out;
To carry false intelligence,
And scatter lies about.

But whilst the *vicar* full of ire,
Was railing at this rate;
His worship, good Sir *Samuel*,
O'erlighted at the gate.

And asking of the landlady
The occasion of the stir;
Quoth she, if you will give me leave,
I will inform you, Sir,

This *cobler* happ'ning to o'ertake
The *vicar* on his walk;
In friendly sort they forward march,
And to each other talk.

Until the parson first propos'd,
To stop and take a whet;
So cheek my jole they hither came,
Like travellers well met.

A world of jests and healths went round,
Sometimes a merry tale,
Till they resolv'd to stay all night;
So well they lik'd my ale.

Thus all things lovingly went on,
And who so great as they;
Before an ugly accident
Began this mortal fray.

The case I take it to be this;
The *vicar* being fixt,
The *cobler* chanc'd to cry his trade,
And in his cry he mixt.

The REMAINS

Some harmless words, which I suppose,
The vicar falsely thought
Might be design'd to banter him,
And scandalize his coat.

If that be all, quoth he, go out,
And bid them both come in;
A dozen of your nappy ale
Will set 'em right again.

And if the ale should chance to fail,
For so prehaps it may,
I have it in my power to try
A more effectual way.

These vicars are a willful tribe,
A restless stubborn crew;
And if they are not humbled quite,
They will the state undo.

The cobbler is a cunning knave
That goes about by stealth;
And would instead of mending shoes,
Repair the common-wealth.

However bid 'em both come in,
This fray must have an end;
Such little feuds as those do oft
To greater mischiefs tend.

Without more bidding out she goes,
And told them by her troth,
There was a magistrate within,
That needs must see 'em both.

But, gentlemen, pray distance keep,
And don't too testy be;
Ill words good manners still corrupt,
And spoil good company.

To this the vicar first replies,
I fear no magistrate ;
For let 'em make what laws they will,
I'll still obey the state.

Whatever I can say or do,
I'm sure not much avails ;
I shall still vicar be of *Bray*,
Which ever side prevails.

My conscience, thanks to heaven, is come
To such a happy pass,
That I can take the covenant,
And never hang an arse.

I've took so many oaths before,
That now without remorse ;
I take all oaths the state can make,
As merely things of course.

Go therefore, dame, the justice tell,
His summons I'll obey ;
And further you may let him know,
I vicar am of *Bray*.

I find indeed, the cobbler said,
I am not much mistaken ;
This vicar knows the ready way
To save his rev'rend bacon.

This is a hopeful priest indeed,
And well deserves a rope :
Rather than lose his vicaridge,
He'd swear to *Turk* or *Pope*.

For gain he would his God deny,
His country and his king ;
Swear, and forswear, recant and lie,
Do any wicked thing.

At this the *vicar* set his teeth,
 And to the cobbler flew ;
 And with his sacerdotal fist
 Gave him a box or two,

The *cobbler* soon return'd the blows,
 And both with head and heel,
 So manfully behav'd himself,
 He made the *vicar* reel.

Great was the outcry that was made,
 And in the woman ran
 To tell his worship that the fight
 Betwixt them was began.

And is it so indeed, quoth he,
 I'll make the slaves repent ;
 Then up he took his basket-hilt
 And out, enrag'd, he went.

The country folk no sooner saw
 The knight with naked blade ;
 But for his worship instantly,
 An open lane was made.

Who with a stern and angry look,
 Cry'd out, what knaves are these,
 That in the face of justice dare
 Disturb the publick peace.

Vile rascals, I will make you know,
 I am a magistrate ;
 And that as such I bear about,
 The vengeance of the state.

Go seize them, *Ralph*, and bring them in,
 That I may know the cause ;
 That first induc'd them to this rage,
 And thus to break the laws.

Ralph,

Ralph, who was both his squire and clerk,
And constable withal;
I' the name o' th' common-wealth, aloud
Did for assistance bawl.

The words had hardly past his mouth,
But they secure them both;
And *Ralph*, to shew his furious zeal
And hatred to the cloath,

Runs to the *vicar* thro' the crowd,
And took him by the throat;
How ill, says he, doth this become,
Your character and coat:

Was it for this not long ago
You took the covenant;
And in most solemn manner swore
That you'd become a saint.

And here he gave him such a pinch
That made the *vicar* shout;
Good people, I shall murder'd be
By this ungodly lout.

He gripes my throat to that degree,
I can't his talons bear;
And if you do not hold his hands
He'll throttle me I fear.

At this a butcher of the town
Steps up to *Ralph* in ire,
What will your squeeze his gullet thro',
You son of blood and fire?

You are the devil's instrument
To execute the laws;
What will you murder the poor man
With your fanatick claws.

At which the squire quits his hold,
And lugging out his blade,
Full at the sturdy butcher's pate,
A furious stroke he made.

A dismal outcry there began,
Among the country folk;
Who all conclude the butcher slain,
By such a mortal stroke.

But here good fortune, that has still
A friendship for the brave,
E' th' nick misguides the fatal blow,
And does the butcher save.

The knight who heard the noise within
Runs out with might and main;
And seeing *Ralph* amidst the croud,
In danger to be slain.

Without regard to age or sex,
Old *basket bilt* so ply'd;
That in an instant three or four,
Lay bleeding by his side.

And greater mischiefs in his rage,
This furious knight had done;
If he had not prevented been,
By *Dick the Blacksmith's* son.

Who catcht his worship on the hip,
And gave him such a squelch;
That he some moments breathless lay,
E'er he was heard to belch.

Nor was the squire in better case,
By sturdy butcher ply'd;
Who from the shoulder to the flank,
Had soundly swing'd his hide.

Whilst things in this confusion stood,
And knight and squire disarm'd;
Up comes a neighbouring gentleman,
The outcry had alarm'd.

Who riding up among the croud,
The *vicar* first he spy'd;
With sleeveless gown and bloody band,
And hands behind him ty'd.

Bless me, says he, what means all this!
Then turning round his eyes,
In the same plight, or in a worse,
The *cobler* bleeding spies.

And looking further round he saw,
Like one in doleful dump;
The knight amid't a gaping mob,
Sit pensive on his rump.

And by his side lay *Ralph* his squire,
Whom butcher fell had maul'd;
Who bitterly bemoan'd his fate,
And for a surgeon call'd.

Surpriz'd at first he paus'd a while,
And then accosts the knight;
What makes you here, Sir *Samuel*,
In this unhappy plight?

At this the knight gave breast a thump,
And stretching out his hand;
If you will pull me up, quoth he,
I'll try if I can stand.

And then I'll let you know the cause,
But first take care of *Ralph*;
Who in my good or ill success,
Doth always stand my half.

In short he got his worship up,
And led him in the door;
Where he at length relates the tale,
As I have told before.

When he had heard the story out,
The gentleman replies,
It is not in my province, Sir,
Your worship to advise.

But was I in your worship's place,
The only thing I'd do;
Was first to reprimand the fools,
And then to let them go.

I think it first adviseable,
To take them from the rabble,
And let them come, and both set forth
The occasion of the squabble.

This is the *vicar*, Sir, of *Bray*,
A man of no repute;
The scorn and scandal of his tribe,
A loose, ill-manner'd brute.

The *cobler's* a poor strolling wretch
That mends my servants shoes;
And often calls as he goes by
To bring me country news.

At this his worship grip'd his beard,
And in an angry mood;
Swore by the laws of chivalry,
That blood requir'd blood.

Besides, I'm by the common-wealth
Entrusted to chastize;
All knaves that straggle up and down,
To raise such mutinies.

However since 'tis your request,
They shall be call'd and heard ;
But neither *Ralph*, nor I can grant
Such rascals should be clear'd.

And so to wind the tale up short
They were call'd in together ;
And by the gentleman were ask'd,
What wind 'twas blew them hither.

Good ale and handsome landladies,
You might have nearer home ;
And therefore 'tis for something more
That you so far are come.

To which the *vicar* answer'd first,
My living is so small,
That I am forc'd to strole about
To try to get a call.

And, quoth the *cobler*, I am forc'd
To leave my wife and dwelling,
T' escape the danger to be prest
To go a colonelling.

There's many an honest jovial lad
Unwarily drawn in,
That I have reason to suspect,
Will scarce get out again.

The proverb says, *Harm watch, Harm, catch,*
I'll out of danger keep ;
For he that sleeps in a whole skin
Doth most securely sleep.

My business is to mend bad soles,
And stitch up broken quarters ;
A *cobler's* name would look but odd
Among a list of martyrs.

Faith, *cobler*, quoth the gentleman,
 And that shall be my case;
 I will with neither party join,
 Let what will come to pass.

No importunities or threats,
 My fix'd resolves shall wrest;
 Come here, Sir *Samuel*, here's his health,
 That loves old *England* best.

I pity those unhappy fools,
 Whoe'er they were aware,
 Designing and ambitious men
 Have drawn into a snare.

But, *vicar*, to come to the case
 Amidst a senseless croud,
 What urg'd you to such violence,
 And made you talk so loud?

Passion I'm sure does ill become
 Your character and cloth;
 And tho' the cause be ne'er so just
 Brings scandal upon both.

Vicar, I speak it with regret,
 An inadvertant priest
 Renders himself ridiculous,
 And ev'ry bodies jest.

The *vicar* to be thus rebuk'd
 A little time stood mute;
 But having gulp'd his passion down,
 Replies; that cobling brute

Has treated me with such contempt,
 Such vile expressions us'd,
 That I no longer could forbear
 To bear myself abus'd.

The rascal had the insolence
To give himself the lie ;
And to aver h' had done more good,
And sav'd more souls than I.

Nay, further, Sir, this miscreant
To tell me was so bold
Our trades were very near of kin;
But his was the more old.

Now, Sir, I will to you appeal,
On such a provocation,
If there was not sufficient cause,
To use a little passion.

Now, quoth the *cobler*, with your leave,
I'll prove it to his face ;
All this is meer suggestion,
And foreign to the case.

And since he calls so many names,
And talks so very loud,
I will be bound to make it plain ;
'Twas he that rais'd the croud.

Nay, further I will make 't appear,
He and the priests have done
More mischiefs than the *coblers*, far,
All over *Christendom*.

All *Europe* groans beneath their yoke,
And poor *Great Britain* owes
To them her present miseries,
And dread of future woes.

The priests of all religions are,
And will be still the same ;
And all, tho' in a different way,
Are playing the same game.

At this the gentleman stood up ;
cobler, you run too fast ;
 By thus condemning all the tribe,
 You go beyond your last.

Much mischief has by priests been done,
 And more is doing still ;
 But then, to censure all alike
 Must be exceeding ill.

Too many, I must needs confess,
 Are mightily to blame ;
 Who by their wicked practices
 Disgrace the very name.

But, *cobler*, still the major part
 The minor should conclude ;
 To argue at another rate 's
 Impertinent and rude.

By this time all the neighbours round
 Were flock'd about the door,
 And some were on the *vicar*'s side,
 But on the *cobler*'s more.

Amongst the rest a *grazier*, who
 Had lately been at town,
 To sell his *oxen* and his *sheep* ;
 Brim full of news came down.

Quoth he, the priests have preach'd and pray'd,
 And made so damn'd a pother,
 That all the people are run mad
 To murder one another.

By their contrivances and arts
 They've play'd their game so long,
 That no man knows which side is right,
 Or which is in the wrong.

I'm sure I've *Smithfield* market us'd
For more than twenty years,
But never did such murmurings
And dreadful outcries hear.

Some for a church, and some a tub,
And some for both together;
And some, perhaps, the greater part,
Have no regard for either.

Some for a king, and some for none,
And some have hankerings
To mend the common-wealth, and make
An empire of all kings.

What's worse old *Noll* is marching off,
And *Dick* his heir apparent
Succeeds him in the government;
A very lame vicegerent.

He'll reign but little time, poor fool,
But sink beneath the state;
That will not fail to ride the fool
'Bove common horseman's weight.

And rulers when thy lose the power,
Like horses overweigh'd,
Must either fall and break their knees,
Or else turn perfect jade.

The *vicar* to be twice rebuk'd,
No longer could contain;
But thus replies, To knaves, like you,
All arguments are vain.

The church must use her arm of flesh,
The other will not do,
The clergy waste their breath and time
On miscreants like you.

You are so stubborn, and so proud,
 So dull, and preposiſt,
 That no inſtructions can prevail,
 How well ſoc'er addreſt.

Who would reform ſuch reprobates
 Muſt drub them ſoundly firſt;
 I know no other way but that
 To make them wiſe or juſt.

ſic, *vicar*, ſic, his patron ſaid,
 Sure that is not the way,
 You ſhould inſtruct your auditors
 To ſuffer or obey.

Thoſe were the doctrines that of old
 The learned fathers taught;
 And t'was by them the church at firſt
 Was to perfection brought.

Come, *vicar*, lay your feuds aſide,
 And calmly take your cup;
 And let us try, in friendly wiſe,
 To take the matter up.

That's certainly the wiſer courſe,
 And better too by far;
 All men of prudence ſtrive to quench
 The ſparks of civil war.

By furious heats and ill advice
 Our neighbours are undone;
 Then let us timely caution take
 From their deſtruction.

If we would turn our heads about
 And look t'wards forty one,
 We ſoon ſhall ſee what little jars
 Thoſe cruel wars begun.

A one-ey'd *cobler* then was one
Of that rebellious crew;
That did in *Charles* the *Martyr's* blood,
Their wicked hands imbrew.

I mention this not to deface
This *cobler's* reputation,
Who I have always honest found,
And useful in his station.

But this I urge to let you see
The danger of a fight
Between a *cobler* and a *priest*,
Tho' he were ne'er so right.

The *vicars* are a num'rous tribe,
So are the *coblers* too;
And if a gen'ral quarrel rise,
What must the country do?

Our outward and our inward soles,
Must quickly want repair;
And all the neighbourhood around
Would the misfortune share.

Sir, quoth the grazier, I believe
Our outward soles indeed,
May quickly want the *coblers* help,
To be from leakings freed.

But for our inward souls, I think,
They're of a worth too great
To be committed to the care
Of any holy cheat,

Who only serves his God for gain,
Religion is his trade;
And 'tis by such as these our church
So scandalous is made.

Why should I trust my soul with one
That preaches, swears, and prays;
And the next moment contradicts
Himself in all he says.

His solemn oaths he looks upon
As only words of course;
Which like their wives our fathers took
For better or for worse.

But he takes oaths, as some take whores,
Only to serve his ease;
And rogues and whores it is well known
May part whene'er they please.

At this the *cobler* bolder grew,
And stoutly thus reply'd;
If you're so good at drubbing, Sir,
Your manhood shall be try'd.

What I have said, I will maintain,
And further prove withal,
I daily do more good than you
In my respective call.

I know your character, quoth he,
You proud insulting *vicar*,
Who only huff and domineer,
And quarrel in your liquor.

Th' honest gentleman who saw
'Twould come again to blows,
Commands the *cobler* to forbear,
And to the *vicar* goes.

Vicar, says he, for shame give o'er,
And mitigate your rage;
You scandalize your cloth too much
A *cobler* to engage.

All peoples eyes are on your tribe,
And ev'ry little ill
They multiply and aggravate,
And will, because they will.

But now let's call another cause,
So let this health go round;
Be peace and plenty, truth and right
In good old *England* found.

Quoth *Ralph*, all this is empty talk,
And only tends to laughter;
If these two varlets should be spar'd,
Who'd pity us hereafter?

Your worship may do what you please,
But I'll have satisfaction
For drubbing, and for damages,
In this ungodly action.

I think that you can do no less
Than send them to the stocks;
And I'll assist the constable
In fixing in their hocks.

There let 'em sit and fight it out,
Or scold till they are friends:
Or what is better much than both,
'Till I am made amends.

Ralph, quoth the knight, that's well advis'd,
Let them both thither go,
And you and the sub-magistrate
Take care that it be so.

Let them be lock'd in face to face,
Bare buttocks on the ground;
And let them in that posture sit
'Till they with us compound.

The REMAINS

Thus fix't, we'll leave them for a time-
 Whilst we with grief relate
 How at a wake this knight and squire,
 Got each a broken pate.

The CAVALIER, a SONG.

His that is a clear
CAVALIER

Will not repine;

although

His pocket grow

So very low

He cannot get wine.

Fortune is a lass

Will embrace;

But soon destroy;

Born free,

In liberty,

We'll always be

Singing *vive l' roy*.

Virtue is it's own reward,

And fortune is a whore,

There's none but knaves and fools regard her
 Or her power implore.

But he that is a trusty *Roger*,

And will serve the king;

Altho' he be a tatter'd soldier,

Yet may skip and sing:

Whilst we that fight for love,

May in the way of honour prove,

That they that make sport of us

May come short of us:

Fate will flatter them,

And will scatter them;

Whilst

Whilst our loyalty
Looks upon royalty,
We that live peacefully
May be successfully
Crown'd with a crown at last.

Tho' a real honest man
May be quite undone,
He'll shew his allegiance,
Love and obedience;
Those will raise him up,
Honour stays him up,
Virtue keeps him up,
And we praise him up,
Whilst the vain courtiers dine
With their bottles full of wine,
Honour will make him fast.

Freely then
Let's be honest men,
And kick at fate,
For we may live to see
Our loyalty
Valued at a higher rate.
He that bears a sword, or a word
Against the throne,
And does prophanely prate,
To abuse the state,
Hath no kindness for his own.
What tho' painted plumes, and players
Are the prosp'rous men,
Yet we'll attend our own affairs
Till they come to't agen;
Treachery may be fac'd with light,
And litchery lin'd with furr,
A cuckold may be made a knight,
Sing fortune *de la guerre*,

But

But what's that to us, brave boys,
 That are right honest men?
 We'll conquer and come again,
 Beat up the drum again;
 Hey for *cavaliers*,
 Hoe for *cavaliers*,
 Drink for *cavaliers*,
 Fight for *cavaliers*,
Dub a dub, dub a dub,
 Have at old belzebub,
Oliver stinks for fear.

Fifth-monarchy-men must down boys,
 With bullies of ev'ry sex and town boys;

We'll rally and to't again,
 Give 'em the rout again,
 Fly like light about,
 Face to the right about,
 Charge them home again,
 When they come on again;
Sing tantara rara boys,
Tantrara rara boys;
 This is the life of an old *CAVALIER*.



The Satanical CABAL, a VISION.

DRAWN by my pensive thoughts into a field, [yeild;
Where unheard plaints my griefs some ease might
Griefs that arose, as *David's* did to see
The good and just oppress'd, the wicked free;
A doubt he scarce could solve, too hard for me:
Till weary'd nature over-press'd with thought,
Sunk under sleep; and sleep this vision brought.

Methought old *Albion's* genius did appear,
With expectation full, and full of fear:
He cry'd this day determines *England's* fate;
All hell about it are in keen debate.
Straight Milton's Pandemonium did appear.
As when hell's princes sat consulting there,
Of conqu'ring heav'n, but vanquish'd nought but air.
Satan the vilest of the fiends that fell
Sat president; while lesser imps of hell,
Were sent to divers stations to proclaim
A solemn consult in the devil's name:
Thither to summon all who factions head;
And those who by pretended zeal are led,
To thriving sins, and act the worst of crimes:
Sin close themselves; yet wou'd reform the times,
Ably appear'd, first of the prick-ear'd race,
All lesser fiends gave him the second place:
H' had damn'd more souls than any devil there;
Were Satan absent he'd deserve the chair;
His minion bastard follow'd in the crowd,
For him more fool than knave they all allow'd:
Bran-- was next; to him next *Es---* state,
Jo-- Win--- those bell-weather's of state:
One Satan's counsel, t'other advocate.
A spurious brood fit for no place but hell,
Fill'd up the court; their names too long to tell:

Fam'd traitors, or their spawn, whose joint consent
 Murder'd their king, o'erthrew the government.
 (Fit counsellors for such a president!)

Discord, confusion, famine, civil war,
 Attended on the court: there heralds were
 To act what they decreed: The council sat.
 All things prepar'd they enter'd on debate,
 When Satan thus, you matchless peers of hell,
 Fathers conscript, (whose wisdom who can tell?)
 Long did we battle 'gainst the *Northern* isle,
 Whose guardian angel set and laugh'd the while
 At our vain projects; prince and people were
 Bulwark'd by heav'n, heav'n's peculiar care,
 Like *Eden* fenc'd; one entrance round about,
 And there the sword of justice kept me out.
 Their monarch fear'd abroad, below'd at home,
 Ev'n hell itself despair'd to overcome:
 But what our force united cou'd not do,
 This noble peer has found a way unto.
 A shame to hell, and devils thus to see
 A mortal's malice can do more than we!
 But say, the ways, the means, my darling son;
 That hell may learn how this great deed was done.
 Then spoke the caittiff thus:

Luxurious ease and plenty made 'em proud,
 And reformation's name still takes the croud;
 Suspicious, causeless jealousies, and fears,
 At first we softly whisper'd in mens ears:
 Then publick libels bolder treasons spoke;
 But, above all, religion was our cloak,
 That specious vizor rebels ever took,
 The subjects poison'd thus, we had recourse
 To means, to part the king's united force.
Dudley and *Somerset*, while join'd stood well;
 One taken off, the other quickly fell:
 Against that admiral there was some pretence;
 But nothing cou'd be urg'd against this prince
 But love, and zeal for truth, and innocence.

Tho' arm'd with virtues, I laid a design
 Deep as your hell itself; I boast 'twas mine:

Plebeians

Plebeians first we nam'd, as in a plot ;
 And tho' the wisest heads perceiv'd it not,
York was the royal mark at which we shot,
 For commons blood made way to nobler game ;
 We found 'twou'd take, and peers, then prince we nam'd :
 Imprison'd some, and some to exile went :
 For none was safe, tho' ne'er so innocent,
 True sons of *Belial's* oaths made out our cause ;
 By lawyers help, we over rul'd the laws :
 We got the house of commons on our side ;
 And those that join not with us villify'd.
 Assisted thus, if all our wiles shou'd fail,
 We thought by open force we might prevail :
 We boldly struck at all, and did design,
 Against all laws both human and divine,
 Quite to cut off at once the royal line ;
 And by degrees debase the sovereign pow'r :
 When all our hopes (curst be the fatal hour !) }
 Abortive prov'd ;
 Our darling commons unexpected fell,
 Tho' by a ghost forewarn'd, went quick to hell.

Here Satan interpos'd. This to repair,
 Is this day's council call'd ; for thus you hear
 The royal lion 'scap'd the hunters toil,
 He now lives happy northwards on this isle :
 Parting the royal pair succeeds not well ;
 Their loves unite 'em, and protect 'em still.
 To break this sacred union, let us now,
Philistines-like, with *Sampson's* heifer plow.
 That be thy work, my peer. While this he said,
Nuncius, a wily fiend from *Scotland* fled,
 Enters, and cries, O save me, hell ! for I
 From *York's* too pow'rful guardian angel fly :
 Thither I went, design'd, by your command,
 To sow rebellion in that fruitful land,
 To wound that prince's interest there and find
 Some fresh occasion to disturb his mind ;
 But against all my arts he found defence,
 Arm'd with religion, courage, innocence ;
 Belov'd, ador'd by all, there justice flows
 In equal streams, and none oppression knows ;

Rebellion

Rebellion there meets with its just reward,
 And loyalty is had in due regard:
 Blest in each other, prince and people are;
 He in their love, they in his watchful care.
 Th' Almighty, who well knew my vile intent;
 A guardian angel to his succour sent:
 I (who had try'd the force of Heav'nly steel,
 And since our fall its dire effects still feel ;)
 From far perceiv'd him coming; at whose sight,
 To save myself and you, I took my flight.
 But, oh! he comes! he's here!
 At his approach, th' infernal spirits shook,
 Down to your hell, he cry'd! while this he spoke;
 The fabrick sunk, dissolv'd in fire and smoke.

}



The Whig's Ghost.

IN dead of night, when the pale moon
 Had got to the nocturnal noon,
 Betwixt her light, and what was lent
 From twinkling candle almost spent,
 As I lay slumbring on my bed,
 I saw, methought, a man, was dead :
 Gravely he stalk'd, and stood, and star'd,
 While I lay trembling and was scar'd.
 Dumb for a while, at last I broke
 Silence, and to the fantom spoke
 Methinks you're one that I have seen,
 Oh ! tell me, ghost, were have you been :
 He soon reply'd, with accent hollow,
 In words conform to these that follow.

From the *Tartarean* shades below,
 That neither bounds, nor bottom know,
 (Where a new life the cursed gain,
 Thro' constant torments, endless pain)
 I, by permission, come, to tell
 What government there is in hell.
 Because I know thou art a Tory,
 To thee I chose t' impart my story ;
 For thou wilt joyfully reveal,
 What Whigs (that long for common-weal
 Like *Spartan* boys) will still conceal:
 Attend then, and my narrative
 Communicate to all alive.
 I am the soul of one of those
 That both the king and law oppose,
 And itch with conscientious scurvy,
 To turn the kingdom topsy-turvy ;
 Rogues that presume themselves appointed,
 To contradict the lord's anointed :
 Those that wou'd murder an addressor,
 And cut the legs of true successor,

And

And make him look in pitious case,
 As *Witherington* in *Chevy-Chase* :
 Nay, cut his throat ; and in his place
 Set *Perkin* up, of extract base ;
 Who has no more pretence to rule,
 This land, than any other fool ;
 But may make out (I'll swear) as soon,
 A title to the world i'th moon.
 I was, I say, of that cabal,
 Till I was frighted in the *Mall* :
 But to proceed with our relation,
 Of action in th' infernal nation,
 Assist me, steed of *Phæbus* legion,
 While I describe the doleful region.
 One monarch in that world controuls
 With flaming scepter tortur'd souls,
 And captive tho' he be in chains,
 Yet absolute in power he reigns ;
 No factions there disturb the state,
 Which is preserv'd by steady fate ;
 Unalterable laws they have,
 Which the Almighty Godhead gave,
 And to their prince, ev'n on his foes
 A strict obedience did impose.
 That prince is *Lucifer*, whose pow'r
 The subject ghosts adore each hour ;
 Who to advance their mighty king,
 In blasphemies his praises sing,
 Devoutly swearing there's no odds,
 Betwixt his grandeur and the gods.
 These tho' they suffer, 'tis in vain,
 Amidst their torments to complain :
 If he but nod from burning throne,
 There's not a soul that dares to groan
 For hell admits of no petition
 To redress grievance on condition ;
 Nor do tumultuous crouds appear,
 With bold remonstrances of fear,
 Nor spirits murmur at oppression,
 Nor prate of right or wrong succession.
 Their king's immortal : oh ! 'mong you,
 Your mighty monarch were so too !

I love

I love him now; and tho' a devil,
 Am much more honest grown and civil:
 For, having ta'en a dram of *Syxx*,
 I have forgot my whiggish tricks.
 Next to the prince, there are that stand
 Awfully waiting his command,
Belzebub, Moloch, Astaroth, Baal,
 And *Dagon*, who, before their fall,
 (Tho' now condemn'd t' eternal night)
 Were *Seraphims*, and sons of light:
 Those cur'd peers, when e'er he will
 (If he intends great woe or ill,
 To sons of earth) he always can,
 Summon into his dark divan;
 Not to give counsel, but to do
 What his dire dictates prompt him to;
 You have (like them) one noble peer
 Who wou'd do mighty service there;
 Wou'd he were there, instead of me,
 To shew his squinting policy:
 He 'tis I mean, that looks at once,
 Like *Cerberus* from tripple sconce;
 But that his eyes wou'd fascinate,
 And give a destiny to fate:
 For he, I fear, wou'd break the law,
 By which that world is kept in awe,
 Since it is here his chiefest care,
 To break all laws that penal are.
 He wou'd go nigh even in that station,
 To make a new association;
 But, if he did, oh! there are judges,
 Instead of scarlet cloth, with badges;
 Not such as these in which we trade,
 But robes of solid darkness made:
 They'd firk his toby; for take this
 For fatal truth, (and so it is)
 In the proceedings against furies
 There are no *ignoramus* juries,
 Plain evidence is there believ'd,
 And no convicted fiend repriev'd;
 No mainprize there allow'd, nor bail,
 But doom'd to an eternal jail,

The restless pris'ners howl and cry,
 While they in burning shackles fry;
 Yet in my conscience he'd endeavour,
 Ev'n to deceive the great deceiver;
 Or would pretend to court for mistress,
 The fatal'st of the fatal sisters,
 And wou'd so wheedle her, that she
 Should cut the thread of monarchy.
 So wou'd he his clear wish obtain,
 To put an end to *Charles* his reign;
 Nor wou'd he value his damnation
 To keep out *James* from kingly station.
 Here upon earth he has a pug,
 Which he (like devil and witch) do hug;
 For he ne'er found his words were true in
 Any thing yet, but his own ruin:
 He then did tell the youngker, he
 Should sway the *British* monarchy,
 Of a known bastard grow a prince;
 But poor deluded *Perkin* since,
 From fancy'd honour is degraded,
 And all his *flower-de-luces* faded.
 But I digress from my design,
 While things on earth and hell I join:
 Suffer me then to represent
 The methods of our parliament.
 When *Lucifer* to utmost borders
 Of *Erebus* sends out his orders,
 His officers make no delay,
 But the great summons soon obey:
 Unanimously they elect,
 Not such as say they will protect
 The common peoples liberty,
 From their dread sovereign's tyranny;
 For none his boundless power questions,
 Nor make undutiful suggestions;
 But such they are, as when they assemble
 Before his footstool, bow and tremble;
 They come with steadfast resolutions,
 T' assert the fatal constitutions:

Nor do they once capitulate,
Or grumble to maintain the state;
All that they have, to him they owe;
Mammon besides is his, they know.
There is no sawcy well-clad clown,
That claims the use of what's his own;
Nor can from hellish mouth such sin come
As to deny him his own income:
There no abhorsters on their knees,
Pay *Topbam's* arbitrary fees:
No bawling lawyers speeches make,
Which only with the vulgar take.

But hark! hear the midnight bell,
And that rings my departing knell:
What I have said pray con it o'er,
Next time we meet, I'll tell you more.

*An Epitaph on JACK GILL
the Gamester.*

HERE lies *Jack Gill*,
Who never liv'd well,
Till that very moment he found himself ill.

Severe was his fate,
To begin the world late,
For the end and beginning had both but one
[date.

Yet I cannot but say,
Death gave him fair play,
For he lost his life at the best of the lay:

For had death come before,
When *Jack* run o'th' score,
He had lost it to nothing, since he must have
[liv'd poor,

'Twas hard, tho', that death,
Shou'd give no more breath,
But so soon as he had it to make him bequeath;

Jack treated him too,
As he wou'd have done you,
The doctor was there, but all wou'd not do.

Death he found was no cull,
Nor lov'd he a droll;
Else *Jack* might have banter'd him out of his soul:

Who before, it seems, guest
The time of his rest;
But I don't believe him, he us'd so to jest:

Howe'er, 'tis plain now,
He has made his words true,
And our hearts very sad, so we bid him adieu.

The Court Burlesqu'd.

I SING a merry monarch's fame,
Whose codpiece no advice can tame;
Nor can the pow'r of both the houses
Keep it from gaping at their spouses.
No wonder, since all living creatures
Will still pursue their diff'rent natures.
Why therefore should not kings be kind
To punks, and jilts, if so inclin'd?
Since no man cares to be debarr'd
Of that for which he 'as most regard;
But still will gratify that lust
To which he has the greatest gust.
The sportsman hunts away his life,
And for his dogs forsakes his wife:

queath;

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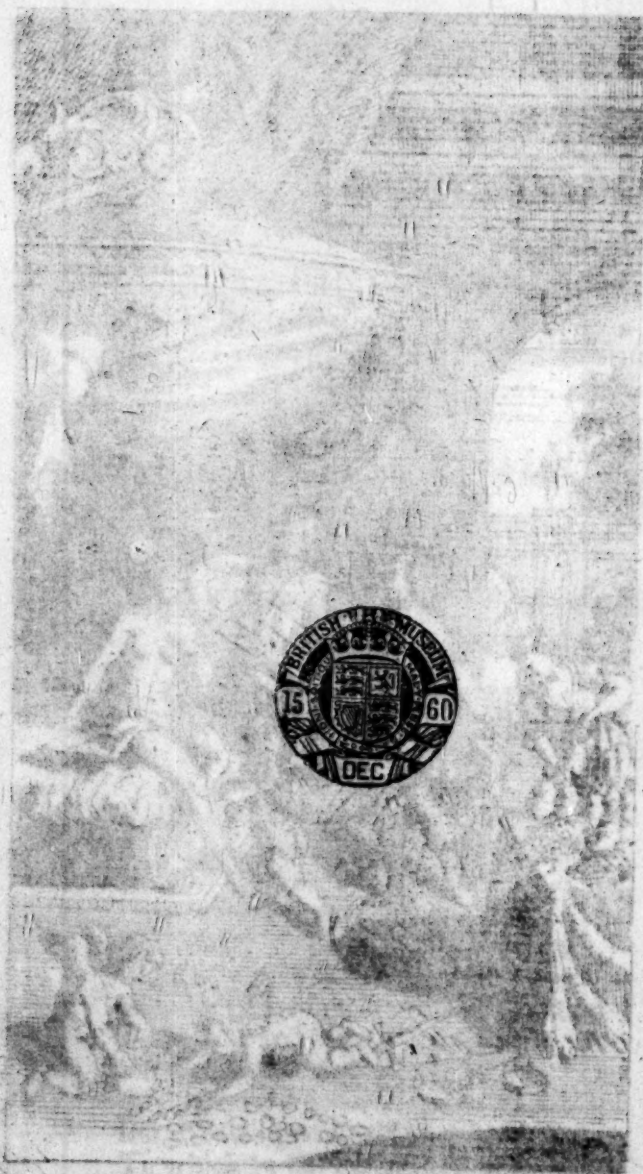
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The Court Burlesqued. page 170.

The



The Great British Empire

The sot in bumpers drowns his time,
And thinks sobriety a crime:
The gamester curses, prays, and plays,
And fretting, fools away his days:
The leacher sweats away his nights,
In drudging hard at love delights:
Therefore since subjects have their follies,
And all men in their turns are cullies,
Why may not kings, as well as nobles,
To craving jilts be gen'rous bubbles,
Since few men can refrain that vice
Of which their natures have a spice,
How should the head that rules the throne,
Govern the tail when rampant grown,
Or make that loose proud-flesh obey,
That has so long had sov'reign sway?

Two scepters, to the nation's cost,
His strong-back'd majesty can boast;
By dint of one he does maintain
His regal power over men;
The other steers his loose affection,
And keeps the ladies in subjection;
Nor does the monarch scorn to own it,
Tho' picked-beard cries, shame upon it.
Why should he, since the wife we know
Have two strings always to their bow,
That if one falters, when its try'd,
The other may be well apply'd.
So R-----, when he craves supplies,
And his request the house denies,
With city-heifers then he plows,
Plants royal crest on factious brows;
With swarthy brats adorn their houses,
And borrows of their wealthy spouses,
Well knowing cuckold-makers find
The loving cuckold always kind.
Thus, at a pinch, his point he gains,
By dint of back as well as brains;
And when he thus exerts his forces,
To dive into the city's purses;

If he proves lib'ral of his nature,
 The wives, to recompence the matter,
 Plead hard to make th' sum the greater.

*So bullies who support their lives
 By kindly kissing buxom wives,
 Like thrashers drudge t' advance their gains
 In due proportion to their pains.*

Old Harry's codpiece in the Tower,
 That once contain'd such fleshly power,
 Made now a cushion for the fair,
 To stick in pins and needles there;
 That by that means they may express
 Their reverence to the empty case,
 And not forget that pious prince,
 Whose *tarrivag*; it held long since.
 What tho' that codpiece's dimension,
 Shows something was of large extension;
 Besides, it brought into this nation,
 So great a thing as reformation;
 And therefore to our ladies eyes,
 Can be of no disdainful size:
 Yet if to thine, O C----; ! compar'd,
 'Tis but a bauble, by the L--d;
 A codpiece that would pinch thy belly
 Bottom, tho' shorten'd by thy *Nelly*!
 A case that would not half inclose
 Thy scepter, all the kingdom knows:
 No! *Harry's* codpiece must knock under
 Thine merits fifty times the wonder;
 And has ejected twice the force,
 That e'er leap'd out of *Trojan* horse;
 For tho' thou hast but one good wife
 To recreate thee in thy life,
 And he had six, yet thou hadst more
 Of other mens, by twice a score;
 Besides more harlots, to thy cost,
 Than *Solomon* could ever boast:
 And more *Fitz-Rois* of thy begetting,
 Than *Hal* had peers of his creating.

Go on brave C-----, and if thy back,
As well as lust, but holds thee tack,
Most of thy court, in time, much rather
Than call thee king, will call thee father:
For such a crowd of spuriouss dukes,
With empty heads and tawny looks,
Will plague thy throne; that all thy places
Must be ingross'd by graceless Graces;
Thy court be fill'd with bastard brothers
Begot on mercenary mothers,
Most kindly taken for their charms,
From cellars into monarch's arms.

*So vapours that from ditches rise,
Change to be meteors in the skies.*

The witty'st of the wanton crew,
That do by turns thy lust subdue,
Was snatch'd from theatre, G-d wot,
And rais'd to be the Lord knows what;
Tho' broach'd at fourteen years of age
By the sham-monarch of the stage,
That skill'd in love, the pretty thing
Might better please a real king:
For Nelly knows she owes the art
Of w-----g, not to C----- but Hart;
He taught her first to manage right
The female scabbard of delight:
Which made the monarch love his Nel,
Because she did the trick so well.

*So atry jilts, train'd up for cullies,
Are tap'd in stews by pimps and bullies,
And then preferr'd to wealthy beds,
For charming high-priz'd maidenhead's.*

Another lass of beauteous feature,
Bred up, like Nel, in the theatre,
Who long had roll'd her eyes about,
To pick some keeping cully out:

Ogl'd the boxes and the pit,
 Where noble lords, and bubbles fit,
 Till she 'ad at last the luck to charm
 A king who ne'er meant woman harm,
 But lov'd the pleasing sport from whence
 He came, because he came from thence.
 However, as some people tell us,
Nelly of *Molly* growing jealous,
 Prepar'd a dose of purging jallop,
 And gave it to her sister trallup,
 That very night the royal cully
 Design'd to exercise his folly,
 With his new mistress, to the grief
 Of *Nelly*, who was miss in chief.
 No sooner had the princely lover,
 Inflam'd with furious lust all over,
 Bedded his new theatrick damè,
 To satiate his salacious flame,
 But giving *Moll* an am'rous tumble,
 The harlot's guts began to grumble,
 And in the height of all their sport,
 Let fly a very nauseous flirt.
 A fizzle of a fouler nature
 Than small-beer grounds or kennel water,
 Which therefore highly did disgust
 The monarch's sceptre of his lust,
 And of a sudden gave him reason,
 To stop his nose against the treason,
 Which in his nostrils stunk as hot
 As if 't 'ad been a powder-plot :
 Nor did the mischief only reach
 The neighb'ring folds of madam's breech
 But in the sweet enjoyment flew
 All o'er his royal dowfers too,
 That he was forc'd to fly the bed,
 Much frightened and as much bewray'd,
 Leaving poor miss, that smelt so strong,
 To lie and batt'n in her dung.
 The k——, altho' he honour'd swi-g,
 As much as any mortal living,
 And lov'd the condescending part
 Of lady fair with all his heart ;

Yet tho' before he was so smitten,
When once he found himself besnitten,
He loath'd the bride, or rather beast,
That so befoul'd her charming nest,
And spoil'd that kind refreshing smell
Which R——y always lov'd so well,
That her past service he rewarded,
And from that time the punk discarded.
Thus she who by her s——gn l——d
Was for her beauty once ador'd,
In one sad hour lost royal favour,
By dropping what had too much favour.

*So those who by good turns have won us,
And signal friendships oft have done us,
Yet if they disoblige at last,
We bury all their kindness past.*

*Nay, kings themselves, that are so vain
And gen'rous when they're pleas'd, what
If vex'd they're just like other men. [then?]*

A third more beauteous than the rest,
That prov'd a snake in royal breast,
Was rais'd for hum'ring his debauches,
From a lewd c-----s to a d-----s;
But being troubl'd, as some say,
With such an itch that none could lay,
She could not be content alone
To bind her honour to a throne,
But loving well the am'rous sport,
Turn'd prostitute to half the court:
Nor would her Grace confine her favours
To their weak surfeited endeavours,
But search'd both playhouses and fairs,
For dancers of the ropes and players,
Such that would drudge as hard to earn
The pence as thrashers in a barn,
Exert their strength and strain their sinews,
For a green purse half fill'd with guineas;
This made the court as mad as devils,
To find they had such scoundrel rivals;

That they, to be reveng'd upon her,
 Whisper'd to R——y the dishonour
 Done him by such a jilting h---sy,
 Who 'ad so abus'd her t---zy-m---zy.
 This made the king at once resign her,
 Altho' he never had a finer.

*So the close barlot that detests
 Her neighbour joining sex with sex,
 Will cry out whore upon the dame,
 Expose her faults to publick shame,
 Tho' she herself has done the same.*

The m---rch, tho' in pocket low,
 B'ing proud, at his expence, to know,
 What difference nature had begot,
 Betwixt a *French* and *English* t-t,
 Takes a gay tit from *France* to mount,
 The cast-off of a *Paris* count,
 With apple-face and slender waste,
 All over jilt, yet looking chaste?
 With her the m---ch next agreed,
 To pleasure his adul't'rous bed,
 That he might know the worth and nature
 Of *French* commodities the better.
 This madam with her nimble scut,
 Now tosses m-----y about,
 And from the pockets of his breeches,
 Shakes out her r---l e---y's riches;
 Thus like a true experienc'd w---,
 Ev'n keeps her very keeper poor.
 Nor has he yet the sense to see
 How much his generosity
 Dishonours his m-----ck station,
 And makes him slighted by the nation.
 Whilst she, her country to advance,
 Sends golden pies from hence to *France*,
 And strips the m---ch of our isle,
 To enrich her own dear native soil.
 Is but a treach'rous spy upon him,
 To hug him till she's quite undone him,

Does all his grand affairs discover,
To cunning *Lewis* at the *Louvre*.
O C---s! how happy had we been,
Hadst thou but had a fruitful queen,
Or else been gelt before fifteen.

Besides these mercenary crew,
Who drain his purse and — — — too,
And with their b---d broods deceive him,
Of all the wealth the people gave him,
Yet such a crowd of ladies ply
Around his throne, who, by the by,
Are proud to ease his l---ry,
That scarce a d---fs of renown,
Or wanton c---fs in the town,
But wait the motion of his l---ft,
In hopes to have one r---l t---ft,
Each striving when his love grows servent
To be his very humble servant;
Well knowing that the only means
To win the favour of their prince,
Is to surrender when he's ready,
The seat of honour in a lady;
Then let 'em ask what 'tis they want,
And t---- will gain what merit can't.
Thus he that needs a boon at court,
And has but small pretensions for't
Let him but send his wife, if pretty,
Or daughter, that's but young and witty,
Aslong as C-----s the f---d reigns,
He need not fear to gain his ends;
For he, good prince, could ne'er deny
The petticoat, good reason why,
Because, as he himself does own,
He loves a lady 'bove a crown.

These lady punks, that like the sport,
Are th' only shining lamps at court,
Who, by the use of copulation,
Bring wh- ing daily into fashion,
That none approach the r---l presence,
But with such am'rous acquiescence,

That he who asks another's bride
 To lay her modesty aside,
 Need never fear to be deny'd.
 For since the greatest courtiers use it,
 'Tis thought ill breeding to refuse it.
 They take example by the throne,
 And make their mon----'s vice their own;
 The city borrow 't from the court,
 And hand it to the common sort;
 Till thus, by ape-like imitation,
 Love spreads his wings o'er all the nation,
 Where nothing thrives, we plainly see,
 But perjury, pox, and venery,
 Till *London* is as famous grown,
 For w——m, (God preserve the thr---)
 As *Sodom* was for their provoking
 God's vengeance, by their backward poking.

Besides these ladies of the sport,
 Whose lust inflames the bawdy court,
 And makes a brothel of a palace,
 Where harlots ply, as many tell us,
 Like brimstone's in a *Whetstone* alehouse;
 There are a crowd of fawning peers,
 Which R——y calls his ministers,
 Who manage with such cost and care,
 They fit their mon---h to a hair;
 Assist him in his costly swi——g,
 But make him pay for their contriving;
 Project such cunning ways and shifts,
 To help him out at all dead lifts,
 That when they have supply'd his wants,
 Themselves may beg the larger grants:
 Thus by ill means th' enrich his treasure,
 Then pick his pocket at their leisure.

*So those who sponge upon a friend,
 Who is too free to spend and lend,
 When at a pinch (if not bereft
 Of all, but still has something left)
 They'll raise him money on his credit,
 That they may share it as they need it.*

The chief of these was crafty C---y,
 Who first advis'd the king to marry
 To K--e of Lisbon, who had got
 No catch to her unfruitful spot,
 In hopes his pretty blooming daughter,
 May come to be a queen herea'ter;
 Or that her issue may, at least,
 Be of the throne in time possess'd.
 This cunning *Machiavelian* cuff,
 Tho' he himself is wise enough,
 Yet he advises honest R---y,
 To many a strange unking-like folly,
 Indulges him in loose amours,
 And raises money for his wh---s,
 Rather than he should send back *Kate*,
 And marry with a fruitful mate,
 Whose race his brood may disappoint,
 And put their noses out of joint.

*So junior brothers love to see
 Their seniors without progeny,
 Because they hope that they or theirs
 May prove their elder brothers heirs.*

But C---y, who hath long ingross'd
 His prince, and e'ery gainful post,
 That merit, without his consent,
 Can never rise in government,
 At last is glad to quit his hold,
 For what he 'as said, and what he 'as sold;
 Is forc'd, in spite of *James* his son,
 To take his farewell of the throne,
 And from the land to fly by stealth,
 Into a much worse commonwealth.
 Leaving his noble house he built,
 As a proud witness of his guilt,
 Whose costly walls were rais'd, 'tis said,
 By *French* pistoles for *Dunkirk* paid;
 And since it breaks old C---y's heart,
 To think that C----s and he should part,

The fam'd Escureal is decreed,
 (In hopes to please the factious breed)
 To fall e'erlong a sacrifice,
 That from its ruins there may arise,
 Whole streets of famous — houses,
 Where buxom jades, for want of spouses;
 Shall shew each rake what pretty sport
 The lords and ladies use at court,
 And what a way *Nel G---* has got,
 To humour *R---* with her t---t.

*Just so lords palaces of old,
 When into builders clutches sold,
 Were often doom'd beneath the curses
 Of being inns for law or horses.*

Another cunning fox of state,
 Advanc'd from little to be great,
 Has, by court wheedles, climb'd to be
 The greatest in the treasury.
 Nor truly does he want the sense,
 To manage well the nation's pence,
 Because in spite of all their care,
 He'll have at last, a fav'rite's share.
 And is more charge to *England's th---*,
 Than any she that hangs thereon.
 Nor does he, like his master's duchess,
 Receive his pay from other clutches,
 But judges of his own deserts,
 And, to reward his able parts,
 In his high station, is so wise
 To serve himself, and thus he cries.

*Here's so much for your majesty,
 But, Tom, here's twice as much for thee;
 And all that you and I can spare,
 We'll frankly pay away else where.*

This, by a rat behind the curtain,
 Has been o'er heard, some say for certain,
 And is reported still to be
 The fox's old soliloquy.

*So stewards who have easy lords;
By cox'nage pile up wealthy boards,
And as their masters grow more poor,
The crafty knaves encrease their store,
And at high int'rest often lend 'em
Their own, pretending to befriend 'em,
And make 'em think, to bide their knav'ry,
'Tis borrow'd with much pains and slav'ry.*

A third who by the king's good grace,
Is big in wealth and high in place,
A trusty friend, whose silver tongue,
Determines well 'twixt right and wrong.
And to his own immortal glory,
Has all the arts of oratory,
Can argue, when he pleases, wisely,
And cut a wheedle too as nicely;
Delude the house with such fine fetches,
And coax the commons with such speeches,
That none were ever better able,
In senate or at council table,
To do good service to his prince,
In any case of exigence;
Yet he, as cunning as the rest,
Knows hows to feather his own nest:
For 'tis with him, like priest in cloister,
No money, C—s, no *pater noster*.
Nor would the prudent sage embrace
The favour of so high a place,
Without four thousand pounds *per annum*,
In case upon some state *arcanum*,
He should be turn'd from council table,
And from his post, as one not able
To please our mighty lords the rabble. }
A bargain wise, we must allow,
In times precarious, as they 're now;
For who would trust such kings as those
Who starve their friends to feast their foes;
And kiss away that wealth that's meant
To serve the ends of government,

And

And to reward those faithful few,
 That art both wise as well as true.
 Who would, I say, with life and fortune
 Serve such a prince behind the curtain,
 Who oft, to please the rabble rout,
 Must turn his best advisers out,
 And to his hazard, in their steads,
 Be forc'd to lean on rotten reeds,
 Without they were at first secure
 Of something if disrob'd of pow'r,
 And from the court with shame remov'd
 Because by faction disapprov'd.
 'Tis therefore, mighty C——s, we fear,
 Thou'rt forc'd to buy thy friends so dear,
 Because they're certain, if they shou'd
 Once trust to thy old gratitude,
 When they thy turn have truly serv'd,
 That then they may be hang'd or starv'd.
 For the same reason wanton sluts,
 That earn their livings by their scuts,
 Are all importunate to count
 Their money e'er their riders mount:
 Nor couldst thyself, O C——s, e'er vent
 Thy l—ft before a settlement;
 Which shews, altho' our s——gn l—d,
 Thy very wh—s wont take thy word.

*So be that for his own bye ends
 Imloys, and then deceives his friends,
 If e'er he wants their fresh endeavours,
 Must purchase thro' the nose their favours.*

Next these a duke of mighty fame,
 So known I need not tell his name;
 His own extravagance and folly
 Shews now his boasted wit but dally.
 Once he was highly in esteem,
 And glitter'd next the diadem,
 Had all preferments in his power,
 And did above his rivals tour,
 Was thought to have a subtle pate,
 Turn'd rightly for intrigues of state,

And

And was suppos'd exactly wise
In all monarchick mysteries;
Besides th' inspection he had made
In e'ery art and e'ery trade,
That his deep judgment might outpierce all,
And make his knowledge universal:
In poetry he was, alas,
Competitor with *Hudibras*;
And as for the dramatick stage,
He's still the mirrour of the age,
And has a knack of riciculing,
That out does any other fooling.

In chymick arts he's such a dabster,
He'll draw a philter from a lobster,
That if 'tis given to a lady,
Who had before refus'd to bed ye,
In one short minute's time 'twill make her
As lew'd as any kennel-raker;
Besides, 'twill so restore a crazy
Old leacher, that's decay'd and lazy,
And give his rudder of affection,
So brisk a juvenile erection,
That the poor thing shall be as live,
As e'er it was at twenty-five;
Probatum est, for by experience,
Himself and all his lewd adherents,
Know that the secret, without harm,
Will all these wondrous things perform:
Therefore whoever loves the placket,
May, if they please, with safety take it.

Musick he understands, as well
As any ringer does a bell;
Can judge of trebles and their bases,
Of hoitboys, fiddles, and their cases,
As well as any minstrel brother,
That plays on either one or t'other:
Nay, he himself has oft been seen,
And heard, to touch the violin,
So finely 'twould have charm'd a lady,
Or any milk-maid, on a *May day*.

The philosophick stone, his grace
 Has study'd many nights and days ;
 And, by the strength of fire and bellows,
 Had found it once, some people tell us,
 But that, for want of skill or care,
 The wonder vanish'd into air :
 Some say it was of burning gold,
 And therefore prov'd too hot to hold,
 That dropping from his hand it broke,
 And b'ing too brittle for the stroke,
 It flew away in fire and smoke.

Or else he would have bless'd the nation,
 With the strange art of transmutation:
 Taught us to 've metamorphos'd mettles,
 And into gold turn brazen kettles,
 Which would have sure surpriz'd us more,
 Than *Bacon's* head had done before.
 But this great project, like the rest,
 ('Tho' pity 'twas) became a jest,
 And all the secrets that the bubble
 Found out, to recompense his trouble,
 Instead of turning lead or brass,
 To gold, that would for standard pass,
 Was to change mettles to his loss,
 And bring his gold to worthless dross;
 The only costly gen'rous art,
 At which himself is most expert,

*So freakish melancholy wretches,
 When poor, will dig in fields and ditches,
 Big with conceit; that under ground,
 Some bidden Treasure may be found,
 Till weary of their pains, and then
 Sit down with loss, instead of gain,
 And scratch to think they've dug in vain.*

His wisdom too the world may see,
 I' the government of 's family ;
 Who, for good orders and decorum,
 Surely admit of none before 'em.

Wages his servants ne'er regard,
It is enough to serve my lord;
They never ask his Grace a penny,
Nor does he care to pay 'em any;
Their sal'ries never drain his coffers,
They seldom pray, he seldom proffers:
So that they 're both so open-hearted,
'Tis pity they should e'er be parted;
Yet all that live beneath his wing,
Grow rich, as if they serv'd a king:
Whilst his wise grace, by wondrous ways
Grows poor, altho' he never pays;
A paradox well worth our notice,
Tho' true *in verbo sacerdotis*:
But, after all, what riddle's in it,
May be expounded in a minute;
For would he pay they'd scorn to cheat him,
But since he don't, they all outwit him;
Or he'd not have such need to wait on
That city-fox, Sir Robert Clayton.
But he whose wants assistance crave,
Must be a fool to some rich knave.

Besides these many wondrous things,
For which his fame thro' England rings,
His comely person and his parts,
Commands all am'rous ladies hearts:
Nor does he fear to hazard life,
To kill the cuckold, for his wife;
For he's as true a son of Mars,
As ever yet drew sword or ———.
Nor can old R—— for his pleasure,
Keep one fine tit, to mount at leisure,
But he will find some way or other,
To be his sov'reign's sterling brother,
And to command the very thing,
Belov'd so dearly of the king,
That not the sacred lips or belly,
Of C——d down to little Nelly,
Can keep his merry grace from stealing,
By hook or crook, a fellow-sealing;

For,

For, still regardless of the th—e,
 He often gives a butter'd bun,
 To the kind cull that sits thereon;
 And does, by these intrigues discover
 The secrets of the r—l lover,
 And make the treach'rous jilts disclose
 Whate'er had pass'd beneath the rose.

*So the gay spark that can invade,
 His ben-peck'd neighbour's nuptial bed,
 As oft as at the game he plays,
 Knows all the husband does or says;
 By which, and by the wife's direction,
 He keeps the cuckold in subjection.*

This practice made old R—puff,
 And turn his grace in dudgeon off;
 Who, much disgusted, now sets up
 To be the faction's only prop;
 Hoping, as most believe, in vain,
 To please the blockheads and regain,
 By rich rebellious city slaves,
 What he has lost by fools and knaves:
 In this condition shall we leave him,
 That they fair words at first may give him,
 At last the better to receive him.

*For he that does good friends despise,
 And hopes by worthless rogues to rise,
 Is like a cripp'd old debauch
 Who flings away a trusty crutch,
 To lean upon a feeble reed,
 Too weak to serve him in his need.*

Another duke, the spurious son
 Of him that tamely rules the th—e,
 The only darling of the court,
 From prince to punk of e'ery sort;
 The factious bubble and the tool
 Of those that would usurp the rule;
 The dancing, fencing, riding bauble,
 That bows and cringes to the rabble;

The brainless, fawning, pretty thing,
 That hopes e'erlong to be a king;
 Enters the list among the rest,
 With his star shining at his breast,
 And none but crafty knaves about him,
 Who, tho' they court him, yet they flout him,
 Gay as a peacock at a ball,
Tres humble serviteur to all;
 A busy fop among the ladies,
 To shew 'em what an am'rous blade he's.
 Forward to fight, in battle warm,
 Altho' poor thing, he means no harm,
 Except it is to his own father,
 Or to his *Papish* uncle rather;
 Ready in all things to oppose
 His country's friends, instead of foes,
 The only idol of the town,
 That struts and rattles up and down,
 That all the factious fools, who hope it
 Will one day reign, may view the puppet;
 That they may fill his empty grace
 With noisy shouts and loud huzzas;
 And make him use his worst endeavours
 To abuse his king, the best of fathers,
 In hopes he may, by usurpation,
 In time, reign tyrant o'er the nation.
 But, O remember *Y---y Sc---t*,
 Thy arms have such a bastard blot,
 That many think thou may'st as soon
 Expect a scaffold as a crown;
 For he that is so vainly proud
 O' th' flatteries of a factious crowd,
 Of ruin very seldom fails,
 When fortune turns the ticklish scales.
 Then shake off the rebellious crew,
 Or else prepare to have thy due;
 For tho' thou hast been twice forgiven,
 Thou still retain'st the ancient leaven:
 But *Jemmy Frog* beware the stork,
 Thy father has a brother *Y---k*.

Another

Another factious grave belweather,
 Whose tongue's the devil's b—leather.
 The plague and teaser of the court,
 Whose chief delight's in doing hurt,
 The head of all the factious clan;
 By whom our feuds were first began;
 The city's god, the rabble's leader,
 A lord, a rebel, and a trader,
 Who keeps his changes and cabals,
 At publick halls and festivals;
 An old rebellious canting wizard,
 Who loves the rump with all his gizzard;
 Heli's journeyman, our plot projector,
 The rebels patriot and protector,
 So loose no royal smiles can win him,
 So base, the very devil's in him;
 The sower of seditious seeds,
 The planter of rebellious weeds,
 The quintessence of all that's naught,
 And yet too cunning to be caught;
 The subtle baffle of the laws,
 The bulwark of the good-old-cause,
 The fatal firebrand of the nation,
 The spring of all abomination,
 The *Cacafugo* of the age,
 The *Samsford* of the publick stage,
 The broacher of destructive schism,
 The very tap of devilism,
 Thro' which all sorts of treasons flow,
 That with his dropstick humours grow,
 Yet once was great in the esteem
 Of him that wears the diadem;
 But still when high in pow'r and place,
 The statesman did the judge disgrace,
 And shew his nature to base.

*Thus factious foes, whom kings endeavour,
 So oft to win by royal favour,
 Tho' honours make them less severe,
 Yet still the rebel will appear.*

To ballance this contentious mortal,
 Of foul distempers full, tho' heart whole,
 A *Scot* whose noddle may as big be,
 As that fam'd knight's Sir *Kelum Digby*.
 And has as muckle cunning in it,
 As any lad that wears a bonnet,
 Is held in favour of the crown,
 To bear the rising faction down;
 Tho' many more, we must agree,
 Are in the scale as well as he;
 But in the subtle arts of state
 He truly bears the greatest weight,
 And is the fittest man of action,
 To frustrate the intrigues of faction,
 Altho' his blubber face is such
 A phiz that does not promise much,
 Yet he has cunning to unrivel
 The very myst'ries of the devil,
 And knows as well to countermine
 A plot, or trayterous design,
 And if he had below been bred,
 Where hellish treasons first are laid;
 'Twas he that did advise his liege,
 To send his son to *Boswel-Bridge*,
 That by destroying his own friends,
 His uncle *R*—might gain his ends,
 And in his progress win that favour,
 His nephew lost by's rash behaviour.
 'Tis he that chiefly undermines
 And blows up all the whigs designs,
 And by one stratagem or other,
 Secures old *R*—and his brother;
 In ev'ry exigence does shew
 He's no true *Scot*, but *Scot*, that's true;
 Just to the int'rest of the throne,
 United wisely with his own,
 As faithful to his *Popish* friend,
 Whose safety is the chiefest end,
 To which his secret counsels tend.

O Scotland!

O Scotland! had thy sons been all
 Like him, you'd stop'd th' unhappy fall
 Of Charles, whose blood will ever be
 A witness of thy treachery.

Among the rest there is a peer,
 Whose pointed wit the courtiers fear;
 For tho' himself more open lies
 Than those he loves to scandalize,
 Yet for her theme his wanton muse
 Does always spiteful satire chuse.
*(So among lady punks, the worst
 Will always cry out whore the first.)*
 No kind amour can pass at court,
 Or love intrigue of any sort,
 But still his muse must tell what sporting
 Has been of late behind the curtain,
 As if she stood a pimp to all
 That cool'd their leach'ry at *Whitehall*.
 Nor can old R----lay aside
 Affairs of state and kingly pride,
 To drink a merry glass, to drown
 The cares that wait upon the crown;
 Or can he steal one happy night,
 To pass away in love's delight,
 With madam N----y or his duchess,
 To come the sooner to his crutches,
 By tiring age with his debauches,
 But presently some witty flirt
 Must sing aloud the mon----'s sport,
 That all the factious town must know
 The secret, where, with whom, and how;
 As if his lordship had a patent,
 To publish all that should be latent;
 And that no other bard was free
 To deal in bawdy wit, but he:
 Yet, tho' his poems are so luscious,
 That all the modest think 'em nauseous,
 They steal, with godly books of pray'r,
 Into the closets of the fair,

And

And oft are made unseemly neighbours
To rev'rend *Baxter's* pious labours,
And by the godly dame selected
From sermons, not so much respected;
Hugg'd by the bye, and valu'd more,
Than all she ever read before.
For ladies, tho' on damask cushion,
They sham their maids with their devotion,
And kneel at church, on mat or hassock,
To honour holy gown and cassock,
Yet, by themselves, they never fail,
To dearly love a bawdy tale;
Or will they want a friend to show 'em,
Each fulsome book or smutty poem;
Especially if well assur'd,
'Tis the blunt offspring of my lord,
Who alwas takes the liberty,
Not to spell *junt*, with *j*, but *c*.

*So those who wear the holy robes,
That rail so much at father Hobs,
Because he 'as so expos'd of late,
The nakedness of church and state,
Yet, tho' they do his book condemn,
They love to buy and read the same.*

All have an itch, from high to low,
Of knowing what we should not know.
This noble peer, so fam'd for writing
Satires, so bawdy and so biting,
Who for lampooning church and crown,
Usurps the bays from all the town,
May boast himself, we must allow it,
Lord, atheist, mountebank, and poet,
Rake, coward, libertine, but yet
A man of learning and of wit;
Who, to provoke the vicious age,
To an insatiate lustful rage,
Expend more time, and takes more pains,
In his licentious tickling strains,
With am'rous fires to lewdly warm us,
Than all the prelates to reform us:

And

And, that the world may know the better
 From mettle false his standard metre,
 He stamps his own poetick coin,
 With p, or c in e'ery line;
 And if those taking marks you miss,
 You may be sure it is not his;
 For, when he handles pen and ink,
 His luscious rhimes would make us think,
 They sprang not from imagination,
 But, in the height of lustful passion,
 Were got by carnal copulation.

Such are the ladies, such the lords,
 That merry C---s alone regards;
 So tame a prince, so lewd a court,
 Whose vices are each others sport;
 Cuckolds so cow'rdly and so base,
 Lascivious wives so void of grace;
 Rebels so daring and so bold,
 Cullies so foolish, tho' so old;
 Knaves so successful and secure,
 Merit so slighted and so poor;
 A factious undermining crew,
 So pious and rebellious too;
 Such stars could surely never shine,
 O C---s! round any throne but thine;
 Thy great example prompts each spouse
 To make a jest of marriage-vows;
 Encourages each beauteous dame
 To sin, without the fear of shame;
 Makes thy peers turn keeping cullis,
 To imitate thy princely follies.
 Go on, good C---s, that we, in time,
 May see adultery deem'd no crime,
 And marriage cease, through out the nation,
 To be a lawful obligation.
 For who can blame us, if we stray,
 Since royal greatness leads the way.

The

*The CASE of King CHARLES I. truly stated,
against John Cook, Master of Gray's-Inn.*

THE PREFACE.

THE Publisher of this following discourse, has thought fit to oblige the world with a piece of curiosity; it was penn'd above forty years since, by the ingenious and celebrated author of Hudibras. The libel which he answers, was the labour of one John Cook, master of Grays-Inn, a great pains-taker in the mysteries of rebellion. To give you the original of it, 'twas a studied invective against the person of King Charles I. before the High Court of Justice, (so called) of infamous memory; but upon the non-pleading of the royal martyr, 'twas afterwards metamorphos'd into a pamphlet, with the specious title of, King Charles's case; or an appeal to all rational men concerning his trial. How rational this appeal was, may be easily discover'd from those numerous fallacies and notorious falsehoods, which our author has detected in him, not only as to what concerns plain matter of fact, but also, in the pamphleteer's pretended way of reasoning, the false logick, and worse law. I shall not enter into the merits of the cause; for I suppose the more rational part of mankind, is abundantly satisfied in the innocence of that great man, as to any thing that was laid to his charge; and upon that account indeed, there would have been little occasion at this time of day to produce so great an advocate for his memory, but that there is risen amongst us a new rule of the old republican stamp, who have reviv'd the quarrel, and copied out the obsolete and almost forgotten scandal of our libeller, and made it their own. The author of Ludlow's letter may be reckon'd amongst the first of these, one that always set up for a patron of faction, and a promoter of the Good old Cause; but shew'd himself most in that famous year, when he was one of the tribunes of the people. I should not have made such a digression upon this worthy patriot, but that I find him to intrude amongst his friends, Mr. Milton and our libeller, and seems to be the very copy of their malice, at least tho' not their wit; and for that reason, I must confess, he seems to be the least pointed at by our answer. I

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shall say no more of him at present, but pass him by with the same contempt as the government has wisely done; 'tis but unseasonable quarrelling with a man that is arm'd with so much dirt, you'll be sure of that if you have nothing else.

I need not trouble the reader with any harangue upon our author, or his book; I suppose he is no stranger to the honest and more learned part of the kingdom; and as for the rest 'twas their best security they were not known by him. I shall only add, that it was Mr. Butler's design to print the discourse himself, had not death prevented him; and since it has fell into the editor's hands, 'tis but a piece of justice to his memory, to let the world make their advantage of it.

Mr. COOK,

HAVING lately seen a book of yours, which you are pleased to call *King CHARLES his case, or an appeal to all rational men concerning his tryal*; I was much invited to read it, by the ingenuity promised in your title. For having heard you style yourself solicitor general for the king's dread sovereign, and your own honourable client, the people; I was much taken with your impartiality, that not only exempts all rational men from being your clients in this case, in making them, by your appeal, your judges: for no man, you know, can be judge in his own case, but acknowledge your high court, from which you appeal to all rational men to consist of no such: but indeed I had not read many lines before I found mine own error, as well as your's, and your proceedings nothing agreeable to the plain dealing I expected from you; for you presently fall to insult upon the unhappiness of your undeserved adversary, and that with so little moderation, as if you strove to make it a question whether his incomparable patience, or your own ungoverned passion, should be the greater wonder of men, preposterously concluding him guilty, before, with one syllable, you had proved him so: a strange way of doing justice! which you endeavour to make good by a strange insolent railing and more insolent proceeding to the secret counsel of almighty God, from whence you presume to give sentence on him, a boldness no less impious than unjust in you, were it true, since we can never know it to be so.

But indeed it is hard to say, whether you have shew'd more malice or vanity in this notable declaration of your's for he that considers the affectation, and fantastique lightness

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of your language, (such as *Ireland*, a land of *Ire*; bit-sheep
or bishops; and other such ingenious elegancies of quibble)
must needs confess it an oratory more becoming a fool in a
play, or *Peters* before the rabble, than the patrons of his
sovereign's sovereign, or the gravity of that court, which
you say, right wisely, shall be admir'd at the day of judg-
ment. And therefore you do ill to accuse him of reading
Johnson's and *Shakespear's* plays, which, it seems, you have
been more in yourself to much worse purpose, else you had
never hit so right upon the very dialect of their railing ad-
vocates, in which (believe me) you have really out-acted
all that they could fancy of passionate and ridiculous outrage.

For certainly, Sir, I am so charitable to believe it was
your passion that imposed upon your understanding; else,
as a gentleman, you could have never descended to such
peasantary of language, especially against such a person, to
whom (had he never been your prince) no law enjoins
whatsoever his offences were) the punishment of ribaldry.
And for the laws of God they absolutely condemn it; of
which I wonder, you that pretend so much to be of his
counsel, should be either so ignorant or forgetful.

Calamity is the visitation of God, and (as preachers tell
us) a favour he does to those he loves; wherever it falls it
is the work of his hand, and should become our pity, not
our insolence. This the ancient heathen knew, who be-
lieving thunder came from the arm of God, reverence the
very trees it lighted upon.

But your passion hath not only misled you against civility,
and christian charity, but common sense also; else you
would never have driven your chariot of reason (as you
call it) so far out of the road, that you forget whither you
are going, and run over every thing that stands in your
way: I mean, your unusual way of argument, not only a-
gainst reason but yourself, as you do it at the first fall; for
after your fit of raving is over, you bestow much pains to
prove it one of the fundamentals of law, that the king is
not above the law, but the law above the king. And this
you deraign, as you call it, so far, that at length you say,
the king hath not by law so much power as a justice of peace
to commit any man to prison; which you would never
have done, if you had considered from whom the justice
derives his power, or in whose name his warrants run;
else you may as well say a man may give that which he hath
not; or prove the moon hath more light than the sun, be-
cause

cause he cannot shine by night as the moon doth. But you needed not have strained so hard, for this will serve you to no purpose, but to prove that which was never denied by the king himself; for if you had not a much worse memory than men of your condition should have, you could not so soon have forgotten, that immediately after the reading of that charge, the king demanded of you in high court, *by what law they could sit to judge him*; (and offering to submit if they could produce any,) but then silence or interruption were thought the best ways of confessing there was no such thing: and when he undertook to shew them both law and reason too, why they could not do it, the righteous president told him plainly, *He must have neither law nor reason*; which was certainly (as you have it very finely) *the most comprehensive, impartial and glorious piece of justice that ever was plaid on the theatre of England*; for what could any court do more than rather condemn itself than injure truth.

But you had better have left this whole business of the law out of your *appeal to all rational men*, who can make no use of it, but against yourself: for if the law be above the king, much more is it above the subject. And if it be so heinous a crime in a king to endeavour to set himself above law, it is much more heinous for subjects to set themselves above king and law both. Thus, like right mountebanks, you are fain to wound and poison yourselves to cheat others, who cannot but wonder at the confidence of your imposture, that are not ashamed to magnify the power of the law, while you violate it; and confess you set yourself really above the law, to condemn the king for but intending it.

And indeed intentions and designs are the most considerable part both of your accusations and proofs, some of which you are fain to fetch a great way off, as far as his coronation oath, which you next say, *He, or the archbishops by his order, emasculated, and left out very material words*, (which the people shall chuse) which is false; for these words were not left out, but rendered with more sense, (*which the commonalty have*, and if you consider what they relate to, (customs) you will find you cannot, without open injury, interpret, *elegeret*, (in the Latin oath) *shall chuse*, not, *shall choose*; for if you will have *consuetudines quas vulgas elegerit*, to mean, customs, which are to be not only used, which must be often repeated before they become

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But suppose it were as you would have it, I cannot see
with what reason you can presume it to be a design to sub-
vert the laws, since you know he had sworn to defend
them before, in the first article of the oath, from which I
wonder how you can suppose, that so wise a prince (as you
acknowledge him to be) could be so irrational to believe
himself absolute by this omission. But you are not with-
out farther contradiction yet, for if he were so perfidious
violator of oaths, as you would have the world believe,
what reason had he to be conscientious of taking them?
Certainly he hath little cause to be nice what oaths he takes,
that hath no regard what Oaths he breaks.

Nor can I possibly understand your other construction
of his refusal to take the oath, as his predecessors had done;
which you will have a design to refuse his assent to such
good laws, rather than bad ones, as the parliament should
tender; for besides the absurd conceits, that he must still
like the bad better than the good, if you consider what you
say afterwards, the charitable sense will appear, by your
own words, to be the truest; for you confess he gave his
assent to any bad one, else you had not been fain, for want of
such, to accuse him of a few good ones, as you do there; which
of these is most probable, let every rational christian judge.

Your next argument to prove the king's design to de-
stroy the law, is thus ordered: those knights that were by
an old statute to attend at the king's coronation, being pro-
mised by his proclamation (in regard of the infection then
spread through the kingdom) a dispensation for their ab-
sence, were after fined at the council table; no doubt
by the procurement of some of your own tribe, where they
pleading the proclamation for their indemnity, were an-
swered, that the law of the land was above any proclama-
tion: your conclusion is therefore, the king had a design to
subvert the laws: sure there is no man in his wits but would
conclude the contrary; such arguments as these are much
like the ropes that *Oænus* twisted only for asses to devour.

But if this should fail, you know you were provided with
another, not less substantial, and that is, his alteration of
the judges commissions, who heretofore had their places
granted to them during their good behaviour, but he
made them but during pleasure; of this you make a sad
business of a very imaginary evil consequence; but if you

become

had considered before, what you say presently after, that the king, and not the judges, is to be accountable for the injustice and oppression of the government, &c. you would have found it very just that he should use his pleasure in their dismissal as well as choice; for men of your profession, that have lived long enough to be judges, are not such punies in cunning, to play their seats of iniquity aboveboard; and if they may set still they can be proved to have misbehaved themselves: the prince that is to give an account for all, may sooner know he is abused, than how to help himself.

All the inconveniency which you can fancy possible to ensue it, is only to such bad judges as buy their places; of whose condition and loss you are very sensible, as if they had too hard a bargain of injustice, believe they may have reason enough to give unjust judgment, rather than lose their places; and their money too, if they shall receive such intimation from the king. But you forget your self when you put this in your *Appeal to all rational men*; for they will tell you, this was a bold affront done to your high court of justice; for if it were potential tyranny (as you will have it) in the king, to have but a design to injure the judges to give sentence against the law, which you say brings the people the next step to slavery: what is it in those who presume to give sentence themselves, not only contrary to law, but the declared opinion of all the judges, and those of their chusing too? And (I beseech you) whither, by your own doctrine, does this bring the people that submit to it? Certainly, if you that can accuse the king of this, had been a Jew heretofore, you would not only have stoned your fellows, but your Saviour too.

But if all your arguments should miscarry, you have a reserve left that does (as you say) irrefragably prove the design; what's that? He is restless to destroy parliaments, or make them useless. Believe me, this is right *ignotum per ignotius*, excellent consequence to prove his design by his desires; you should have proved his desires first, (if you would prove his thoughts by his thoughts) for certainly if ever he designed it, he desired it first. You had better have concluded plainly he did it, because he designed it, for that is all one in sense: but if I might be but half so bold with your designs, I should, with more reason guess, you have one to make us believe your fa-

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miliar acquaintance with the secret counsels of God, (which you so often pretended to) else certainly he has given the desires of men so private a lodging, that without his own discovery, (which you can give us no account of) you have no other way to know them. You do well, and, if I may advise you, you shall give over this unlucky thing called reason, and betake yourself wholly to revelations.

How these arguments might prevail with your high court of justice, I cannot tell; but, in my opinion, they had little reason to thank you for this last; for while you make the king a traytor, and prove his meer desire to destroy the parliament, or make it useless, on purpose to subvert the laws, you do but tell them what they are that have already done it; and the people, what a deal of law they are to expect hereafter. All you can justly, in your own sense, accuse the king of, is, but discontinuance or untimely dissolution of parliaments; which I wonder with what sense you can interpret a design to destroy the parliaments, since all the world knows when he parted with his power to dissolve the parliament too. But see how doubly unjust you are; you accuse him for not calling parliaments so often as he was bound to do by the law, once a year, (as you say) or oftener; but never consider how that is impossible to be done, without dissolving them as often, for doing which, notwithstanding, with so much clamor, you condemn him. Thus you charge him with inconsistencies, and may with much more reason accuse him for calling parliaments; because if he had not called them, he could never have dissolved them, which is very like your way of argument.

But much better than you commonly use for your next, (to remove an objection out of your way) is thus managed: the king, and not the judges and evil counsellors, ought to be accountable for the male administrations, injustices, and oppressions of the parliament, your reasons are, because he made such wicked and corrupt judges: were they not his own creatures? And ought not every man to be accountable for the work of his own hands? Believe me, this was something, if you could prove he made them wicked, as well as judges. But if this plea hold, you have argued well for your honourable clients, the people; for if they made the king, as you say they did, you have cleared him of all such horrid crimes, murders, and massacres, which you take so much pains, to no purpose, to

accuse him of; and, like a right man of law, have undone your clients, upon whose score you set them. Your next business will be to prove God guilty of the sins of wicked men, for they are his creatures, and the work of his own hands, I take it. But this is your perpetual method of doing him right to make him sole author and owner of all his ill-ordered or unhappy actions, and not allow him a share in any good deed or act of grace.

And these are the fundamentals of the charge, only suppositions of intentions and designs, which how far you have proved just or profitable, let any man but yourself judge. The course you take afterwards, is much worse in my opinion, for you make your own grounds, and either not prove them at all, or (which is worse) prove them upon their own bottom; as when you take upon you to state the ground of your wars, and prove the king to be the cause of it, you do it thus:

The king (you say) set up his standard of war for the advancement and upholding of his personal interest, power, and pretended prerogative, against the publick interest of common right, peace, and safety. How do you prove this? Because he fought for the Militia, for a power to call and dissolve parliaments, a negative voice, to make judges, confer honours, grant pardons, make corporations, enhance or dabase money, and avoid his own grants. These you call his personal interest, power, and prerogative, which you say he fought for: now, put the position and proof together, and see what sense it will make; truly none but this: that he made war for his prerogative, because he fought for his prerogative: is not this fine logick! but suppose it were sense, how do you prove he fought for his prerogative? To this you have not one word to say; and why then should we rather take your word than the king's, who protested he took arms in defence of the protestant religion, the liberty of the subject, the privileges of parliament, and laws of *England*? Certainly there is no man in his wits, but would rather believe his words, than your arguments, if he does but consider that the most improbable part of all, (he protested to fight for the defence of the privileges of parliament,) is found by experience, to be no paradox: how true the rest is, time will instruct you. But yet I cannot see why we should not rather believe them, than the pretences of the parliament, which were more to fight in defence of his person, and

and their own privileges, which how they have performed, yourself can tell; but all this while you mistake your own question, which was not the right of the cause, but the cause, or (as you have it) the occasion of the war; and if you had a purpose to know that, actions had been the only guide of your inquiry; for intentions and words are uncertain, and if they make no assaults in private quarrels, I know not why they should in publick; and therefore, since we can never agree about the truth of more remote causes, 'tis most just for us to place the cause of the war, where we find the first breach of the peace. Now, that the king was cleared of this, all indifferent men, who had the unhappiness to be acquainted with the method of their own undoing, can very well testify. And if the parliament should deny it, their own votes would contradict them, as well as their actions; for when they first raised horse and arms, they pretended to do so, because it appeared, the king, seduced by wicked counsel, intended to make war against the parliament; whereby they confess he had not then done it, and they had so little ground to make it appear he ever would, that they were fain to usurp the right of his cause, to justify their own; and, they say, took arms for the defence of the king; which, if we grant, it must follow, they first made war against him; for no body else ever did, against whom they could possibly defend him; nor did their actions, in offering the first violence, less declare who began the war, when having an army ready to invade him, before he set up his standard, they both followed and set upon him, as they did at *Edge-Hill*. Go as far as you can, you will still find the *Scots* (whose quarrel the parliament took up at the second hand, as well as they followed their examples) where the first beginners of all.

This being granted, how the king could afterwards do less than he did, I cannot understand: first he was bound by the law of nature (which you say is legislative, and hath a suspensive power over all humane laws) to defend himself. Secondly, by his coronation-oath, which he took to keep the peace. And how could he do that, but by his raising power to suppress those who had already broken it? Thirdly, by the laws of the land, which, you say, trusted him with the power of the sword. And how could he preserve that trust, if he had safe still, and suffered others, not only to take it from him, but to use it against him?

But it is most probable that he never intended it, else he was very unwise to let them be before-hand with him, in seizing upon his castles, magazines, and ships; for which there can be no reason imagin'd, but that he was loth to give them any occasion (in securing them) to suspect he did but intend a war. And by all this, I doubt not but it appears plain enough to all rational men, that he was so far from being the cause of the war, that he rather fell into it by avoiding it; and that he avoided it so long, till he was fain to take arms at so great a disadvantage, as he had almost as good have sat still and suffered. And in this you have used the king with the same justice the christians received from *Nero*, who having set *Rome* on fire himself, a sacrifice to his own wicked genius, laid the odium of it on the christians, and put them to death for it.

But this way you found too fair and open for you purpose, and therefore declined it; for having proved his intentions by his desires, and his actions by his intentions, you attempt a more preposterous way yet to prove both, by what might have been his intentions: and to this purpose you have the confidence (in spite of sense) to make contingencies the final cause of things; and impolitick accidental, possible inconveniencies (which all the wit of man can never avoid) the intended reasons of state. As when you will have the king fight for the Militia, only to command the purse of the people; for a power to make judges, only to wrest the laws; to grant pardons, that publick spirited men (as you call them) may be made away, and the murderers pardon'd, &c. All which being creatures of your own fancy and malice, (and no part of his quarrel,) you are so far from proving he fought for, that when you have strained your ability, all you can say, is but this, in your own sense, that he fought for a power to do that which he never would do when it was in his power; but if you take this liberty, I cannot but think how you would bestir yourself, if you could but get your God, as you have done your king, before such an impartial high court of justice as this! how would you charge him with his misgovernment in nature, for which, by the very same logick, you may prove he made us all slaves, in causing the weaker to hold his life at the pleasure of the stronger; that he set up a sun to dazzle our eyes, that we might not see; and to kindle fevers in our veins, made fire to burn us; water to drown us; and air

to poison us, and then demand justice against him; all which you may easily do, now you have the trick on't, for the very same reason will serve again, and with much more probability; for 'tis easier to prove, that men have been burnt and drowned, and died of the plague, than to make it appear the king ever used your finer device to remove publick spirited men; or can you, without extream injustice, suppose he ever would? For 'tis so much as very well known, he highly favoured and advanced his greatest opposers, (for such you mean, I know) whom he found owners of any eminent desert, as he did the earl of *Strafford*, and the attorney general *Noy*, (and for other honest men, as you will have them) whom frenzy or sedition set against him, by your own confession; he did not suffer those black stars (very strange ones) to slip their noses, and crop their ears

But now I think these honest publick spirited men, certainly some of them have not so good an opinion of the honesty of your publick proceedings, but they would willingly venture, not only their ears again, (if they had them) but their heads too, in defiance of your most comprehensive piece of justice, whose cause, while you take upon you to plead, against their consent, as you have done your honourable clients, the people; you deserve, in reason, to be thrown over the bar, by your own party; for you but confess your own injustice, while you acknowledge the publick honesty of those that most oppose it.

How solid or pertinent those arguments of your's have been, let any man that is sober, judge: but you are resolved, right or wrong, they shall pass: to let us know how easily he that has the unhappiness to be judged by his enemies, is found guilty of any thing they please to lay to his charge; and therefore, satisfied with your own evidence, you proceed to sentence, and condemn the king with much formality, by the fundamental laws of this kingdom, by the general law of all nations, and the unanimous consent of all rational men in the world; for imploying the power of the sword to the destruction of the people, with which they intrusted him for their own protection. How you got the consent of rational men to this sentence, I cannot imagine; for 'tis most certain (by your own confession) that he never imployed the sword, but against those who first sought to deprive him

of it; and by that very act, declared they did not trust him, and consequently absolved him both from the obligation that he had to protect them, and the possibility too: for no man can defend another longer than he defends himself; so that if you will have your sentence to be just, you must confess it to be nonsense; for you must not only prove, that those who fought against him, were the people that trusted him, not those who fought for him, but the lesser, or less considerable part of the people, the people, as you have the confidence to call your honourable clients, being not the twentieth part of the very rabble; which if you can do, you are much wiser than *Solomon*; for it is easier to divide a child in two parts, than to make one of those two parts a whole child; and if you have the trick on't you shall be next allowed to prove, that take 4 out of 6, there remains 6; nor is there more justice or reason in the sentence, than in the course you take to uphold it; for while you deny the old maxim of law, *That the king can do no wrong*, you maintain a new one much worse, *That he may suffer any*: and having limited this power to act only according to law, expose him to suffer, not only without, but against law. Truly it is hard measure, but, rather than fail of your purpose, you will make as bold with scripture as you have done with reason, if it stand in your way; as you do when you interpret that place of the apostle, *Where no law is, there is no transgression*, to mean, where there is neither law of God, nor nature, nor positive law: I wonder where that is; certainly you had better undertake to find out a plantation for *Archimedes* his engines to move the earth, than but fancy where that can be, which you must do before you can make this scripture to be understood to your purpose; and I cannot but smile, to think how hard a task that will be for such a strong fancy as your's, that cannot conceive what yourself affirm; for when you deny it possible to suppose two supreme powers in one nation, you forget that you had acknowledged much more before; for you confess the king to be supreme, when you say, very elegantly, he made head against the parliament, who acknowledged him to be head thereof, and yet you say the parliament is the supreme authority of the nation. Thus you affirm that really to be, which you think is impossible to imagine.

But such lucky contradictions of yourself, as well as sense, are as familiar with you as railing, for besides the many

many before-mentioned, and your common incongruities of speech, is as far from construction, as the purpose: there are other which for your encouragement, ought not to be omitted; and when you would prove the king the most abominable tyrant that ever people suffered under, yet you say he was beloved of some, and feared abroad: his judges you compared to the saints sitting in judgment at the last day, and yet, by your own doctrine, they are more like bears and wolves, in setting by a commission of force; their high court is a royal palace of the principles of freedom, and yet, till the people voluntarily submit to a government, (which they never did to that) they were but slaves. The parliament (you say) petitioned the king, as good subjects, and yet, immediately after, you make, them his lords, and himself servant; so they give him the honour of his own royal assent, and yet they often petitioned him for it. His trial you call most impartial, and yet cannot deny all his judges to be parties, and his profess'd enemies. But you hit pretty right, when you say he caused more protestant blood to be shed than ever was spilt either by *Rome*, heathen or antichristian; for grant that partly to be true, and confess as much protestant blood as ever was spilt by the heathen *Romans*, unless they could kill protestants eight hundred years before there were any in the world; which eloquent piece of nonsense we must impute to your ignorance in chronology, or confusion of notion, which you please. Nor are those riddles of contradiction only in your words, but in the whole course of your proceedings, for you never do the king any right, but where you do him the greatest wrong; and are there only rational, where you are most inhuman; as in your additional accusations, since his death, for there you undertake to prove something, and give your reasons (such as they are) to make it appear, which were fair play, if you do not take an advantage too unreasonable, to argue with the dead. But your other impeachments consist only of generals, prove nothing; or intentions, which can never be proved; or your own forc'd construction of actions, or what might have been actions, but never were; all which you only aggravate with impertinency and foul language, but never undertake to prove; and if we should grant all you would say, and suppose you say it in sense or order, it would serve you to no purpose, unless you have,

have, by proof or argument, applied it to him, which you never went about to do.

But if this were the worst, you might be born with, as a thing more becoming the contempt, than the anger of men; but who can preserve any patience, that does but think upon that prodigy of your injustice, as well as inhumanity, to accuse the king, after his death, of what you were ashamed to charge him with, when alive? For what you say concerning the death of king *James*, you will become the scorn of your own party, for they never used it farther than they found it of advantage to some design they had in hand; as when they would move the king to grant their propositions, they made it serve for an argument to him; if he would sign, he should be still their gracious king, if not, *he killed his father*. But when they found he would not be convinced with such logick, they laid it utterly aside, for (without doubt) they had not lost an advantage so useful as they might have made it in the charge, had they not known it would have cost them more impudence to maintain, than they should need to use in proceeding without it; but let us consider your student's might with which you first say you are satisfied, and yet after have it as a riddle. First, he was observed to hate the duke, but instantly, upon the death of king *James*, took him into his special grace and favour, of which you conceive this art must be the cause. Believe me, your conjecture is contrary to all experience, and the common manner of princes, who use to love the treason, but hate the traitor; and if he had been so politick a tyrant, as you would describe him, he would never believe his life safe, nor his kingdom his own, while any man lived, (much less his enemy, whom such a king would never trust) of whose gift and secrecy he held them both; nor is it likely that he, who would not spare the life of his father to gain a kingdom, should spare the life of his enemy to secure it. As for his dissolving the parliament, I believe not only all wise men, but all that ever heard of this, will acquit him, whether he did it to avoid the duke's impeachment, you cannot prove; but if you could, you must consider, that in such cases, princes may as well protect their favourites from injury as justice, since no innocence can serve them; if they lie as open to the question, as they do to the envy of men.

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But for the better satisfaction of those you appeal to, I shall add this: it is most certain, that this humour of innovation began to stir in the first parliament of this king, and grow to an itch in the commons for the alteration of government; to which end, they first resolved to pull down the chief instrument thereof, the duke of *Buckingham*: but having then no *Scotch* army, nor act of continuance, to assure their sitting, all the wit of malice could never invent more politick course than to impeach him, and put this article (true or false) into his charge; for thus they were not only sure of the affection of the people, who (out of the common fate of favourites) generally hated the duke, and are always pleased with the ruin of their superiors, but secured from the king's interposition, whom they believed, by this means, bound up from protecting the duke, (tho' he knew his innocency) lest the envy and fancy of all should fall upon himself; but the king, who understood their meaning, and knew this was but in order to their further attempts, (which always begin with such sacrifices) suddenly dissolved the parliament, and, by his wisdom and policy, kept that calamity sixteen years after from the people, which the very same courses and fate of these unhappy times, have since brought upon them. But you have taken more pains to prove him guilty, since his death, of the rebellion in *Ireland*, altho' with as little reason or ingenuity, only you deal fairly in the beginning, and tell us what judgment and conscience we are to expect from you, when you say, as a ground of all your proofs, *If you meet a man running down stairs, with a bloody sword in his hand, and find a man stabbed in the chamber, tho' you did not see this man run into the body by that man which you met, yet if you were of the jury, you durst not but find him guilty of the murder.* I hope not, before you know whether the man killed were sent by the king to fetch the man you met, for then you may say it must be in his own defence: truly you are a subtle enquirer, but let us hear some of the clear proofs; first, *he durst never deny it absolutely*; besides the notorious falshood of that, it is most senseless to imagine, that he who had wickedness enough to commit so horrid an act, should have the innocent modesty not to deny it, when he durst not own it. He sent thanks to *Muskerry* and *Plunket*, by *Ormond*, which you are confident his height of spirit would never have done,

done; if he had not been as guilty as themselves; and may not *Ormond*, that carried the thanks, be, by the same reason, as well proved guilty as the king? What's next, *If he had not been guilty, he would have made a thousand declarations; and have sent to all princes in the world for assistance against such bell-hounds and blood-hounds, &c.* That was impossible to be done, without sending to the pope, and then you would have proved it clearly indeed. But the copy of his commission to the *Irish* rebels, is in the hands of the parliament. 'Tis most certain they never believed it themselves, else it had not been omitted in the charge. But now for an argument to the purpose; after the *Irish* were proclaimed traitors and rebels by the king, their general council made an oath to bear true and faithful allegiance to king *Charles*, and by all means to maintain his royal prerogative, against the puritans in the parliament of *England*; which they would never have done, unless he had commanded or consented to the rebellion: but observe then what will follow; after the two houses at *Westminster* were proclaimed rebels and traitors by the king, they made a solemn covenant to defend his royal person, rights, and dignities, against all opposers whatsoever, and therefore by the same reason he did command or consent to the war raised by the parliament against himself. But did they not say they had his commission, and call themselves the king and queen's armies? But then, you forgot who they were that said so, hell-hounds, and blood-hounds, fiends and fire-brands, and bloody devils, not to be named without fire and brimstone; do you think such are not to be believed, (especially when they speak for their own advantage) rather than the people of God, the faithful of the land at *Westminster*, who likewise, when they raised forces, said, they did it for the king and parliament? can any man in his wits deny but the king is to be believed before either of these? and yet you cannot be perswaded, but his offer to go in person to suppress the rebellion, was a design to return at the head of 20 or 30000 rebels to have destroyed this nation. That's very strange! but first, how shall we believe what you say before, (to shew your breeding) never was bear so unwillingly brought to the stake, as he to declare against the rebels, if he offered to adventure his person to suppress them. When you made this agree in sense, let us know how you can suppose

suppose the same person, the wisest king in christendom, and yet so foolish to study his own destruction; for who could suffer so much in the ruin of this nation as himself? for his hindering the earl of *Leicester's* going into *Ireland*, he had much more reason to do so, than the parliament had to hinder him; and therefore you may as well conclude them guilty, as him of the rebellion.

That they sold or exchanged, for arms and ammunition, the cloth and provisions sent by the parliament to the protestants in *Ireland*, you must either accuse the parliament, which seized upon his arms first, and used them against him, or prove them above the law of nature, (which I believe you had rather do) that commands every man to defend himself. But the rebels in *Ireland* gave letters of mart for taking the parliament's ships, but freed the king's as their very good friends. I see you are not such a wizard at designs as you pretend to be; for if this be the deepest reach of your subtilty, had you been a senator in *Rome*, when *Hannibal* invaded *Italy*, and burnt all the country of the *Roman* dictator, you would have spared no longer to prove him confederate with the enemy. But I fear I may seem as vain as yourself in repeating your impertinencies. There is one argument that might have served instead of all, to convince you of wickedness and folly in this business, and that is the silence of the charge, which (by your own rule, ought to be taken *pro confesso*) there was never any such thing.

I will not trouble myself nor any body with your *French* legend, as being too inconsiderable to deserve any serious notice, built only upon relations and hear-says, and proved with your own conjectures; which how far we are to credit from a man of so much bias and mistakes, any of those you appeal to shall determine; to whom I shall say but this, that you do but acknowledge the injustice of the sentence, while you strive to make it good with such additions; for if you had not believed it very bad, you would never have taken so much pains to mend it: and I hope your high court will punish you for it, whose reputation your officious indiscretion hath much impaired to no purpose: for tho' we should grant all your additions to be true, as you would have it, it does not at all justify the king's death, since he did not die in relation to any thing there objected; and all you can possibly aim at by this pitiful argument, is but to prove him guilty, because
he

he was punished; for you can never prove him punished because he was guilty.

For your epilogue, I have so much charity to believe it (being of a different thread of language) none of your own; but either penn'd for you by your musty *Peters*, or else you writ short-hand very well to copy after the speech of his tongue. However you came by it, sure I am it could come from no body else; and having said so, I hope I shall need say no more; for I shall be loth to commit the sin of repeating any of it: but since 'tis but a frippery of common places of pulpit railing, ill put together, that pretend only to passion, I am content you should use them yourself, and be allowed to say any thing with as little regard as if you wore your privilege: yet least you should grow so conceited as to believe yourself, I will take *Solomon's* advice, and answer you not in your own way of railing or falsehood, but in doing some right to truth and the memory of the dead, which you have equally injured.

The Character of King CHARLES I.

THAT he was a prince of incomparable virtues his very enemies cannot deny, (only they were not for their purpose) and those so unblemish'd with any personal vice, that they were fain to abuse the security of his innocence, both to accuse and ruin him. His moderation (which he preserved equal in the extremity of both fortunes) they made a common disguise for their contrary imputations, as they had occasion to miscale it, either an easiness to be inflicted by others, or obstinacy to rule by his own will. This temper of his was so admirable, that neither the highest of temptations, adoration and flattery, nor the lowest of misery, injuries, the insolency of fools, could move him. His constancy to his own virtues, was no mean cause of his undoing; for if he had not stated the principles of government upon unalterable right, but could have shifted his sails to catch the popular air when it grew high (as his enemies did) they had never undone him with empty pretendings to what he really meant. His wisdom and knowledge were of so noble a capacity, that nothing lay so much out of his reach as the profound wickedness of his enemies, which his own goodness would never give him leave to suspect, nor his experienc'd power to discover;

cover; for they managed the whole course of his ruin, as they did the last act of it, in disguise; else so great a wit as his had never been circumvented by the treachery and cheat, rather than policy of ignorant persons. All he wanted of a king was, he knew not how to dissemble, unless concealing his own perfections were so; in which he only deceived his people, who knew not his great abilities, till their sins were punished with the loss of him. In his death, he not only out-did the high resolution of the ancient *Romans*, but the humble patience of the primitive martyrs; so far from the manner of tyrants, who use to wish all the world their funeral pile, that he employed the care of his last thoughts about the safety of his very enemies, and died not only consulting, but praying for the preservation of those whom he knew resolved to have none, but what was built upon their own destruction. All this, and much more, the justice of posterity (when faction and concernment are removed) will acknowledge to be more true of him, than any of those slanders you (or the mad wickedness of this age) have thrown upon his memory, which shall then, like dung cast at the roots of trees, but make his name more flourishing and glorious; when all those monuments of infamy you have raised, shall become the trophies of his virtue, and your own shame. In the mean time, as your own conscience, or the expectation of divine vengeance, shall call upon you, you will see what you have done, and find there is no murder so horrid, as that which is committed with the sword of justice; nor any injustice so notorious, as that which takes advantage both of the first silence of the living, and that of the dead: in this last, you have been very sinful; and, in accusing the dead, have not behaved yourself so like a saint at the day of judgment, as the devil, whose office is to be solicitor-general in such cases. I will not judge you, lest I should, do worse, imitate you. But certainly you will find it the worst kind of witchcraft, to raise the devil by sacrificing to your own malice, especially to so bad a purpose as you have done, that you might invade the judgment-seat of Christ, and usurp his jurisdiction before his coming, which you have presumed to do with more rudeness than *Hacket* used, and less formality in not sending your fore-runner to proclaim (in a turnep-cart) your coming to judgment. But the worst of all is, you seem to glory in your sins, and assert the martyr-

dom

dom of your wickedness, for having supposed a possibility you may fall by the hands of violence: you arm yourself with a forc'd resolution, which you may be confident you will never have need of; for you have no reason to think any man can believe you have deserved a violent death; no, you have deserved rather to live long; so long, till you see yourself become the controversy of wild beasts, and be fain to prove our scare-crow. Unless you shall think it just, that as you have been condemned out of your own mouth, so you shall fall by your own hand. Indeed there was not a hangman bad enough for *Judas*, but himself; and when you shall think fit to do yourself so much right, you shall be your own sooth-sayer, and fall by the hand of a *Ravillac*, to whom with more likeness compare yourself, than to *Henry* the fourth, for you are no king. What *Ravillac* was, is very well known; what you are I leave to your own conscience.

A Proposal for the Farming Liberty of Conscience.

SINCE nothing can be dearer unto poor christians than *Liberty*, or the free exercise of their *Judgments* and *Consciences*, the pursuit of which happiness hath kindled that fire in the bowels of the three kingdoms, which all the precious blood that hath been shed, during the late troubles, hath not been able totally to extinguish: and since many of us, whose names are affixed, were so profitably instrumental in those late combustions, as appears all along in our *sermons* before the honourable house of parliament, in the years 1642, 43, 44, 45, 46. in exciting the good people of this nation, to seek and maintain their *Christian Liberty*, against all *Prelatical* and *Antichristian Imposition* whatsoever. And considering that the little finger of apostacy from our first love, would be a greater burden upon our *tender consciences*, than the loins of episcopacy. We being more bound in honour than *conscience*, cannot totally desist; neither need any man fear, or so much as suspect, lest any inconvenience or alteration should happen in religion, by the great diversity of opinions, tongues, and languages, tolerated among us, unless in the great *babel* of *episcopacy*, that may possibly be pulled down and destroyed by this our *notable confusion*; for, if
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the gospel was wonderfully spread abroad by every man's speaking in his own language, and the very enemies thereof astonished, and miraculously wrought into a belief of it; how it is likely to be now obstructed in the free exercise of our *spiritual gifts*, with these our *cloven* and *divided* tongues. And since many worthy persons, from whom we might little expect it, but far less deserve it, out of their goodness and clemency, are pleased to encline to some *liberty*, did not some persons, aliens and strangers to the *common-wealth* of *Israel*, take up a reproach against us, as persons reprobated into an impossibility of submission to principles of *concord, peace and order*, in church or state, never being able hitherto to come to any consistency amongst ourselves; the ark of God having for twenty years together, been exposed to by-ways, streets, and worse places, for want of an agreement amongst our own brethren where to rest it, or how to entertain it. If this be our case, and could we be sure of so much favour as *Saul* once desired of *Samuel*, that the bishops would but *honour* us before the people, we would in a private christian way, lay our hands upon our hearts, and acknowledge the hand of God, and the justice thereof, in turning us out of his vineyard, as wicked and *unprofitable servants*, and to suffer the iniquity of our heels to overtake us; crying out with the Rev. Mr. Calamy, *the ark of God is justly departed from us*; but being not yet thus assured, do hope the people will yet believe these to be only bear-skins lapp'd about us by episcopal hands: and therefore, to the end that a *consistency*, and *oneness* of judgment of the whole separating brethren, and their moderation, may be known to all men, and that the world may know, that there is a spirit of rule and government resting in us;

IT is humbly proposed to the sole power of granting licences and indulgences for Liberty of Conscience, within the kingdom of England, dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick, may be vested in the persons under-named, for the term of seven years, under the farm rent of an hundred thousand pounds per Ann. to commence from the twenty-fifth day of March next, under such rates and qualifications as are hereafter specified.

The names of the grand commissioners and farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*; proposed on Monday March 2. 1662.
being

being the day of a private fast, kept by Mr. *Calamy*, Mr. *Baxter*, and others, at Mr. *Beal's* house, near my lord of *Ely's* chapel, in *Holbourn*.

Mr. *Edmund Calamy*.

Mr. *Tilham*, late of *Colchester*.

Mr. *Philip Nye*.

Mr. *Feak*.

Mr. *Stamley* of *Dorchester*.

George *Fox*, executor of the last will and testament of *James Naylor*, deceased.

Dr. *Lazarus Seaman*.

Mr. *Dell*, late of *Cambridge*.

Dr. *Owen*.

Mr. *Bryan*, late of *Coventry*.

Mr. *Matthew Mead*.

Mr. *John Coppin*.

Dr. *Manton*.

Mr. *Kiffen*.

The executor of Mr. *Venner*, lately executed.

Mr. *Thomas Case*.

Mr. *Reynor*, late of *Lincoln*.

Mr. *Ralph Venning*.

Mr. *Rogers*.

Mr. *Benn*, late of *Dorchester*.

Mr. *George Griffith*, late of *Charter-house*.

The executor of *Hugh Peters*, lately executed.

Mr. *George Newton*, late of *Taunton*.

Mr. *Daniel Dyke*, late of *Hertfordshire*.

Mr. *William Jenkins*.

Mr. *Fisher*, late of *Kent*.

Dr. *Thomas Goodwin*.

Mr. *Hammond*, late of *Newcastle*.

Mr. *Peter Sterry*.

Mr. *Bridges*, late of *Yarmouth*.

Mr. *Joseph Carryll*.

Mr. *Tombes*, late of *Lemster*.

Mr. *Leigh*, late of *Lombard-street*.

Mr. *Mayo*, late of *Kingston*.

Mr. *Joshua Sprigg*.

Mr. *Henry Jessey*.

Mr. *Newcomen* of *Dedham* in *Essex*.

Dr. *Tuckney* of *Cambridge*,

Dr. *Cornelius Burges*.

Mr. Zachary Crofton.

Dr. Holmes.

Mr. John Cann.

Mr. Thomas Brooks.

That the persons aforesaid may be constituted *grand commissioners*, and farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, within the kingdom of England, dominion of *Wales*, and town of *Berwick*, and may be impowred to set up one publick office within the city of *London*, and to nominate and elect a convenient number of registers, clerks, and other officers: and for the more certainty of all *certificates* to be granted, as is hereafter appointed, the said *grand commissioners* and farmers may form a common seal to be known, and called by the common name of *the publick seal of the grand commissioners and farmers of Liberty of Conscience*; engraven, *An ass without ears, braying*, with this motto encircled, *Stat pro ratione libertas*: and the said grand commissioners and farmers, or any twenty four of them in the said office assembled, may, from time to time, compound and agree for *Liberty of Conscience*, with any person or persons, under such rates and qualifications, as are hereafter specified.

That the said grand commissioners and farmers, or any twenty four of them, may constitute and appoint under the publick seal of the office, sub-commissioners, and other officers, for every county within the said kingdom, not exceeding the number of twelve, for each county, whereof seven to be a *Quorum*, who may compound and agree for *Liberty of Conscience*, with any person or persons, select congregations, cities, towns corporate, parishes, hamlets, and villages, by the great, or otherwise, within their respective countries not exceeding the rates hereafter mentioned.

*Rates to be observed in all compositions for
Liberty of Conscience.*

	Per Annum.	l.	s.	d.
A Presbyterian Minister.		5	0	0
A ruling Elder.		4	0	0
A Deacon.		3	0	0
A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship to all Ordinances.		2	0	0
		A Com.		

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
<i>A Common Hearer only.</i>	1	0	0
<i>An Independent Pastor.</i>	5	0	0
<i>A Teaching Elder.</i>	4	0	0
<i>A Helper in Government.</i>	3	0	0
<i>A Deacon.</i>	3	0	0
<i>A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship to all Ordinances.</i>	2	0	0
<i>A Common Hearer only.</i>	1	0	0
<i>A Baptist, admitted to the Administration of all Ordinances.</i>	5	0	0
<i>A Preaching Assistant.</i>	4	0	0
<i>An Elder in Office.</i>	3	0	0
<i>A Deacon.</i>	2	0	0
<i>A Hearer, in Fellowship, Male or Female, to all Ordinances.</i>	2	0	0
<i>A common Hearer only.</i>	1	0	0
<i>A Fifth Monarcher, admitted to hold forth.</i>	5	0	0
<i>An Elder, under the same Administration.</i>	3	0	0
<i>A Deacon, under the same Administration.</i>	3	0	0
<i>A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship, according to the value of his or her estate, 2 s. per l. per annum.</i>			
<i>A common Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship, according to the value of his or her estate, 12 d. per l. per Annum.</i>			
<i>A Speaking Male Quaker.</i>	4	0	0
<i>A Speaking Female Quaker.</i>	3	0	0
<i>A Common Quaker, Male or Female.</i>	2	0	0
<i>A Confessor.</i>	6	0	0
<i>A Seminary of Mass-Priests at large,</i>	5	0	0
<i>A Private Mass-Priest.</i>	4	0	0
<i>A Roman Catholick in any other Order.</i>	3	0	0
<i>A Roman Catholick, not in Order, Male or Female.</i>	1	0	0
<i>An Officer under any Administration not mentioned in the rates aforesaid, being a Native of England, such only excepted as stand conformable to the Church of England.</i>	5	0	0
<i>A common Person under any Administration not mentioned in the rates aforesaid, being a Native of England, such only excepted as stand conformable to the Church of England.</i>	2	0	0

An Officer, under any Administration whatsoever, not a Native of England, except conformable to the Church of England. l. s. d. 10 0 0

A private Person under any Administration whatsoever, not a Native of England, except conformable to the Church of England. 5 0 0

Rates to be observed, in Compounding for Liberty of Conscience, in the particulars following, viz.

FOR Liberty to assert the Pope's Supremacy. l. s. d. 10 0 0

For Liberty to Write, Speak, or Preach, against the Government, as they shall be inwardly moved. 5 0 0

For Liberty to keep on their Hats before Magistrates, or in Courts of Judicature. 2 0 0

For Liberty to rail publicly against the Bishops and Common-Prayer. 1 0 0

For Liberty to refuse all manner of Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, or in Cases Civil or Criminal. 2 0 0

For Liberty to deny Tythes, and other Church-Duties. 1 0 0

For Liberty to expound the Revelations, and the Book of Daniel. 1 0 0

For Liberty to disturb any Congregation after Sermon. 0 10 0

For Liberty to assert the Solemn League and Covenant. 1 5 0

For Liberty to instruct Youth in the short Catechism, set forth by the Assembly of Divines. 0 10 0

That any person or persons, gifted for any the particulars abovesaid, may have liberty therein, either as an Itinerate, in private or publick, at the rates abovesaid.

That no person or persons be admitted to compound for Liberty of Conscience, until he, or they, have first taken, and subscribed to the solemn Protestation following, before the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, or their Sub-Commissioners respectively.

I A. B. do here solemnly protest, that I judge myself
 still bound by the Solemn League and Covenant, by the en-
 gagement

gement, by private church-covenant, or by any other oath which I have taken ever since the year 1641. And that, so far as with safety to my person and estate I may, I will endeavour the utter extirpation of episcopacy; and, to the utmost of my power, will abett and promote all schism, faction and discord, both in church and state, according to the best form and manner, prescribed and laid open in the sermons of many of the grand commissioners and farmers, before the parliament, appointed to be printed, and now called the homilies of the separated churches. And that I will never, by what conviction of authority soever, whether legal or episcopal, ever consent to the established doctrine and discipline of the church of England.

And I do likewise believe, that liberty of conscience was a mysterious, yet profitable talent, committed to the churches, and that it may be lawfully farmed out for advantage and improvement.

That no person, within the kingdom of England, dominions of Wales, or town of Berwick, may, from, and after the twenty fifth day of March next, use or exercise any manner of *Liberty of Conscience*, except persons standing conformable to the church of England; until such person or persons shall first take the solemn protestation, and shall compound with the said grand commissioners and farmers, for *Liberty of Conscience*, nor shall he be admitted or permitted to be a *speaker or bearer*, in any meeting or assemblies whatsoever.

That the said grand commissioners and farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have power to constitute, under the publick seal of the said office, a convenient number of *spiritual gagers*, who may have and exercise all such powers, privileges and authorities, as the *gagers* for excise of beer and ale have, or ought to have and enjoy, and, may at any time, in case of suspicion, enter into any house or place, publick or private, to *gage and try* the spirits and affections of any person or persons; and by praying, preaching, or other good exhortation, dissuade from episcopacy; and the common-prayer, the better to fit and prepare them to compound for *Liberty of Conscience*.

That the said grand commissioners and farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have power to fine any person or persons, (not exceeding the sum of twenty pounds for every offence) who shall, after composition for *Liberty of*
Conscience,

Conscience, and subscribing the *solemn protestation*, be present in any church or chapel, within the kingdom of England, dominion of *Wales*, and town of *Berwick*, in the time of any part of divine service, *unless at the funeral of his father*, or some other like occasion, or shall either respond, be uncovered, or carry himself reverently in the time of divine service aforesaid.

That the said grand commissioners and farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, or any twenty four of them, assembled at the office aforesaid, may have and exercise a *jurisdiction of appeal*, in all matters relating to *Liberty of Conscience*, within the said kingdom of *England*, and shall have a conclusive power, in all matters brought before them, by way of appeal as aforesaid.

That for the better management of all such matters as shall be brought judicially before the said grand commissioners and farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, by way of appeal, the said grand commissioners and farmers shall have power to constitute and appoint Mr. *Oliver St. John*, and such others as they judge fit for their said service, to be of standing-council with the said grand commissioners and farmers: and the said Mr. *Oliver St. John*, being so constituted and appointed under the publick seal of the said office, shall, and may be exempted and discharged from being in any publick office, or place of trust or profit, for the said term of seven years, any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That if any person or persons shall happen to be proceeded against, in any of the *ecclesiastical courts* of the bishops of this kingdom, for *contumacy*, for *non-conformity*, for *non-payment of tythes*, and other church duties, for *publick railing against the bishops*, and *common-prayer*, or the *government of the church of England*, or shall speak *opprobriously* or *scandalously* against the *doctrine* or *discipline* thereof, as *antichristian*, or shall maintain any positions or doctrine contrary thereunto; every such person producing a certificate from the said grand commissioners and farmers under the publick seal of the said office, that such person or persons are under composition for *Liberty of Conscience*, shall actually be discharged, and all farther proceedings stayed; any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That if any persons shall happen to be indicted, or criminally proceeded against, in any of his majesty's courts

at *Westminster*, or elsewhere, within the kingdom of *England*, either for *treasonable speeches*, or *practices*, for publick railing at the government, or for *scandalous words* against either or both houses of parliament, or for transgressing any of the penal laws and statutes of this kingdom, every such person or persons, producing a certificate from the said grand commissioners and farmers, under the publick seal of the said office, that such person or persons are under composition for *Liberty of Conscience*; and that such words or practices were not spoken or acted *malitiosè*, but were only the natural and proper effects and product of *Liberty of Conscience*, shall be discharged, and all further proceedings stayed; any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That the said grand commissioners and farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have power from time to time, to ordain *pastors*, *elders*, and *deacons*, or any other officers, under any administration whatsoever, by the laying on of the publick seal of the office: Which said imposition on the said publick seal being received with a certificate, shall be as lawful an ordination, as if every such person had received imposition from the hands of the *presbytery*; any late usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

That the said grand commissioners and farmers may have power, from time to time, to set apart days of publick fastings and humiliation, and thanksgiving; on which day it may be lawful for any person or persons appointed to officiate before the said grand commissioners and farmers, to stir up the people to a holy indignation against themselves, for having, by their want of zeal and brotherly kindness one towards another, lost many *precious enjoyments*; and above all, the never-to-be-forgotten loss of the late *power* and *dominion*, which, with the expense of so much *blood* and *rapine*, was put into the hands of the saints. And to take up for a lamentation, and great thoughts of heart, the divisions of *Reuben*, that having our sacks full, such an evil spirit should be found in the midst of us, as to fall out by the way; might it have been with those that abode by the stuff, as with those that went out to the battle, it had not been with us as at this day. Some starting aside, like a broken bow, in the year 48, others continue to bear the burden and heat of the day until 60, being harnessed, did then turn their backs in the day of battle: as was most sweetly handled at the

fast kept yesterday, at Mr. *Beal's*, by Mr. *Calamy*, Mr. *Baxter*, and others.

That the twentieth day of *April* next, commonly called *Easter monday*, be kept as a day of solemn fasting and humiliation, for a blessing upon these *gospel-undertakings*; and that Mr. *Edmund Calamy*, Mr. *Peter Sterry*, Dr. *Lazarus Seaman*, and Mr. *Feake*, be desired to carry on the work of the day in prayer and preaching, before the said grand farmers; and that the particulars following be recommended to their consideration in the work of the day.

- | | | |
|---------------|---|--|
| 1. To bewail, | { | 1. <i>All our Court Sins.</i> |
| | | 2. <i>Our Bishops Sins.</i> |
| | | 3. <i>Our Monks Sins.</i> |
| | | 4. <i>Our Common-Prayer Sins.</i> |
| 2. To divert, | { | 1. <i>Westminster-Hall Judgments.</i> |
| | | 2. <i>Our Old-Baily Judgments.</i> |
| | | 3. <i>Our Tower-Hill Judgments.</i> |
| | | 4. <i>Our Charing-Cross Judgments,</i> |
| | | 5. <i>Our Tyburn Judgments.</i> |

Lastly, for deliverance from the hand of *Dun*, that uncircumcised *Philistine*.

That the said grand commissioners and farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have power to build churches and chapels in any place or places, except upon such ground where churches or Chapels do already stand, in regard of the inconveniences of setting up *altar against altar*: And forasmuch as the custom of reading some part of the holy bible before sermon, commonly called first and second lessons, hath been found fruitless, that therefore the said grand commissioners and farmers, may have power to appoint instead thereof, the *annual* reading of those *sermons* preached by many of the said grand commissioners and farmers, before the *parliament*, upon special occasions of thanksgiving and humiliation, from the year 1641, to the year 1648. which said *sermons* may be called, *the bomilies of the separating churches*.

That the said grand commissioners and farmers may have power to require Mr. *Gilbert Millington*, and Mr. *Luke Robinson*, the lame evangelist, to deliver up all such articles, orders, books, papers, and other writings, as

were transacted before the late committee for plundered ministers; and likewise, all such as were passed and transacted before Mr. *Philip Ney*, and some others of the now grand commissioners and farmers, and heretofore called *commissioners*, or, *spiritual tryers*, to the end the said articles, orders, books, and other papers, may be printed and published, and may be kept at the said office upon record for ever, and appointed to be the book of canons of the separated churches.

All this being done, we may, upon *scripture grounds*, expect, that the door of hope may yet be open to us, and our children after us, to see the travail of our souls, and to set us into the promised land, and to reap some of those clusters of the grapes of *Canaan*, which, with so much labour and toil of body and mind, were planted, especially in the years of 1641, 42, 43, 44, 45. by many of us, and other *precious saints* and ministers of the gospel, who are since fallen asleep, and have, we hope reaped the fruits of those labours, the Lord having in that day put a mighty spirit into us, and set us as watchmen upon the towers of *Israel* to cry mightily, *Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly*. Grant that those *heart-breaking labours* of ours, those *king-destroying labours*, those *kingdom-ruining labours*, those *gospel-scandalizing labours*, those *church-subverting labours*, those *soul-confounding labours* of ours, may never be forgotten, but may be written, as with the point of a diamond, upon the heart of the *king*, upon the hearts of the *bishops*, upon the heart of the *parliament*, and upon the hearts of all the *people*, from *Dan*, to *Beer-sheba*, that so in God's good time, we may receive our reward seven-fold into our own bosoms, and that the generations to come, may hear and fear, and do no more so wickedly. So prays

S. BUTLER.

The Round-Heads Resolution.

WHEREAS we are, through our great ignorance and obstinacy, grown to a most *sedition* and *malignant head*, and the horns of that head (tho' of a main length) not able to support our *arrogant faction*, as appears by our last being soundly slashed and bastinadoed, by a mad crew called the *Cavaliers*; and whereas a great part

of us have shut up our shops, because we could no longer keep them open; which kind of shutting up, proceedeth commonly from our vast expence in *white-broths, custards,* and other *luxurious dishes*, provided for the edification one of another. And whereas the multitude, called *true protestants*, endeavour to hold up bishops, to maintain good order, discipline, and orthodox preaching in the *church; learning and arts* in the *universities*, and *peace* in the *commonwealth*; in which is nothing but *idolatry, superstition, profaneness, and plain popery*: and further, whereas we (who are nothing properly but *Round-Heads* and *Fanaticks*) are in most scandalous manner termed *holy brethren, the zealots of the land*, and which in sincerity we never were or ever will be.

And forasmuch likewise as the prophane world of *true protestants*, are a stiff-necked generation, and will not yield unto us the preheminance of *doctrine and religion*, notwithstanding the many senseless two hours of those *spiritual trumpets* of our faction, the sanctified *clergy-lecturers*, or of our more divine lectures of our supreme *she-lecturers*, whose bowels do even yearn for the getting in of the saints unto us, and have, as it were, even a zealous lusting after us.

And forasmuch as the *religion* professed by us, is the purest and most decent, as appears by the great love and community betwixt the brethren and the sisters, the conveniency of the *woods, saw-pits, and dark places*, the putting out *lights*, and defying those *tapers of iniquity*, which cause us to behold our own *wicked deeds*, the goodly bigness of the ear, with the shortness of the hair, which hindereth not the sound of the shepherd's voice, but easily heareth them call to a great feast, amongst the rich saints; the length and sharpness of the nose, which not only smelleth the sweet savours of the holy *plumb-broth*, but also promiseth an eager appetite to some good work towards the *younger sisters*; the roundness of the band, the length of the doublet, and the shortness of the *breeches*, being a habit correspondent to the pictures of the apostles in the *Geneva* print; the mightiness of our *faith*, which is able to remove a church into a wood; the transparency of our *charity*, that is so invisible, that neither the right hand nor the left ever knew it; the multitude of our *godly works* which no man living can number, the godly works of our tautological prayers, and the zeal thereof, which

brings us even to divine consumption, whereby we look like the prodigal son at his return home, or the priests in the Arras; the desying of all fathers, bishops, and doctors, conformable persons, canonical robes, ecclesiastical gestures, and utensils, all learning, liberal arts and degrees, as the rags of superstition, the dregs of popery, are abominable in the goggle eyes of a right *Round-Head*; and yet this *simple innocent* profession is scorned and baffled, and by whom, but by *scholars*, and such as profess learning? which is no more necessary to religion, than a publick church (which verily) is but a den of thieves when we are absent.

All which grievances do stand with much reason, and therefore are utterly against our *tender consciences*, and never were allowed by any synod of *More-fields* or *Westminster*.

That therefore which we do now resolve to maintain, and desire to have confirmed, and never to be altered (till some new toy tickles us in the *pericranium*, which will be very shortly) is,

1. That our religion, tenants, and manors, before-mentioned, be established and maintained against all *reason, learning, divinity, order, discipline, morality, piety, or humanity*, whatsoever.

2. That the very name of *bishops*, shall be a sufficient jury and judge, to condemn any of them, without any further evidence or circumstance.

3. That if any man whatsoever, having knowledge in the *latin tongue* (being a popish language) shall presume to think he can save a soul by preaching, he shall be *excommunicated* both in this world and in the world to come; unless it be some certain *lecturers*, of whose approved *railing and ignorance* we are well assured, and have known to stand *six hours* on a fasting day.

4. That the *Felt-maker* and the *Cobler*, two innocent *cuckolds*, may be instituted *primates* and *metropolitans* of the two *arch-provinces*, and the rest of the *sect* preserved, according to their imbecilities of spirit, to such *bishopricks* and other livings, as will competently serve to procure fat poultry, for the filling of their insatiate stomachs, in which regard, church-livings had more need to be increased, than diminished.

5. That no man whatsoever, who bears the name of *Cavalier*, may be capable of making any of the brethren
a *cuckold*

a cuckold, unless he cut his hair, and alter his profession; but he excluded from the *conventicles*, as the king's friend, and a reprobate.

6. Lastly, That there be two whole days set a part to fast and pray for the confusion of all that are not thus resolved.

The Assembly-Man.

An *Assembler* is part of the *state's* chatels: nor priest, nor *burgess*, but a *participle* that sharks upon both. He was chosen, as Sir *Nathaniel*, because he knew least of all his profession: not by the votes of a whole diocese, but by one whole parliament-man. He has sat four years, towards a new religion, but in the interim left none at all: as his masters, the *commons*, had a long debate, *whether candles or no candles*, but all the mean while they sat still in the dark: and therefore when the moon quits her old light, and has acquired no new, astronomers say she is in her *synodes*; shew me such a picture of *Judas* as the *assembler* (a gripping, false, reforming brother, rails at waste spent upon the *anointed*, persecutes most those hands which *ordained* him, brings in *men with swords and staves*; and all for money from the honourable *Scribes* and *Pharisees*,) one touch more (a line tied to his name-sake *Elder-Tree*) had made him *Judas*, root and branch. This *Assembly* at first was a full century, which should be reckoned as the scholiast's *becatomb*, by their feet, not heads; or count them by scores, for in things without heads six-score go to an hundred, they would be a new septuagint; the old translated scripture out of *hebrew* into *greek*, these turn into four shillings a day. And these assemblers were begot in one day, as *Hercules's* fifty bastards all in one night. Their first list was sprinkled with some names of honour, (*Dr. Sanderfon*, *Dr. Morley*, *Dr. Hammond*, &c.) but these were divines, too worthy to mix with such scandalous ministers, and would not assemble, without the royal call. Nay, the first list had one archbishop, one bishop, and an half, (for bishop *Brownrigg* was then but elect.) But now their assembly (as philosophers think the world) consists of *atoms*, petty small *Legites*, whose parts are not perceptible. And yet these inferior postern teachers have in-

toxcated *England* (or a man sometimes grows drunk by a clyster.) When they all meet, they shew beasts in *Africk*, by promiscuous coupling engender monsters. Mr. *Selden* visits them (as *Persians* use) to see wild asses fight: when the commons have tired him with their new law, these brethren refresh him with their mad gospel: they lately were gravell'd betwixt *Jerusalem* and *Jericho*, they knew not the distance betwixt those two places; one cried twenty miles, another ten, it was concluded seven, for this reason, that fish was brought from *Jericho* to *Jerusalem* market: Mr. *Selden* smiled and said, perhaps the fish was salt-fish; and so stopped their mouths. Earl *Philip* goes thither to hear them spend; when he heard them tofs their national, provincial, classical, congregational; he swore damnably, that a pack of good dogs made better musick: his allusion was proper, since the elder's maid had a four-legged husband. To speak truth, this assembly is the two houses tiring-room, where the lords and the commons put on their vizors and masques of religion. And their honours have so sifted the church, that at last they have found the bran of the clergy: yet such poor church-menders must reform and shuffle, tho' they find church-government may a thousand ways be changed for the worse, but not one way for the better. These have lately published annotations on the Bible, where their first note (on the word *CREATE*) is a libel against kings, for creating of honours. Their annotation of *Jacob's* two kids, is, that two kids are too much for one man's supper: but he had (say they) but one kid, and the other made fauce. They observe upon *Herod*, what a tyrant he was, to kill infants under two years old, without giving them legal tryal, that they might speak for themselves. Commonly they follow the *Geneva* margin, as those seamen who understood not the compass crept along the shore. But I hear they threaten a second edition, and in the interim thrust forth a paultry catechism, which expounds nine commandments, and eleven articles of the creed. Of late they are much in love with chronograms, because (if possible) they are duller than *Anagrams*; O how they have torn the poor bishops names to pick out the number 666! little dreaming that a whole baker's dozen of their own assembly have that beastly number in each of their names, and that as exactly as their solemn league and covenant consists of 666 words. But tho' the assembler's

assembler's brains are lead, his countenance is brass; for he damned such as held two benefices, while himself has four or five, besides his concubine lecture. He is not against pluralities, but dualities; he says it is unlawful to have two of his own, tho' four of other mens; and observes how the *Hebrew* word for *life* has no singular number. Yet it is some relief to a sequestred person to see two assemblers snarl for his tithes; for of all kind of beasts none can match an assembler but an assembler. He never enters a church by the door, but clambers up through a window of sequestration, or steals in through vaults and cellars, by clandestine contracts with an expecting patron. He is most sure no law can hurt him, for laws died in *England* the year before the assembler was born. The best way to hold him is (as our king *Richard* bound the king of *Cyprus*) in silver chains. He loves to discourse of the new *Jerusalem*, because her streets are of fine gold; and yet could like *London* as well, were *Cheapside* paved with the philosopher's stone. Nay, he would say his prayers with beads, if he might have a sett made of all diamonds: this, this is it which tempts him to such mad articles against the loyal clergy, whom he dresses as he would have them appear, just as the ballad of *Dr. Faustus* brings forth the devil, in a friar's weed. He accused one minister for saying, the blessed virgin was the mother of God, (*Θεοτόκος*, as the ancients call her.) Another he charged for a common drunkard, whom all the country knows has drunk nothing but water these twenty-six years. But the assembler himself can drink widows tears, tho' their husbands are not dead. Sure if *Paracelsus's* doctrine were true, (that to eat creatures alive will perpetuate man's life) the assembler were immortal, for he swallows quick men, wives, and children, and devours lives as well as livings; as if he were born in that pagan province where none might marry till he hath killed twelve christians. This makes him kneel to lieutenant-general *Cromwell* (as *Indians* to the devil) for he saw how *Oliver* first threw ---, then --- and can with a wink do as much for ---: like *Milo* in the *Olympicks*, by practising on a calf grew strong enough for a bull, and could with ease give a lift to an ass. The great *Turk* was sending his ambassador, to congratulate the assemblies proceedings against the christians; he ordered them thanks for licensing his *Alcoran* to be printed in *English*; but hearing *Otto-*

man Cromwell had talked of marching to the walls of *Constantinople*, that embassy was stopt. The only difference betwixt the assembler and a *Turk* is, that one plants religion by the power of the sword, and the other by the power of the symeter. Nay, the greatest strife in their whole conventicle, is, who shall do worst; for they all intend to make the church but a sepulchre, having not only plundered but anatomised all the true clergy; whose torment is heightened in being destroyed by such dull instruments; as the prophet *Isaiab* was sawn to pieces with a wooden saw. The assembler wonders that the king and his friends live still in hope; he thinks them all in *St. Clement's* case, drowned with an anchor tied about his neck. He has now got power to visit the universities, where these blinking visitors look on eminent scholars (as the blind man who saw men like trees) as timber growing within the root-and-branch ordinance. The assembler has now left scholars so poor, they have scarce rags wherewith to make paper. A man would think the two houses intend to transport the universities, since they load asses with college-revenues. For tho' these assemblers made themselves heads, they are rather hands of colleges, for they all are takers, and take all. And yet they are such creeping tyrants, that scholars are expelled the two universities, as the old *Thracians*, forced from their country by rats and mice. So that learning now is so much advanced, as *Arrowsmith's* glass-eye sees more than his natural. They never admit a good scholar to a benefice, for the assembly's balance is the lake of *Sodom*, where iron swims and feathers sink. Their divinity-disputations are with women or lay-men; and 'tis only on one question (episcopacy) where the assembler talks all that he and his friends can say, (tho' his best medium to prove presbyters more ancient than bishops, is, that *Scribes*, *Pharisees*, *Priests*, and *Elders* were before the apostles;) yet if a scholar or good argument comes, he flies them as much as if they were his text. This made him curse *Dr. Steward*, *Dr. Lancy*, and *Dr. Hammond*; and had he not had more brass in his face than in his kitchin, he had hanged himself at *Uxbridge*, and ended with that treaty. For he has naught of logick, but her clutched fist, and rails at philosophy as beggars do at gentlemen. He has very bad luck when he deals in philology, as one of them (and that no mean man) who in his preface to the reader, says,

that

that St. *Paul* had read *Eustatbius* upon *Homer*, tho' the apostle died a thousand years before *Eustatbius* was born. The assembler's diet is strangely different, for he dines wretchedly on dry bread at *Westminster*, four assemblers for thirteen pence: but this sharpens and whets him for supper, where he feeds *gratis* with his city-landlord, to whom he brings a huge stomach, and news; for which cram'd capons cram him. He screws into families where is some rich daughter or heir; but whoever takes him into their bosom will die like *Cleopatra*. When it rains he is coached (a classis of them together) rowling his eyes to mark who beholds him. His shortest things are his hair and his cloak. His hair is cut to the figure of 3, two high cliffs run up his temples, whose cap of shorn hair shoots down his forehead, with creeks indented, where his ears ride at anchor. Had this false prophet been carried with *Habbakuk*, the angel had caught fast hold of his ears, and led him as he leads his auditory. His eyes are part of his tythe at *Easter*, which he boils at each sermon. He has two mouths, his nose is one, for he speaks through both. His hands are not in his gloves, but his gloves in his hands, for betwixt sweatings, that is, sermons, he handles little else, except his dear mammon. His gown (I mean his cloak) reaches but his pockets: when he rides in that mantle, with a hood on his shoulders, and a hat above both, is he not then his own man of sin with the triple crown? you would swear some honest carpenter dressed him, and made him the tunnel of a country chimney. His doublet and hose are of dark blue, a grain deeper than pure *Coventry*: but of late he is in black, since the loyal clergy were persecuted into colours. His two longest things are his nails and his prayers. But the cleanest thing about him is his pulpit cushion, for he still beats the dust out of it. To do him right, commonly he wears a pair of good lungs, whereby he turns the church into a belfry, for his clapper makes such a din, you cannot hear the cymbal for the tinkling. If his pulpit be large he walks his round, and speaks as from a garrison, (his own neck is palisadoed with a ruff) when he first enters his prayer before sermon, he winks and gasps, and gasps and winks, as if he prepared to preach in another world, he seems in a slumber, then in a dream, then rumbles a while, at last sounds forth, and then throws so much dirt and nonsense towards

wards heaven, as he durst not offer to a member of parliament. Now because scripture bids him not curse the king in his thought, he does it in his pulpit, by word of mouth; tho' heaven strike him dumb in the very act, as it did *Hill* at *Cambridge*, who, while he prayed, *depose him, O Lord, who would depose us*, was made the dumb devil. This (one would think) should gargle his foul mouth. For his only hope why God should hear him against the king, is, the devil himself (that great assembler) was heard against *Job*. His whole prayer is such an irrational bleating, that (without a metaphor) 'tis the calves of his lips: and commonly 'tis larded with fine new words as *Savingable*, *Muchly*, *Christ-Jesufness*, &c. and yet he has the face to preach against prayer in an unknown tongue. Sometimes he is foundered, and then there is such hideous coughing: but that is very seldom, for he can glibly run over nonsense, as an empty cart trundles down a hill. When the king girt round the earl of *Essex* at *Lestytbiel*, an assembler complained, that *God had drawn his people into the wilderness*; and told him, *he was bound in honour to feed them*; for *Lord*, said he, *since thou givest them no meet, we pray thee O Lord, give them no stomachs*. He tore the liturgy, because, forsooth, it shackled his spirit, (he would be a devil without a circle;) and now if he see the book of common prayer, the fire sees it next, as sure as those bishops were burned who compiled it. Yet he has mercy on *Hopkins* and *Sternbold*, because their meters are sung without authority (no statute, canon, or injunction at all) only like himself, first crept into private houses, and then into churches. Mr. *Rouse* moved those matters might be sequestred, and his own new rhymes to enjoy the sequestration; but was refused, because *John Hopkins* was as ancient as *John Calvin*; besides, when *Rouse* stood forth for his trial, *Robin Wisdom* was found the better poet. 'Tis true, they have a directory, but 'tis good for nothing but *Adoniram*, who sold the original for 400 l. And the book must serve both *England* and *Scotland*, as the directory needle points *North* and *South*. The assembler's only ingenuity is, that he prays for an extempore spirit, since his conscience tells him he has no learning. His prayer thus ended, he then looks round, to observe the sex of his congregation, and accordingly turns the apostles men, fathers, and brethren, into dear brethren and sisters

fters. For his usual auditory is most part female; and as many sisters flock to him, as at *Paris* on saint *Margaret's* day, when all come to church that are, or hope to be with child that year. He divides his text as he did the kingdom, makes one part fight against another: or as *Burgefs* divides the dean of *Paul's* house, not into parts but tenements; that is, so as it will yield most money. And properly they are tenements; for each part must be dwelt upon, tho' himself comes near it but once a quarter; and so his text is rather let out than divided. Yet sometimes (to shew his skill in *Keckerman*) he butchers a text, cuts it (just as the *Levite* did his concubine) into many dead parts, breaking the sense and words all to peices, and then they are not divided, but shattered, like the splinters of *Don Quixot's* lance. If his text be to the occasion, his first dish is apples of gold, in pictures of silver; yet tells not the people what pictures those were. His sermon and prayer grin at each other, the one is presbyterian, the other independent, for he preaches up the classes, yet prays for the army. Let his doctrine and reason be what they will, his use is still to save his benefice and augment his lecture. He talks much of truth, but abhors peace, lest it strip him as naked as truth; and therefore hates a personal treaty, unless with a sister. He has a rare simpering way of expressions, he calls a married couple, saints that enjoy the mystery; and a man drunk, is a brother full of the creature. Yet at wedding-sermons he is very familiar, and (like that picture in the church at *Leyden*) shews *Adam* and *Eve* without fig-leaves. At funerals he gives infallible signs that the party is gone to heaven; but his chief mark of a child of God, is, to be good to God's ministers. And hence it is he calls his preachment *manna*, fitted not to his hearers necessity but their palates; for 'tis to feed himself, not them. If he chance to tire, he refreshes himself with the peoples hum, as a collar of bells cheer up a pack-horse. 'Tis no wonder he will preach, but that any will hear him, (and his constant auditors do but shew the length of their ears;) for he is such an *Αβιλαροκόκυξ*, that to hear him makes good scholars sick, but to read him is death, Yet tho' you hear him three hours, he will ask a fourth, as the beggar at *Delft* craves your charity because he eats four pound of bread at a meal. 'Twas from his larum the *Watch-makers* learned their infinite screw. His glass and text

are

are equally handled, that is, once an hour: nay, some times he failes and never returns, and then we should leave him to the company of *Lorimers* for he must be held with bit and bridle, Whoever once has been at his church can never doubt the history of *Balaam*. If he have got any new tale or expression, 'tis easier to make stones speak, than him to hold his peace. He hates a church where there is an *Eccbo*, for it robs him of his dear repetition, and confounds the auditory as well as he. But of all mortals I admire the short-hand-men, who have the patience to write from his mouth: had they the art to shorten it into sense, they might write his whole sermon on the back of their nail; for his invention consists in finding a way to speak nothing upon any thing; and were he in the *Grand Seignior's* power, he would lodge him with his mutes; for nothing, and nothing to purpose, are all one. I wonder in conscience he can preach against sleeping at his *Opium*-sermons. He preaches indeed both in season and out of season; for he rails at popery, when the land is almost lost in presbytery; and would cry out fire, fire, in *Noah's Flood*. Yet all this he so acts with his hands, that in this sense too his preaching is an handicraft. Nor can we complain that plays are put down while he can preach; save only his sermons have worse sense and less truth. But he blew down the stage and preached up the scaffold. And very wisely, lest men should track him, and find where he pilfers all his best similes, (the only thing wherein he is commendable, *St. Paul* himself having culled sentences from *Menander's Thais*, tho' it was his worst, that is, unchast comedy.) Sometimes the assembler will venture at the original, and then (with the translator of *Don Quixot*) he mistakes sobs and sighs for eggs and collops. But commonly (for want of *Greek* and *Latin*) he learns *Hebrew*, and streight is illuminated, that is, mad; his brain is broke by a brickbat cast from the tower of *Babel*, and yet this empty windy teacher has lectured a war quite round the kingdom: he has found a circulation of blood for destruction (as famous *Harvey* for preservation) of mankind. 'Twas easy to foresee a great mortality, when ravens were heard in all corporations: for, as multitude of frogs presage a pestilence, so croaking lecturers foretold an assembly. Men come to church as the great *Alexander* went to sacrifice, led by crows. You have seen a small elder-tree grow in chinks and clefts of church.

church-walls, it seems rather a weed than a tree; which lend it growth, makes a rent in the wall, and throws down the church. Is not this the assembler? grown from schisms, (which himself begot) and, if premitted, will make the church but a floor or church-yard. Yet, for all this, he will be called Christ's minister and saint, as the rebels against king *John* were the army of God. Sure when they meet they cannot but smile, for the dullest amongst them needs must know that they all cheat the people; such gross, low, impostors, that we die the death of the emperor *Claudius*, poisoned by mushrooms. The old hereticks had skill and learning, (some excuse for a seduced church) those were scholars, but these assemblers; whose very brains (as *Manichæus's* skin) are stuffed with chaff. For they study little, and preach much, ever sick of a diabetes: nor do they read, but weed authors, picking up cheap and refuse notes, that, with *Caligula*, they gather cockle shells, and, with *Domitian*, retire into their study to catch flies. At fasts and thanksgivings the assembler is the state's trumpet; for then he doth not preach, but is blown; proclaims news very loud, the trumpet and his forehead being both of one mettle. (And yet, good man, he still prays for boldness.) He hackneys out his voice, like a cryer; and is a kind of spiritual adjutant, receives orders and spreads them. In earnest, the states cannot want this tool, for without him the saints would scarce assemble. And if the zealots chance to fly out, they are charmed home by this sounding brass. There is not on earth a baser sycophant; for he ever is chewing some vote or ordinance: and tells the people how savoury it is; like him who licked up the emperor's spittle and swore it was sweet. Would the two houses give him cathedral lands, he would prove lords and commons to be *Jure Divino*: but, should they offer him the self-denying-ordinance, he would justify the devil, and curse them to their faces, (his brother kirk-man did it in *Scotland*.) 'Tis pleasant to observe how finely they play into each other's hands; *Marshall* procures thanks to be given to *Sedgwick*, (for his great pains) *Sedgwick* obtains as much for *Marshall*, and so they all pimp for one another. But yet (to their great comfort be it spoken) their whole seven years sermons at *Westminster*, are now to be sold in *Fetter-Lane* and *Pyecorner*. Before a battle the assembler ever speaks to the soldiers, and the holding up of his hands

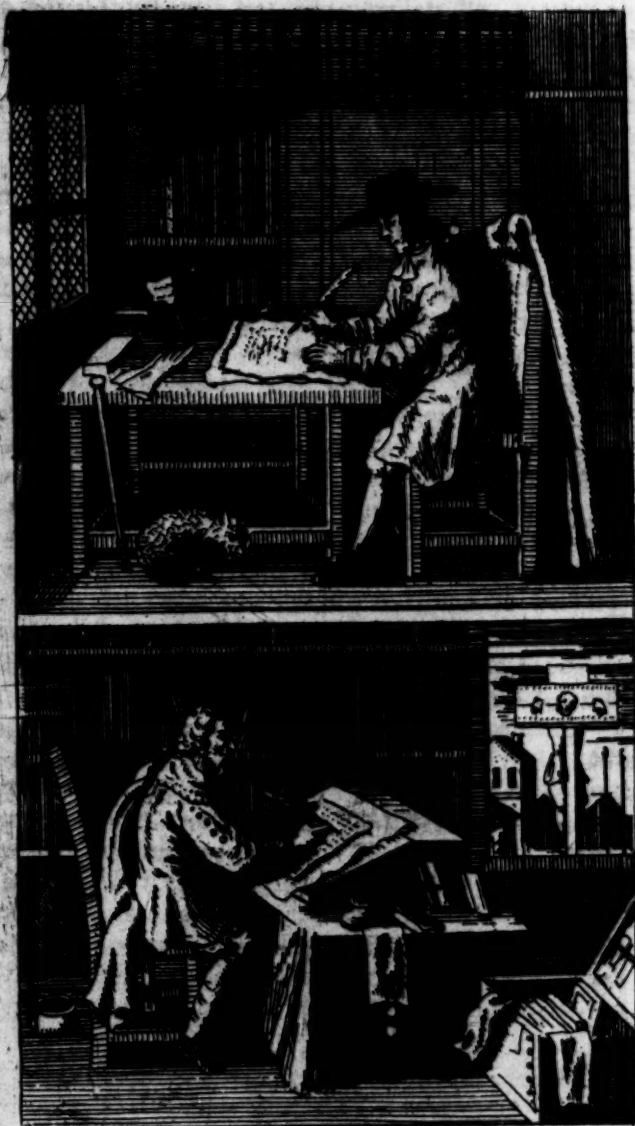
hands must be as necessary as *Moses's* against the *Amalekites*: for he pricks them on, tells them that God loves none but the valiant; but when bullets fly, himself runs first, and then cries, all the sons of *Adam* are cowards! were there any *Metempsychosis* his soul would want a lodging; no single beast could fit him, being wise as a sheep and innocent as a wolf. His sole comfort is, he cannot out-sin *Hugh Peters*: sure as satan hath possessed the assembler, so *Hugh Peters* hath possessed satan, and is the devil's devil: he alone would fill a whole herd of *Gadarenes*. He hath sucked blood ever since he lay in the butcher's sheets; and now (like his sultan) has a sham-ble in his countenance, so crimson and torrid you may there read how *St. Lawrence* died, and think the three children were delivered from his face. This is *St. Hugh* who will level the assembler, or the devil's an ass. Yoke these brethren, and they two couple like a *Sadducee* and a *Pharisee*, or a *Turk* and a *Persian*, both Mahumetans. But the assembler's deepest, highest, abomination, is his *Solemn League and Covenant*; whereby he strives to damn or beggar the whole kingdom; out-doing the devil, who only persuades, but the assembler forces to perjury or starving. And this (whoever lives to observe it) will one day sink both him and his faction: for he and his oath are so much one, that were he half hanged and let down again, his first word would be covenant! covenant!

But I forget, a character should be brief (tho' tedious length be his best character.) Therefore I will give ye (what he denies the sequestred clergy) but a fifth part: for weigh him single and he has the pride of three tyrants, the forehead of six goalers, and the fraud of twelve brokers. Or take him in the bunch, and their whole assembly is a club of hypocrites, where six dozen of schismatics spends two hours for four shillings apiece.



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Audland and Prynne page 236

*John Audland's Letter to William Prynne.**William Prynne,*

THOU perpetual *Scribe*, *Pharisee* and *Hypocrite*, born to the destruction of paper, and most unchristian effusion of ink; thou *Egyptian* task-master of the press, and unmerciful destroyer of goose-quills, thou dost plunder and strip thy poor kindred naked to the skin, to maintain thyself in a tyrannical and arbitrary way of scribbling against thy brethren, even the *Independants* and *Quakers*, over whom thou settest up thyself as an unrighteous judge; for a righteous judge hath an ear for both parties, and thou hast none for either. Verily, *William*, thou dost evil, and against the light within thee, to accuse thy brethren of that, whereof thou are more guilty thyself; for tho' they break an act of parliament, yet thou didst worse, when thou wouldst have made one thyself, after thou hadst engaged thy faith unto the house, that thou wouldst never lift up thy heel against them more: truly, thou shewest thyself in this, no better than a *Jew*, in throwing the first stone at them, unless thou wert innocent thyself, and all thy fundamental, municipal, common, natural law, will not serve to prove thee other, who hast been judged by the laws of the land as a *Pharisee*, to wear a philactery in publick, and hast had thine ears bored thro' according to the *Mosaical* law: and I fear thy pretended conversion to christianity is but in order to something else, as the *Mabometans* (they say) will not admit a *Jew* to turn *Turk*, unless he first become a christian: and that is the reason why thou art so cruel (like a renegado) to those of thine own sect; yea, even unto those in whose quarrel thou hast lost leather; for as one of thine ears was cut off for presbytery, even so was the other for independency. But now I speak of thine ears, give me leave to ask thee one question; I have heard, that those who have lost their legs, do sometimes nevertheless feel pains in their toes; and I would fain know, whether toward change of weather, thou dost not feel a kind of itching and tingling in those defunct parings of thine, especially when presbytery and government are like to peep out again. For what else does thy railing against the bishops (as well as us) hold forth? but that thou art the very same

same *William Pryne*, utter-barrister, that didst heretofore publish against them so many ridiculous hat-cases and band-boxes, in which thy works are always bound up, and are to be sold on the south-side of *Paul's* church-yard, where thy stationers live. Among those I have seen thy title-pages pasted, like mountebanks bills, in which thou dost always write reformation, law, religion, and fundamental, in capital letters, even as those quacks do pox and running of the reins, and both to the same purpose, namely, to deceive the reader, and vapour of more than thou art able to perform. But, O! the verbosity of thy writings! *Solomon* saith, in many words there is folly; and thou hast proved it true; for thou writest perpetually in the language of a conveyance, and dost not indite, but draw; and when thou shalt answer for every idle word, all the bills and answers in chancery will rise up in judgment against thee. For thou usest so many impertinent tautologies, that thy reader can never understand what thou meanest, unless he should take the pains to draw breviates of thy senseless repetitions, which is unsufferable, and not to be endured by a true born *English man*. And this serves thee to the same purpose that hems and hahs do thy gifted ghostly fathers, that is, to lose time, and put off thy commodity, namely, waste-paper, whereof thou endeavourst to obtain the monopoly, and thereby undo hundreds of families that live by writing lewd and profane plays; for when thou hast ingross'd the whole commodity of waste-paper into thine own hands, their work will be left upon theirs; and in this thou takest a more wise and rational course, than thou didst heretofore in writing indentures against them. For thou knowest not how to write in any other strain; and therefore to let thee see how easy it is to attain unto thy gifts, I will now speak unto thee a few words in thine own way. Dost thou not remember, *William Pryne*, when the long parliament, according to the ancient, known, fundamental, established custom, practice, usage, example of all rebels, traytors, *Cades*, *Tylers*, *Straws*, set upon the prisons, goals, dungeons, cages, and took the prisoners, felons, malefactors, jayl birds, into their protection, patronage, safeguard, tuition, and among others, thyself, *William Pryne* aforesaid, with thy brethren, companions, copemates, associates, *Burton*, *Bastwick*, *Lilborn*, *Poe*, &c. How the saints, brethren, godly, well-affected,

rode out to meet thee, with the sisters, helpers, damsels, handmaids, behind them, on the tail of the beast, stuck with antichristian, superstitious, idolatrous, rosemary and bays, to celebrate, welcome, and congratulate thy remitter! how they dawbed, dashed, defiled, and polluted thee the said *William Pryne*, with dirt, puddle, greetings, salutation, that thou didst look more like unto a pimp, pander, bawd newly carted, than an utter-barrister triumphant; and with how dirty and filthy a grace, fashion, and demeanor, thou didst bow, stoop, and lowt to thine idolaters, and rabble-rout crowd on both sides of the street, or streets, who made an idol of the rings of thine ears, even as the *Jews* did of their ear-rings. This, verily, *William*, is thy perfect style, and right manner of expression, in which thou art the freer of thy windy stuff, because thou comest easily by it, for thou dost but turn over thy concordance, and the indexes of thy books, and wheresoever thou findest any thing of quake, tremble and shake, from the motion of the Heavens to the wagging of a dogs-tail, thou appliest it right or wrong to us; and that it may seem to be to some purpose, thou didst always print it in capital letters, because such were heretofore, to very good purpose, imprinted on thy cheeks by the ministration of that son of *Belial*, the executioner. But I cannot understand how thou, or thy rabble of saints, could answer the churches for committing the abominable sin of bays and rosemariness, which they had before, and have since so often condemned; for if it be idolatrous and superstitious (as they have determined) to stick those creatures in the windows of steeple-houses, much more must it be on their own vessels. All that they have (in my opinion) to say for themselves, is, that they served thee up (like a *Westphalia* ham) with bays, as thou art a pagan poet, according to the profane custom of thy forefathers the heathen; tho' he that has the patience to read thy vile untunable ditties, will rather take thee for an *Irish* ratcatcher, that is said to rhyme vermin to death, than the *English* *Prudentius* or *Robert Wisdom* junior, as some of thine own tribe style thee, according to the flesh; for thou dost abuse scripture most unconscionably, against its own express command, in casting holy things into doggerel, which is worse and more abominable than unto dogs; and this thou performest so dully, that some of the virtuoso's have been puzzled to find out the reason of it, till they were

were informed, that when thou writest, thou dost use always to set a death's dead on thy desk before thee, as one *Campanello* a *Popish* frier, is said to have done the Pictures of those to whom he intended to address his writings, and found it most certain upon several experiments, that the person to the resemblance of whose countenance he could nearest force and screw his own, was always most pleased with his writings: and this they are confident is the natural reason why they compositions are so flat and dull, that they will hardly hold till the ink is dry, and when they are printed not one of an hundred will endure the stitching, but turn to such homely uses as they are most fit and proper for. Truly, *William*, if I were your friend, I would advise you to leave this freak of the devil's head, lest the young gentlemen of the house surprise you again, (as you know they once did at midnight) and make you drink health's-sickness in it again on your bare marrow-bones. But I wonder in what part of the world thy readers live, if there are any such creatures in nature! verily, they ought to have their shoulders grow above their heads (like *John Mandevill's* people in *Africk*) for there is more of labour and drudgery than understanding required, and they ought to have a large measure of patience, long-suffering, and ignorance, that can endure to read one page of thine: for as in the *North*, the more dirty and foul the highways are, the larger measure they allow to their miles, even so dost thou to thy tedious dull impertinencies; insomuch that some are of opinion, that thy readers ought to be dieted like running nags, before they can be in breath to read thy longwinded periods, which none but such as thyself will submit to, for if few words do best with the wise, none of those will ever endure to have any thing to do with thee. And yet I have heard, that thou dost not a little glory, that thy works have past thro' all sorts of times (but only those wherein they were refuted by the hand of thy old antagonist the hangman) without dispute or question. It is very true indeed, they are utterly incapable of confutation, as some places are rendered impregnable by their barren rocky situations, or by being fortified with mud walls and ditches. He that should venture to encounter thee at thy own weapon, might be said to revive the old way of fighting with sandbags, the true types of thy dry disjointed stuff; and beside, must of necessity cite so many several

veral sorts of wares from plumbs and sugar, to mungus and rats-bane, with which thy works are always bound up, that his writings will be charged with quotations, as full and dull as thine own: but since so many chandlers and haberdashers of small wares, have undertaken to confute thee, and proceeded so far therein already, it were an act of great imprudence to take the task out of their hands who are best able to go through with it. And therefore I shall leave it to them to determine, whether thou hast substantially and solidly proved the *Quakers* to be jesuitical romish capuchin frogs, with masks on their faces, put on by the jesuits, and pulled off by thee, as thou dost confidently undertake to perform in thy title page. Truly, *William*, I do confess those jesuits are dangerous fellows, thou hadst best look about thee and have a care, for it is verily believed by many knowing persons, that they have always set thee on work no less than the *Independents*; and have received a better return from thy horse-like drudgery, tho' thou hast no more wit to perceive than a fool has to know by what hand it is set on work. And if they bewitched the *Quakers* (as thou dost confidently affirm) it is most certain they have drawn thee into that feat too. For if it be true, as some carnal learned men aver, that witches fetch the materials of their medicines from gibbets and pillories, the parings of thine ears have been among their ingredients, and thou art guilty thereof.

But I fear I begin to be like thee, that is, tedious to no purpose, for I do not expect that any thing can do good upon thee, thou hast been so often incorrigible to the laws; for as the strength of two men in their wits is not sufficient to hold down and quiet one mad-man, even so art thou proof against all reason and light, and therefore I will cast away no more upon thee, but leaving thee to thine own darkness, with the old saying, bid thee twice goodnight.

JOHN AUDLAND.

The Answer of *William Prynn*.

John Audland,

THOU quaking Quack, jesuitical romish franciscan frog, see my *Quaker unmasked*, pag. 1. 13. Thou art the devil's dice-box, which he shakes, rattles, wagg, to gull, cheat, delude, and seduce the intoxicated

cated giddy-headed *English* nation. Thou art sick of thy church, and hast catch'd thy religion like a palsy, epilepsy, ague, and art taken with *tertian*, *quartan*, *quotidian* cold fits, at thy superstitious, idolatrous, jesuitical meetings, assemblies, conventicles. See my *Health's Sickness*, p. 150. *The Northern Blast*, p. 90. *The Pope crossing the cudgels*, p. 297. Whereas thou sayest I have no ears, &c. therein thou shewest that thou hast no light, reason, understanding; for as a house is judged to be a house in law, as long as any part thereof is standing; and a light piece of gold is good and lawful *English* coin, current with allowance, altho' it be clipped, filed, washed or worn; even so are my ears, legal, warrantable, and sufficient ears, and good in law, however they have been clipped, pared, cropped, circumcised, and I have a better title to the remainders than thou hast to thine, for they have been twice adjudged to me by the laws, of the land, which thine never were. For those parcels, scraps, shreds, that I was deprived of, did but confirm my right to those that are (see my own abridgment at large, page 29. *Liste upon Gerrard*, page 26. *The Legality of Treason*, into two parts, S. G. upon both, page 666.) left, for *exceptio firmat legem in casibus non exceptis*.

This shews that the light within thee, of which thou dost vapour, brag, vaunt, and extol thyself so much, is but a kind of dusky owl-light, a trembling, twinkling, stinking snuff, which thou carriest in thy paunch, guts, bowels, as an ox, bull, or cow, doth tallow to make candles of, or the cattle of *Lincolnsbire* do the fewel of the country; and thou knowest who it was that looked over *Lincoln*, and cried *All's mine*, as he will in time do over ye *Quakers*, frogs, vipers. See my *Hidden Works of Darkness*, page 400. *A Looking-glass for a blind Guide*, page 79. *Fryers a Fry of Frogs*, page 220, &c.

Whereas thou sayest, urgest, and objectest, that I would have made an act of parliament, therein thou art mistaken, deceived, and deluded, for I would rather have marred, spoiled, and perverted one, according to the sense, judgment, and opinion of the house (and *ejus est interpretari cujus est condere*; see *Bracton*) by putting in, adding and incerting some thing or things of my own invention, wit, contrivance, that had not passed their votes, and putting out, erasing, and expunging other things which had, which cannot be said, held, or judged to be a breach of law,

law, because it was before it was made one, and if it had been so, yet it would have proved no great crime, fault, offence, for exchange (thou knowest) is no robbery. See *The Foot out of the Snare*, page 53. *Prynne's Principles*, page 200. which is more than you can say, produce, or alledge for yourselves, who are a generation, spawn, litter of vipers, frogs, serpents, so obstinate, peremptory, incorrigible, that you break the act of Parliament, at the same time that it is put in execution against you, like unto a cut-purse that picks a pocket when he is going to be hang'd; for you crowd, thrust and intrude yourselves into prisons by shoals, that you may, in defiance of law, government, authority, meet more than five together, altho' it be in the goal. See my *Sword of Christian Magistracy suppressed*, page 550. *The Sectary dissected*, page 82.

Whereas thou sayest, I write in the stile, form, language of a conveyance, therein I do according to my profession, calling, vocation, and if thou hadst done so too, thou hadst been but a mechanick still, and hadst not ordained thyself a hedge Sir *John*, of an orderless order and unruly rule, the original, rise, or beginning whereof is as uncertain as the head or heads of *Nile*, or the catching of woodcocks, for no body can tell from whence it came (See *Truth triumphing*, page 79. *The Jesuit a Je-busite*, page 904.) a church or rather chapel indeed, that is built upon a quaking bog (mark that) or flat quicksand, without superior or inferior in it, like the knights of king *Arthur's* (See the *Seven Champions of Christendom*) round table, or the serpent *Amphisbæna* (of which see *Pliny*) that has a head at both ends.

Mahomet the false prophet of the *Turks*, was the first prophet, patriarch, founder of the *Quakers*: for he had trembling trances, and frantick fits of the falling-sickness, in which he had revelations, dreams, visions, whispered into his ear by a dove, pidgeon or widgeon, that he had instructed and taught, used to pick seeds out of his ear or ears; which seeds are the seeds of your church as well as his, for they produce the very same fruits, effects, workings in both, and both equally hope to be saved by him. And hence it is, that all your wishes, longings, desires, are in the *Turks* over-running of christendom: for as both they and you account fools, ideots, madmen, faints, you do not doubt but to pass easily for such with them, for

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your

your great abilities in those gifts. And therefore as your brethren the aforesaid *Turkish Mahometan Fanaticks*, devote, destine, damn themselves to destruction, meerly to fire, weary, make work for, and put a stop to the christians in their wars; and fill up ditches, grafts, trenches with their bodies, carcasses, outward men for their fellow *Musselmen* to march over; even so ye also think to weary out the officers of justice, with your numberless numbers, and render yourselves as hard to be cast out as legion the devil incorporate did, of whom ye are a type. See *The Stationers Beacon* fired, page 1000. *The Sectary in Sippets*, page 202.

By all which it appears, that ye have a *Turk* as well as a *Pope* in your bellies, and that ye delight in persecution, in affliction, tribulation, as some old extravagant fantastick fornicators find a pleasure in being whipped, and out of these Sores engender one another, by equivocal generation, as flies blow maggots, which afterwards become flies and blow others. See my *Rome's Master-piece*, page 808. *Settle-brains for a Sectary*, page 9. *A Syringe for a sore Sinner*, page 78.

That you are jesuitical, *Romish*, *Franciscan* frogs, witches, forcerers, appears in that ye meet to quake, tremble, quiver, and converse with your spirits, impes familiars, and that ye came from *Rome* out of the *North*, from whence evil and destruction cometh, as I have proved, cleared, demonstrated, and evinced in my *Quakers unmasked*, page 84. *Light's Darknest*, page 26. for as the needle in the mariners compass trembles, (mark that) and points to the *North*, even so do ye, ye trembling, quivering, shivering *Quakers*. And as witches are most frequent in the *North*, and the colder the climate is, the apter are the inhabitants thereof (see my *first Answer to thyself*) to quake, &c. It follows, that *Quakers* and witches are of the growth of the same place, and both of the same nature, quality, and condition: for as witches swim upon the water like light scum, even so are *Quakers* the scum of the earth, that shake themselves like water-dogs when they come out of a pond. See my *Poetical Royal Favourite*, page 800. *Sweet Sips of Soul-saving*, page 53. Lastly, as witches liquor their staves and fly thro' the air, even so do *Quakers* liquor their throats with enchanted potions, and gape to suck in the air that it may fly thro' them, and blow the light within them.

(See

(See *Emmot and Gilpin*, page 7. *Aldermanbury Bottle opened*, page 10.) at their exorcisms rather than exercises of devotion. Whereas thou sayest I was branded, burnt or stigmatized in the cheek; 'tis true, I was so, nor am I at all ashamed of, sorry for, or abashed thereat, but rather set a greater value on myself therefore, as I believe I have very good cause, consideration, to do; for I was only used like a scaled measure, burnt, branded for being true. See my verses written on this occasion in the *Tower of London*, in *hæc verba*.

*Of this Opinion William Prynne was the
Sixth day of March six hundred thirty three.*

Nor was it improper, unfit, or unbecoming a man of my profession, cloth, vocation, that is, to measure equal law, right, justice between man and man, See *Truth Triumphant*, page 10. *The Pricking Provender of Prelacy*, page 907.

As for the jesuits, who thou sayest made use of the scraps of my ears, to bewitch the *Quakers*, &c. If they did so, it was no fault of mine, nor am I bound to answer for it; for when the aforesaid parings, scraps, shreds, were severed from my freehold, they were no longer mine, nor am I to be accountable for the evil administration of them, when they were out of my power, charge, tuition. But if they had been in my own possession, and the jesuits had stolen them to bewitch the *Quakers* to listen to their enchantments, it is not just that I should answer for their ears and my own two. See *Speculum Insect.* page 95. *The frantick Franciscan*, page 700. *A Hole picked in the Pope's Coat*, page 30. whereas thou sayest the *Brethren*, *Godly*, &c. *rode out with the Sisters, Helpers*, &c. I do confess, thank, acknowledge their loving kindness therein; and if they did evil in sticking rosemary and bays upon their vessels, bodies, outward folks, as thou sayest, against the doctrine and discipline of the *Presbyterian* church; it is no more than the members, tools, limbs of the devil and thy synagogue did to the patriarch patron, and founder of their's, *James Naylor*, whom they exalted above his brethren upon an ass, and ran bare before both, against the fundamental, known, established rule, canon, constitution of their disorderly order. See

The buckle of the Canonical Girdle turned, page 63. The Quaker quashed, page 4.

Whereas thou sayest my works are bound up in hat-cases, &c. if thou wouldest but buy one of those, and put thy hat therein, it would operate upon, and insfil into thy noddle, sconce, loggerhead, more sense, reason, understanding, and teach thee better manners than to keep it on before a court of justice: by which thou dost but shew, declare, demonstrate, that thou hast a crack, flaw, soft place in thy skull; and in that respect art very careful to keep it warm, lest thy sickly brains (if thou hast any) should take cold. And as for those chandlers and haberdashers of small wares, &c. which thou sayest have undertaken to oppose, answer, confute me: verily, they will find it a harder task than they are aware of, for I have already written, printed, published 160 odd works, books, labours; and before they have done with those, do not doubt to have as many more in a readiness, and to find employment, work, business enough for them all; as long as church and state can furnish, store, supply me with subject matter. Provided I may have process enough to carry on the work, and can but procure, induce, engage our *Presbyterian* brethren, the *Nonconformists*, to help, aid, and assist me, which (it being so much for their own advantage, interest, concernment, and they have at present nothing else to do) I do not doubt to obtain.

WILLIAM PRYNNE

Memoirs of the Year 1649 and 1650.

SINCE the liberty of the subject, and free quarters; since new lights, and selling malignants by an inch of candle, the world hath produced seditious mercuries as fast as *Derby-House* spawned committees, or committees started delinquents: for why do *Westminster-Abbey* lubbers sit so long, but only to have their pictures drawn? but yet no ink could represent them black enough. The fittest emblem of the parliament house is a turkey pie; the heads without will inform you what birds are within.

But alas! poor infants! we must be whipt, yet not have leave to cry: kiss the rod that scourged you. Women in some countries never love their husbands till they be well beaten by them: and certainly our reformers would have

us be as good-natured as their spaniels: and indeed to what purpose is hue and cry sent after a troop of horse? it were ridiculous for a constable to charge the peace upon *Cromwell*, or make privy search into *Lental's Exchequer*; especially since the kingdom was reformed into a *Lacedemonian State*: for when *Lilburn* was *Lycurgus*, plundering must needs be statutable. What other laws can we expect from him and *Newgate*? felony already is a crime only in some silly wretches, who are punished for it; but parricides are still above the reach of justice. While two armies murder and imprison, an honest man may be *Burleighb'd* for beating up a drum. As if in a country of cannibals, a poor innocent *Cutler* should be hanged for grinding a stiletto. Pillories are more cruel than *scaffolds*, or perhaps *Prin's* ears were larger than my lord of *Canterbury's* head.

But lord! to what an height were may-poles grown and could they be reformed without sequestration and excise? nay the primitive zeal had almost melted the bells, and made them ring backwards for themselves. A psalm of mercy is even denied the chimes; and masculine *Tom of Lincoln* must be gelded into a roaring *Mez*. *Roundheads* and atheists hate superstition, only *Cromwell* and the devil are afraid of crosses.

It is well churches survived thus long; for since my lord *Brook's* groom and coachman propagated the gospel, christians were born in stables only. So *Job* came to be a saint, but upon a dunghill; and why may not a sanctified whipster be a heaven-driver, as well as *Brereton* and *Hervey* bishops? who would have thought that snaphaunches and basket hilts were of apostolical institution? or that buff and feather were *Jure Divino*? *Croyden* and *Fulham* are not inhabited, but haunted; nor do they lodge inmates, but apparitions and goblins. Thus have christian churches been converted into *Turkish* mosques, and abbies have been made nests for rooks and daws. The devil is an enemy to all hierarchy, and therefore holy days must be abolished, and so farewell saints and angels; all renounce *Whitsuntide*, and yet boast the *Holy Ghost*. *Simon* and *Jude* are vanquished by *Lilly* and *Booker*, and *Michael* is subdued by another devil. Time's scythe was turned into a saw, nor was he bald enough to be a perfect *Roundhead*. But an execution must have some reprieve. All stickle for powder-treason; the prentices rescue *Shrove-Tuesday*, and

the futers must be indulged a *Valentine*. What need any other observations? they can feast themselves without a *Christmas*, and starve others without a *Lent*.

Well then, adieu *Fridays*, and welcome monthly fasts, adieu idolators, and welcome new moons. This still fow hath devoured more than all the bishops hospitality. Their idol humiliation, like *Bel*, consumes all, and yet eats nothing. But all this is merciful. Their too much fasting hath made them cannibals. They can say grace over *mummy*, and give thanks for my lord *Strafford*, as if they had abstained only as beasts ty'd up, that they might devour poor martyrs more greedily, savagely; nay, they eat up one another. Both the *Hothams*, like two thieves, wait upon their crucified bishop. The parliament, like *Sejanus*, is destruction both to their friends and enemies. My lord *Brook's* new light at last blinded him: he was first made a mole, and then earth'd; a fit end for the underminer of a state! *Lucas* and *Lisle* were both revenged, since the vice admiral and *Rainsborough* were levelled, for as he was regenerate, so he died twice. 'Tis thought his sea-sickness purged the better half away: the haddocks had as good breakfast as the worms. *Craffus* built a sepulcher to his deceased lamprey: and what was all his funeral pomp dedicated to, but an otter? to be mourners at the death of a water-rat, is a vanity beyond being maudlin drunk. Why all these ridiculous attendants? a single sculler is good enough to carry a dog to *Wapping*. The numerous wild gang is exceeded every execution day. We see a fuller appearance at *Newgate*. The *Worthy* was but two wheels above an ordinary villain, and differed only in the blackness of his soul, and his wardrobe.

And most of the *Heroes* were such twisted pieces, one knows not from which part of the *Centaur* to name them. Whom their *Alcoran* writes prophets, others think impostors. The devil will still be black, though the Indians paint him white. All their patrons die, like *John Huss*, both hereticks and saints; nor can we discern whether 'tis a martyr, or a witch that burns. My lord says sanctity is somewhat like his son *Nat's* valour. The jewel hath too much of *Bristol* in it. The dog in the tower, though proof against lions, is no *Daniel*. O what a godly thing is the sign of the *band bible*! What a devout company of saints are *Rebecca*, her *book*, her *pattens*, and her *shool*? For all must together: nor would you think

think her going to church, but removing house. I wonder she is never apprehended for carrying burdens on the sabbath-day. Well, this *coif* and *cross-cloth*, this *blew-apron'd saint*, is as much in the church as the parson's *bour-glass*, the *hassocks*, or the people that are buried there. Nor will she tire with single hearing, but trudge from St. *Antbolin's* to St. *Helens*, and hold out killing of a brace or two, and all long evenings. Thus are they carried from ordinance to ordinance, like beggars from one church to another, that they may ply at both places.

And what are their *Levites*, but their *Triers-Mendicants* for both the houses? not a Sunday since the combustion past without a brief. How oft have they picked our pockets with the relief of *Ireland*? this knack hath been as beneficial as their plundering: as much hath been gotten by a *good your worship*, as by *stand and deliver*. We could never get out of the church without a composition: the parson's application was certainly directed to our purse: every motive strained our pockets, and the last use was an use of sequestration. See how the pulpit-duelist fights with *Bellarmino*; how he sweats and toils, plays out all his weapons, and (you may be sure) hath got the better; but after with an address to the spectators to throw him some money.

Well, who's for *Aldermanbury*? you would think a *Phoenix* preached there; but that birds will flock after an owl as fast; and a foot-ball in cold weather is as much followed as *Calamy* by all his rampant dog-day zealots. But 'tis worth the crowding to hear the baboon expound, like the ape taught to play on the cittern. You would think the church as well as religion, were inverted, and the anticks which were used to be without, were removed into the pulpit. Yet these apish tricks must be the motions of the spirit; his whimsie meagrim must be an extacy, and Dr. *Gooding's* palsey make him the father of the sanctified shakers. Thus amongst *Turks* dizziness is a divine trance; changlings and ideots are the chiefest saints; and 'tis the greatest sign of revelation, to be out of one's wits.

Instead of a dumb shew, enter the sermon dawber. O what a gracious sight is a silver ink-horn! how blessed a gift is it to write short hand! what necessary implements for a saint, are cotton, wool, and blotting paper! these dabblers turn the church into a scrivener's shop. A coun-

try fellow last term mistook it for the six clerks office. The parson looks like an offender upon the scaffold; and they penning his confession, or a spirit conjured up by their uncouth characters: by his cloak you would take him for the prologue to a play; but his sermon, by the length of it, should be a taylor's bill: And what treats it of, such but buckram, fustian stuff? what a desperate green sickness is the land fallen into, thus to doat on coals and diet, and such rubbishy divinity? must the *French* cook our sermons too? and are frogs fungo's, and toad-stools the chiefest dish in the spiritual collation? strange *Israelites!* that cannot distinguish between *mildew* and *manna*. Certainly in the brightest sunshine of the gospel clouds are the best guides; and woodcocks are the only birds of paradise. I wonder how the ignorant rabbies should differ so much, since most of their libraries consist only of a concordance. The *wise mens* star doubtless was an *ignis fatuus* in a church-yard; and it was some such will-of-the-wisp steered prophetic *Saltmarsh*, when riding post to heaven, he lost his way in a forest. Indeed their rare gifts have one property of the spirit to be invisible, and so much of revelation, as not to be understood, like the musick of the spheres, never to be heard.

But *Cyphers* may make an assembly, though no number: and what can we expect from an *A B C Synod*, but a catechism? Mount *Sion* hath at last brought forth a mouse, though it was long enough in spawning to have been a elephant. They have reformation, *Paul's* work; and O may they have a scaffold for their pains! for what have they given us for lawn-sleeves, but sackcloth and misery? instead of liturgies they have brought upon us all those afflictions we there prayed against. The church, while beautiful, was *the whore of Babylon*: their zeal was never hot enough, till it scorched them into *Blackamores*. Too much fair weather, forsooth, has almost starved us. Seven years purging would kill an *Hercules*. To be always snuffing, must at last put out the light. And what can be pure enough with them that dare article the creed, and attempt to reform the apostles? these will shrive the whole bible, and have interpreted *Our Father*, &c. so long backwards, that they have made some believe it was conjuring. The synod was the parliament's spiritual block-house, and the prolocutor was the speaker's echo.

All the divines, like priests of old, were inspired from vaults, and the lower house.

Oh! how sweetly did the *syren* representative sing at first? how quickly it brought forth destruction, and proved a monster! *Nero* was pretty tolerable for five years; and this butter-print parliament was gold in the morning, and lead at night: for what have our precious states done, but cured and smothered little diseases with the plague? they have redressed the counter, and by all their reformations, made the kingdom at last truly to want a reformation. But vengeance overtook them; and by spinning backwards they have made ropes for their own necks. Silly conjurers! who have raised a devil, and now cannot lay him. The lease of your damnation is out. Face about! now the fiend must be master. Thus shall anarchy revenge the king, and conventicles punish the synod's sacrilege; lice and frogs plague the *Egyptians* for the injured *Israelites*.

Who would have thought there would have been a reformation beyond root and branch? or that there should be such antipathy between a spider and a toad? soldiers are omnipotent in uncreating and destruction. This *April* (they say) shall dissolve a triennial parliament, adjourn eternity, and put an end to perpetuities. *Cromwell* hath wolves enough to silence the speaker, and make *Lental* a dumb-dog. Alas, poor *Directory*! thou must give up the ghost too? the spirit must the way of all flesh. Now law itself must be arraigned, and the new judges to execution. What a fine humour would it be to see *Wild Burselgh'd* by a drum and soldiers, and *Rolls* coach it up *Holbourn*, instead of *Fleetstreet*? O! that they may have their coifs all turned into night-caps; and instead of old women, become proper men. Since the members regent were in durance, the two houses like the representations of *Ludgate* and *Newgate*. What need the distinction of upper and lower? *Cromwell* will serve both for king of hell, and prince of the air. *Warwick* for all his juggling, may perhaps suffer shipwrack. *Xerxes* was a leveller; he fettered the seas: and why may not these put the *Admiral* in chains? *Prynn's* head must after his ears; and the speaker's ba's will e'er long prove him a *Judas*: my lord *Say's* white powder is no longer silent and innocent, but must submit to *Cromwell's* black: *Pembroke* may be visited, and *Manchester* university'd; one is not fool, and the o-

ther is not fool enough to be secure. And indeed these are saints in comparison of *Cromwell's* life-guard. *Hammond* is a christian compared with *Rolf*. The head quarters make *Newgate* a *Sanctum Sanctorum*. The soldiers are not good enough for gibbets. In the reformation the gallows is under persecution, and *Tyburn* suffers martyrdom. Not one of *Peter's* 1500 saints, but may with *St. Francis* give place to the devil. If these propagate the gospel, it must be as the painter finished his picture by defacing it, when the sponge did the work of his pencil. To hope for reformation from levellers, is to gape for the miracle of *Andromeda*, and to expect beauty from a negro. *Agitators* are as good physick for a sick church or state, as chips of the gallows are for the ague. There is not a soldier but changes his religion as often as his shirt, that being sooner lowly than his linnen. They void their principles at every sermon; nor do they go to church, but to stool. And well may they part with them so easily, since their religion is no better than toasted cheese: every man is his own cook; each trooper, like a knight of *Malta*, is both priest and soldier; revelations are so common, that the spirit is become a meer familiar. You may be of all religions, but the protestant, as the pagans worship all gods but the true one; as if that uniformity did not become the church, as well as confusion, and the surplice was not as handsome as the beggar's coat. *Roffiter* is a Jew extraordinary, circumcised root and branch. *Martin's* paradise is the same with *Mahomet's*, his heaven is only a *seraglio*. *Cromwell* may pass for a *Pope Joan*, or the whore of *Babylon*, and differs only thus much from a papist; they torment themselves, he other folks. He believes his merits so far that he thinks he shall be saved by villanies, and go to heaven, like *Hercules* and *Theseus*, because he hath been in hell. Indeed all of them are religious mimicks, devout vizards; and if sanctity be snout or the pox, and seated in the nose, they are as perfectly God's apes, as the devil is. These zealous pyramids always point at heaven, as fire though in hell mounts upwards.

*And thus we see who first began
This monster reformation;
A set of vile amphibious creatures,
Of different shapes and different natures.*

*For e'er that civil broils broke out,
Religion spawn'd a numerous rout
Of vermin, that from putrefaction
Deriv'd their first and sole extraction;
Who now like toads against wet weather,
Gender and croak, and sprawl together.*

But they are angels, only that they may be devils. A Jew cannot be a Turk till he be a Christian. They put on religion to murder the king, as that damn'd monk poison'd the emperor with the eucharist. They bring in reformation as the old poets did their gods, to conclude their tragedy more easily. Bloody conspiracies are always shrouded under leagues: when a massacre is intended, they chime all into *Sicilian* vespers. When they cry out, the church! the church! they mean our grave. What degrees of misery are flung upon us! after a parliament comes an army: rods are turned into scorpions. We have all these years been almost ridden to death by night mare, and now must be tormented with devils. Had we wak'd in time, we might have dismounted that load, but nothing now under a miracle, can dispossess us of these legions; these *Turks* shall enjoy the holy land, while we poor *Jews* sojourn at home, and live strangers in our own country. They level others, but advance themselves. Angels descend, but it is the devil's posture to be raised up. All who have kept their innocency, must be strip'd, whilst these buff-sinners flaunt it in beast-skins.

*These saints in masquerade would have us
Sit quietly whilst they enslave us:
And what is worse, by lies and cant's,
Would trick us to believe them saints;
And tho' by fines and sequestration,
They've pillag'd and destroy'd the nation.
Yet still they bawl for reformation.*

But *Cromwell* wants neither wardrobe nor armor: his face was natural buff, and his skin may furnish him with a rusty coat of mail. You would think he had been christened in a lime-pit, and tann'd alive, but his countenance still continues mangy. We cry out against superstition, and yet worship a piece of wainscot, and idolize an unblanch'd almond. Certainly 'tis no human visage, but

the emblem of a mandrake, one scarce handsome enough to have been the progeny of *Hecuba*, had she whelp'd him when she was a bitch. His soul too is as ugly as his body; for who can expect a jewel in the head of a toad? yet this basilisk would king it, and a brewer's horse must be a lion.

*In Cromwell art and nature strive,
Which should the ugliest thing contrive;
First nature forms an ill-shap'd lump,
And art to shew how good wits jump,
Adds to his monstrous shape and size
All sorts and kinds of villanies;
So that he was by art and nature
An ugly, vile, and monstrous creature.*

I wonder how Sir *Samuel Luke* and he should clash; for they are both cubs of the same ugly litter. This urchin is as ill carved as that goblin painted. The grandam bear sure had blister'd her tongue, and so left him unlick'd. He looks like a snail with a house upon his back, or the spirit of the *Militia* with a natural snap sack, and may both serve for tinker and budget too. Nature intended him to play at bowls, and therefore clapt a bias upon him. His mother long'd for pumpions; he was begotten in a cupping-glass, and engendered in a tod of hay. Some earthquake hath disordered the symetry of the *Microcosm*, sunk one mountain, and put up another. One would think a mole had crept into his carcass because 'tis laid in a church-yard, and rooted in it. He looks like the visible type of *Aeneas* bolstering up his father, or some beggar woman endorsed with her whole litter, and with child behind. You may take him for St. *Christopher*, with the devil at his back. O that knot-grass should purge the kingdom! we must be ridden by a camel, and reformed by the sign of the dolphin: you would think that he were levelled sufficiently. But *Harvey* will have him lower yet, and down with the wall tho' it be built with a buttress.

*Sir Samuel, whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him mirrour of knighthood,
Was one of those who first march'd out
To raise a regimental rout.*

Have

*Have you not seen an old baboon,
From chain broke loose leap up and down,
Such was our champion's antick zeal
For parliament and commonweal.*

But *Harvey* is not so much for levelling the men, as *Martin* the women. Look to your *Jane Shores*, you *Lombard-Street* men. He brings no maiden troops: this is no eunuch general. The stallion is of so prodigious an itch, you would think he had been gotten of *Lot's* wife, after she was turned into a pillar of salt. He is the bane of *Guaiacum*, and the despair of *Syrenge's*: so excellently gifted for a conventicle, that he will edifie you out of *Cornelius* his tub. Are the godly ones, like sacrifices, never accepted till they are burnt? is there no way to destroy the whore of *Babylon*, but by a town bull? strange that none of the *Luthers* can reform without nuns! Dr. *Burgefs*, forsooth, must have his *Hagar*. And *Peters* cannot propagate the gospel without marrow-bones, without the help of lamb-stones, and the butcher's wife.

*Harvey, that sneaking, senseless elf,
Would level all men but himself;
And there's that Stallion Martin, who
Levels both men and women too.
Burgefs and Peters day by day,
For marrow-bones, and lamb-stones pray.
A very hopeful reformation,
When such as those must rule the nation.*

Martin is not so great a sinner against one commandment, but my Lord of *Pembroke* will overthrow him half a bar at another. One you would take for *Aretine's* pictures moraliz'd, the other for the covenant incarnate. *Martin* for a knight of the burning pestle, and *Pembroke* for a knight of the post. This *Hercules* instead of a worthy, is nothing but an adverb of swearing. He swallows the covenant as easily as an ordinary dam-me. This landskip, this map of nobility, differs as much from a true *Britain* as a *Montgomery* beacon from a star, or a *Welch* leak from *St. David*: yet rather than not be famous for somewhat, he will murder the universities, like that villain who burnt *Diana's* temple to get himself a name. This is the second part of *Manchester* on the same tune, *Kimbolton* of the second edition. One made the king-

dom

dom a Lord *Brooks*, and the other a roasted pig. He carries a dull foggy ignorance about him, would blind the kingdom, tho' it were an *Argus*, and is more unlucky in an university, than monkies in a glass-shop: he would make an excellent *Chancellor* for the *Mews*, or were *Oxford* turned into a kennel of hounds, and the *Sheldons* and *Hammonds*, *Motleys* and *Fowlers*. His own house is an academy for hawks and spaniels, and an hospital for many cures, glanders, and the farcies. This *Nero* keeps a wilderness at home, and is so much given to his brutish society, that you would take him for a *Nebuchadnezzar* turned beast. *Oldsworth* is his crony, because his four-legged animal: for what are *Michael* and his Lordship but a blind man and his dog? any kind of creatures would make as good subjects as such earls. Some dogs scorn *Cromwell's* health, and will not eat, but for king *Charles*. Tho' parrots may be taught allegiance, and crows have been storied loyalists, and linguists too, the blind whelp hath not docility enough to know his master. Yet shall he be the peoples idol too, and a reprobate *Welsh* goat one of the elect, tho' he is not so much a christian as the thorn at *Glastenbury*.

*Pembroke's a covenanting Lord,
That ne'er with God or man kept word;
One day he'd swear he'd serve the king,
The next was quite another thing;
Still changing with the wind and tide,
That he might keep the stronger side,
His hawks and hounds were all his care,
For them he made his daily prayer,
And scarce would lose a hunting season,
Even for the sake of darling treason.
Had you but heard what thunderclaps
Broke out of his and Oldsworth's chaps,
Of oaths and horrid execration,
Oft with, but oftner without passion,
You'd think these senators were sent
From hell, to sit in parliament.*

But why may not my lord billet in heaven, as well as *William Lilly* and *Booker*, and take *Bedlam* for a paradise, rather than make a saint of the man in the moon? indeed for these that change religion every year, the fittest go-
spel

spel is an almanack. But who would take these star-gazers for the wise men? well, wise men they must be: for the question is, whether of *Greece* or *Gotham*? O the infallibility of *Erra Pater*, *Lilly*! the wizard, perhaps, may do much at hotcockles, and guess well at blindmansbuff; but I durst undertake to pose him with a riddle, and stand his intelligence in a dog in a wheel. An over-turned salt is a surer prophet. The sieve and shears are oracles to him. A whining pig sees farther into a storm. Rats will prognosticate the ruin of a kingdom with more certainty. And as for palmistry, a gypsie or *Derrick* may be his tutor. The wital is cuckolded over and over, and yet the *Oedipus* is blind. Like the old witch, who being consulted to discover a thief, could not discover who had shit at her own door. Indeed he is excellent at foretelling things past, and calculates the *Deputy's* nativity after he is beheaded, and then by starting a prophecy, he excites the credulous vulgar to fulfil it. Thus can he antedate *Cromwell's* swift malice, depose the king five years before hand, and instruct *Rolf* how to be damn'd. Impious villians! to make the spheres like the associated counties, and the heavenly houses so many lower houses, fix a guilt upon the stars, and persuade the planets are rebels, as if it were a sequestration-star, or any constellation looked like a committee. Away with your bulls and bears! should we be subject to their influence, each constellation would make a man a beast, every planet a wandering Jew. What fit instruments are astrologers for rebels! heaven as well as *Paul's* is made a stable. Their prophecies are, like pictures, commendable, because they look every way. They are calculated for every meridian, and are as much truth to the *Turks* as the *States*: they are all born under *Gemini*; every prediction is a twin. Oracles must still speak double: sure the devil is always drunk, or treats with his foot, or the serpent must have his tongue cleft too, *Lilly* has christened him an ape of hell. *Merlinus Angelicus* is nothing but an *English* devil. He might ken all *Phænomena* upon earth better; would he for prey, like the kite, descend. What are all our new lights, but so many prodigious meteors exalted, perhaps from dunghills, admired a while for stars, and are found only slime and jelly? *Cromwell's* nose is a comet in grain, and the grand eclipse certainly is no common council.

Hooker

*Hooker and Lilly with their lies,
 Are bir'd to blind the peoples eyes,
 And cast a mist before their reason,
 That they might not distinguish treason.
 The stars all o'er the firmament,
 Are call'd to vouch their black intent,
 And to denounce the speedy doom
 Of the whole race of kings to come,*

If the *Londoners* have not by this time enough of parliament, may they still fight with images, and adore a representative; still quarrel with superstition, and worship the host of heaven: they will at least preceive what kind of physick is reformation, and being drunk once a month. Sure all the women in the city are with child by *Martin*, and so longed for libellers. For were altars plea enough to offer up the bishops? must *Abel* still suffer for his sacrifice? sure his holiness was the pope, and justice on *Prin's* ears a piece of auricular confession. Their deputy, forsooth, hath made away their churches, and was executed like the poor ass for drinking up the town-moon. Proceed, proceed, my fine reformers! so may your conduit knight vanquish his idol grove: so may the *George* on horseback subdue the green dragon, and after all their victorious gambols, both men and horse become reformers laureat. But what have you got for your no-plum-pottage? nay, what hath all your plate got you but iron fides? examine all your pressures that contain pluralities of monopolies. Patents for rags are not so rank as excise for t--s. The dunghil is sweeter than the jakes and *Atkins*. Since the offended soldiers were your masters, the livery-men walk as if they ran the gauntlet. Now the city is turned delinquent, what doth the lord mayor but ride the horse? and what are aldermen but ordinary red-coats? thus the parliament, like the *Spaniards* fatal room, instead of treasure hath coined destruction and invasion. Like silly mariners, you have adored that *Pbaros* for a star, and so split themselves on your own security.

*And will you Londoners be still
 Cuckolds and rebels 'cause you will;
 What have you for your wealth and pains
 But broken bones and knock'd-out brains?*

*You see this blessed reformation,
At last must end in desolation;
And that to take you man by man,
You'r ten times worse than you began.*

But the states have redeemed all their treaty: yet that was but a death-bed repentance; they lay down their commission just before they were to be cashiered. The *Turks* imprisoned their emperor, or king: *Turks* are reformers, or reformers *Turks*. But *Charles* must suffer more than any one single person can inflict. Levellers heat the fire seven times hotter. No money, no act of oblivion; they can admit of any thing from hell but *Lethe*. These *Medes* and *Persians* are unalterable: *Daniel* must to the lions den, *Hurst-Castle*. What can succeed the dungeon but execution? what can a king expect but death who is already buried alive? the next enlargement translates him out of the world. *Cæsar's* tragedy is best presented in the senate. *Westminster*, alas! is the ready way to the tombs.

*But now the fatal period's come,
Charles must prepare for martyrdom:
These levellers know no remorse,
But he must murder'd be in course;
And to exalt the crime the more,
This must be done at his own door.*

Cromwell must triumph with the ax before him, tho' that, as of old, should be properly directed by the conqueror. *Lilly* can prognosticate no fair weather till the sun set red. The queen must submit to mother *Shipton*, and *Charles* be murdered to fulfil old prophecies. Thus still rebellion is the sin of witchcraft. The king can never please them till he looks, as in his coin (their idol) beheaded; and nothing can be too dear an offering for their *Moloch* reformation. They built up scaffolds (the devil's altars) and sacrifice men for pure innocent ones. They cry out against idolatry, and yet are *Cannibals* in superstition. As the covenant was sealed from the bishops veins, so levelling must be ratified by the blood royal. The *Presbyter* of the two proved the gentler thief, and differed from the independent as a tinker from his more savage trull. One stript and bound the king, that the o-

ther

ther might cut his throat: one silenced the bells of his nativity, and the other made them ring for his funeral. Both are guilty of his blood, only this *Pilate* would wash his hands. *Presbytery* made him an Anchorite, and *Independence* a martyr. This kills *Charles*, and that his king. To prepare the ax is little better than to give the blow.

The Presbyter and Independant
Had in their turns been both ascendant;
And tho' the latter got the saddle,
The former did him first disable;
From whence upon the whole we note,
One bound him t'other cut his throat;
And 'tis in law almost the same,
To lend the sword as kill the man.

Now we see what 'tis to make a glorious king by rebels; what the devil's landskip means, when it promises all the kingdoms of the earth. In the trial, as at the general dooms-day, all appear naked. Now there is none disguised, but by *Gray*, or the hangman; henceforth take heed of vizards, tho' never so holy. Murthers are but committed in masquerade, but yet all their slaughters are expiations, and their hands are the whiter for being washed in blood. They must be thought *Isaacs* for offering up their *Abraham*. None are marked for true *Israelites*, but those that have the blood of their *Moses* on their door. Thus they can sin, and yet preserve their saintships. As *Mabomet's* paradise is both a brothel-house and a nunnery: his virgins wore it, and yet continue vestals; are heavenly bawds, and yet may lead apes in hell. We preceive at last why plays went down; to wit, that murthers may be acted in earnest. Stages must admit no scaffolds, and personated tragedies no real ones. Mock shows of cruelty are but poor feasts to their fleshed appetites; leeches will suck no pictures. They hate all images and fables, but must murder the king in sincerity and truth: no need of heightning revels. These *Herods* can behead without the allurements of a dance. These tragedians have outvied invention, and acted what monsters in their most monstrous wishes could hardly reach. The head and members have but one neck; our compendious *Caligula's* have dispatched not only the king but the kingdom too at a blow.

A thousand

*A thousand ages yet to come
Shall mourn, great Charles thy martyrdom;
And if the muse can ought foretel,
Thy sons shall crush this crocodile.
Oh! may I live to hail that day,
And sing loud poeans in the way;
When their return shall free this nation,
From future fears of usurpation.*

The thief's best play is to kill the judge; and great robberies are seldom committed without blood: or else what wolves but would have tended such a *Romulus*? such an *Elias*, what ominous ravens but would have fed? a prince! whose goodness might rather fear idolatry than injury; deserved rather to be prayed to, than condemned, made a saint, than murdered. A prince! whose merits were so above all flatteries, that the oldest courtier was as scandalous as *Peters*; and *encomiums* defamed as much as that *Rahab* of no more addresses. His sight, his wisdom was at first eclipsed, but the cloud only made his influence prove lightning; and whom he could not illuminate, at last he scared into a belief: but still he shewed more of the dove than the serpent; and 'twas the want of gall that made him lose his head. When wasps and hornets usurp the hive, the royal bee suffers, because without a sting. They turned wolves, because the lion was a lamb. All his tyranny was not to slay, but have his throat cut; and he now must bleed for not bleeding seven years before. Tumults forc'd him hence and the last great tumult murdered him.

Thus, thus he dies a prince, whose innocence had taught poison allegiance, made pistols royalists, and kept *Rolf* from being cursed: a prince for whom *Hotbam* was a martyr, *Brown* a prisoner, and *Shimei Prin* undertook a vindication. *Hammond* at last becomes a captive to his charge. The good apostle converts his goals. He disarms the rebels even with his fetters, and like the hand of providence, is then most powerful when it is thought most weak. He subdues, as if the castle were not his prison, but his fort. 'Tis a question whether he was more miraculous for curing disloyalty, or the evil. *Hammond's* blindness was as desperate as the woman's. He dispossesses so fast, *Cromwell* can scarce find devils enough to bait the exorcist. Let the vipers but kiss his hand,
and

and they are innocent. Had *Bradshaw* that condemned him been longer on the bench, or single, that *Dagon* too had fallen before the captive-ark. But O! at the scaffold he engrosses miracles. There he christens by wholesale. That one blow slew more rebels than all these seven years. Our *Sampson* tho' shaved both hair and head away, killed more *Philistines* at his death, than all his life-time. Now they would swear fealty to his trunk, and homage to a dipt handkerchief. They adore his very ghost, and will atone their rebellion, by being subjects now there is no king. And who cannot continue loyal to such a king, that died for the sins and safety of his people? who would refuse to be his subjects, who is their martyr? he acted a christian better than most divines can describe one; and bled doctrines more freely than they can speak them. He shewed graces the schoolmen scarce ever heard of. We might edify more from the scaffold in an hour, than from the pulpit in an age. His passion was greater than all queen *Mary's* days; and he suffered more than all the book of martyrs.

*If murd'ring kings be meritorious,
And the right way to make 'em glorious;
To shew the utmost they could do,
They murder king and kingdom to;
And as they say good deeds are best
That are more secret than the rest,
That they in no respect might err,
They mask the executioner.*

*But some give this a diff'rent turn,
And argue with revenge and scorn,
That these immortal rogues in grain
Murder'd the king purely for gain;
That they might seize on his dominions,
And parcel it among their minions.
Others there are pretend to know,
That reprobate that gave the blow,
Had neither modesty nor grace,
Altho' he hid his villain's face.
I rather think the case lay here,
He was afraid some cavalier
Might know him, and be so uncivil,
To send him headlong to the devil.*

*The Earl of Pembroke's Speech in Parliament,
on Monday the 19th, of Dec. 1642. con-
cerning Accommodation.*

My Lords,

I HAVE not used to trouble you with long speeches, I know I am an ill speaker; but tho' I am no scholar, I am an honest man, and have a good heart to my king and country.

I have more to lose than many of these who so hotly oppose an accommodation: I will not forfeit mine estate to satisfy their humours or ambitions. My lords, 'tis time to look about us, and not to suffer ourselves to be fooled out of our lives, our honours, and our fortunes, to help those men, who when their turns are served, will despise us, and begin to laugh at us already.

A fellow here of the town, an ordinary, scurvy fellow, told me the other day to my face, that he cared not if I left them to morrow; nay, if all the lords (except three or four that he named, and said, he was sure would not leave them) went to the king, they should do their business the better. Yet, my lords, I think we have helped them: I am sure they could never have brought it to this without us, if we had not joined with them: I think the people would not have followed the House of Commons, now they can do their business without us: it will be worse shortly, if we do not look about us.

My lords, we were told this time twelve month, if we would put out the bishops out of the lords house, no farther attempts should be made upon the church: I am sure I was promised so, by some who would be thought honest men; and when I told them it was reported that they meant to take away episcopacy, and the book of common-prayer; they protested to me, that in the first they intended nothing, but to appoint some godly ministers to assist the bishops in ordination, and some other things that I do not understand; and for the book of common-prayer, they who are strictest against it, and would never be present at it, assured me, that if it were once confirmed by act of parliament, (for they said many things were put in to it by the bishops, without authority) they would be content; and on my conscience so they would if they had the places they then looked for.

Now

Now nothing will content them, but no bishop, no book of common-prayer; and shortly it will be, no lords, no gentlemen, and no books at all, for we have preachers already that can neither write nor read.

My lords, I wonder what we shall get by this war; we venture more than other men: I am sure I venture more than five hundred of them; and the most I can look for, is to escape undoing. What between being a traitor, and being a malignant, we have but a narrow way to walk in: we hear every base fellow say in the street, as we pass by in our coaches, that they hope to see us a foot shortly, and to be as good men as the lords; and I think they will be as good as their words, if we take this course.

They say they will have no peace without truth. Death! Have we no truth? Have we lived all this while in ignorance? I think our fathers were as wise men as they. Had we no truth in queen *Elizabeth's* time? Have not all our famous learned divines been able to teach us truth, but must we learn it only out of tubs?

My lords, I am no scholar, but I understand men; and I had rather continue ignorant still, than enjoy the truth these men would have. I have served the king's father, and himself; and though I have been so unhappy as to fall into his displeasure, no body shall persuade me to turn traitor; I have too much to lose.

I am a true protestant, and I love the king and kingdom; and I am sure war is good for neither of them. I would every bodies faults were forgiven them; and I think we should all then take heed how we committed new.

Good my lords, let us have peace; and if these men will not consent to it, let us think of some other way to get it.

The Earl of Pembroke's Speech to the House of Peers, when the Lords were accused of High-Treason, 1647.

My Lords,

You know I seldom make speeches, yet (my lords) every thing would fain live; and now I must either find a tongue, or lose my head: I am accused for sitting

fitting here, when your lord-ships fled to the army :
 Alas ! my lords, I am an old man, I must sit : you may
 ride or run any whither, but I am an old man : you
 voted them traytors who left the house, and went to *York* ;
 they told us then, they were forc'd away by tumults :
 do not you say so too ? were they traytors for going, and
 am I a traytor for staying ? 's death, my lords, what
 would you have me do ? hereafter I'll neither go nor
 stay. I have served you seven years ; what have you
 given me, unless part of a thanksgiving dinner, for which
 you made me fast once a month ? I was fed like a prince
 at the king's cost, twice every day, long before some of
 you were born : and this king continu'd, nay, out-did
 his fathers, in heaping favours upon me ; yet (for your
 sakes) I renounc'd my master when he had most need
 of me ; voted against him, swore against him, hired men
 to fight against him : I confess I myself never struck
 at him, nor shot at him, but I pay'd for those that did :
 I gave my tenants their leases fine-free, if they would
 rise and resist the king, and yet, my lords, after all this,
 must I be a traytor ? have not I sworn for you over and
 over, and over again ? you sent me on your carrands
 to *Oxford*, to *Uxbridge*, to *Newcastle*, to *Holdenby* ; you
 hurried me up and down as if I had been a king ; you
 made me carry a world of propositions ; I brought them
 all safe and sound ; what you bid me say, I spake to a
 syllable ; and had the king ask'd me how old I was,
 without your commission I should not have told him ; and
 yet, my lords, I am an old man : remember how I stuck
 to you against *Strafford* and *Canterbury* ; some of you
 shrunk at *Strafford's* trial, so that your names were
 like to be posted for malignants ; and for *Canterbury*,
 many of you would have had him live. My lord of
Northumberland, and others would have no hand in his
 blood ; but I gave you the casting voice, that sent him
 packing into another world, and yet now would you
 send me after him ? have not I sat with you early and
 late ? when the parliament tumbl'd and toils'd, and roll'd
 itself on this side and on that side, still I was for the
 parliament : tho' I stay'd here with presbyterian lords,
 yet when you return'd, I was firm to you. All the
 other lords left you in the house, when Sir *Tho. Chaplin*
 gave thanks for your return : but I stay'd and pray'd
 with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an inde-
 pendent

pendent as any of you all. I rejoic'd with you, fasted, sung psalms, pray'd with you, and hereafter will run away with you; nay, I had done it now, but who knew your minds? if you meant I should follow you, why did you not wink upon me? think you I could run away by instinct? my lords, you know I love dogs, and (tho' I say it) I thank God I have had as good dogs as any in *England*. Now, my lords, if a dog follow me when I do not call him, I bid him be gone; if I call him, and he comes not, then I beat him; but if I beat him for not coming, when I never call'd him, you'll think me mad. 's death, my lords, 'tis a poor dog is not worth the whistling.

But, perhaps, my fault is not meer staying here, but being active in your absence; because in my robes and collar of S. S. I brought up Mr. *Pelham*, the commons new speaker. Why what if I did? is not Mr. *Pelham* my own cousin? would your lordships have me uncivil to my kindred? why might not I entertain the new speaker, as well as Sir *Robert Harley* entreat us to admit him? Mr. *Pelham* is none of Sir *Robert*'s cousin, and yet Sir *Robert* is an old man.

I hear some say, that I was forward to begin a new war; that my hand is to all the warrants for lifting men and horse, and in order thereunto I voted his majesty should come to *London*. 'Tis true, my lords, I did give my vote for the king's coming hither; but wherefore was it? 'twas only to chuse a new speaker. What! would ye have us dumb, and sit here like ferrets? my lords, I love to hear men to speak; and all the lawyers told me, no king, no speaker; that either the commons must name their speaker, and the king approve him; or the king name him, and the commons approve him: no king, no speaker. And so I was for the king, that is, for the speaker.

Then (my lords) observe the manner of his coming: the king was to come according to the covenant; mark ye that. I was still for my oaths: let him come when he will; if the covenant fetch him, he had as good stay away; and yet men cry shame on the covenant. Those that took it, cast it up again; and those that refuse it, have given a world of arguments that it is unreasonable; which reasons our assembly (like a company of rascals) never yet answer'd. I know, my lords, many of our friends

friends never took this oath, but they refus'd it out of meer conscience. Shall malignant consciences be as tender as ours? why, what do they think our consciences are made of? but, my lords, suppose this oath be unreasonable: can we do nothing but we must give a reason for it? this is as bad as the house of commons; who, when we deny to pass any ordinance, presently send to know our reasons, tho' themselves give no reasons for demanding ours; and so malignants would have reasonable oaths: only here's the difference, the house of commons do use to demand reasons: tho' I hold the Covenant is extream reasonable; for as some malignants take it to save their estates, so we give it to make them lose their estates; both love their estates, and both hate the covenant. Thus, my lords, we have reason for this oath, and your lordships have no reason to make me a traitor, while I give my vote according to covenant.

As for signing warrants to raise a new army, I wonder you'll speak of it. Have not you all done it a hundred times? how many reams of paper have we subscribed to raise forces for king and parliament? 'tis well known, I can scarce write a word besides my name: can't a man write his own name without losing his head? if I must give account for what I set my hand to, *Lord have mercy upon me*. I see now my grandfather was a wise man, he could neither write nor read; and happy for me were I so too. Come, come, my lords, be plain, and tell me, do I look like one that would raise a new war? I must confess I love a good army; but if there be none till I raise it, soldiers of fortune may change their name. No, my lords, 'twas not I, 'twas the eleven members would have raised a war. You see they were guilty by their running away: I neither ran with them, nor with you; I don't like this running away, I love to stay by it. And whether was for war, I that stay'd in town, or you that went to the army? the devil a horse did I list, but in my new coach, nor used any harness, but my collar of SS; and will you for this slap me into the *Tower*? you sent me thither six years since, but for handling a standish, and you'll commit me for writing my name? what, my lords, do you hate learning? can you not end nor begin a parliament without sending me to the *Tower*? do your lordships mean to make me a lord-mayor? if I needs must go, pray send me home to *Baynard-Castle*, or *Durham-house*: a damnable

fire burnt my house at *Wilton* just that hour I moved your lordships to drive malignants out of *London*. But why to the *Tower*? am I company for lions? do you think me a cat-a-mountain, fit to be shewn thro' a grate for two pence? no, my lords, keep the *Tower* for malignants, they can endure it; some of them have been prisoners seven years; they can feed upon bare allegiance, please themselves with discourses of conscience, of honour, of a righteous cause, and I know not what; but what's this to me? how will these malignants look upon me? nay, how shall I look upon them? I confess, some of them love my son's company; they say, he's more a gentleman, and has wit: 's death, my lords, must I turn gentleman? I thought I had been a peer of the realm; and am I now a gentleman? let my son keep his wit, his poor father never got two pence by his wit. Alas! my lords, what hurt can I do you? or what good will it do you to have my head? I am but a ward; my lord *Say* hath disposed of me these seven years: I am no lawyer, tho' the *Littletons* call me cousin; I am no scholar, tho' I have been the university's chancellor; I am no statesman, tho' I was a privy-counsellor. I know not what you mean by the three estates: last *June* the army demanded a release for *Lilburn*, *Musgrove*, and *Overton*; I thought they had been the three. I thank God I have a good estate of my own, and I have the estate of my lord *Bayning's* children, and I have my lord of *Carnarvan's* estate; these are my three estates, and yet, my lords, must I to the *Tower*? consider, we are but a few lords left; come let's love and be kind to one another; the cavaliers quarell'd among themselves, beat one another, and lost all; let us be wiser, my lords; for had we fallen into their condition, my conscience tells me we had look'd most wofully.

I perceive, your lordships think better of me; and you would quit me, if I were not charged by the agitators and general council of the army. How, agitators! 's death, what's that? whoever heard that word before? I understand classical, provincial, congregational, national; but for agitator, it may (for ought I know) be a knave not worth three pence. If agitators cut noblemens throats, you'll find the devil has been an agitator. As for the general council, I hate the name of it, 'tis old and naughty, and used to be full of bishops: those fellows have troubled us ever since the apostles time: I thought we had made them

them poor enough, and is their name come again to torment me? my lords, I understand not these general councils; those of old (they say) were christians, and these are independants: what a damnable deal of generalling is here? general assembly, general of the army, general council of the army; we never had a quiet hour since we had so many generals. Well, my lords, these are hard times, and we make them worse with hard words, which neither we nor our fore-fathers understood. Heretofore bishops were *Jure Divino*; then elders would be *Jure Divino*; and now agitators would be *Jure Divino*: d---n me I think nothing *Jure Divino* but God. Call you this a thorough reformation? my lords, if these agitators must rule the kingdom, why are not we ourselves agitators? why may not I make *Oldsworth* an agitator? his abilities and honesty are equal to most of them? but, for ought I see, agitators will sooner be earls of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, than we agitators. For the parliament leads the people, the army leads the parliament, *Cromwell* leads *Sir Thomas Ireton*, and *Ireton* leads *Cromwell*; agitators will lead *Ireton*; whither the devil shall we all be led at last?

My lords, you see I have spoke my mind: I hope, every week some of your lordships will do the like; and the commons in this (tho' in nothing else) will follow the house of peers.

But I have done, I have done, my lords; remember, I beseech you, that I am an old man: I have been a grand-father time out of mind (for I was so when this parliament began) and now must I be food for agitators? O, my lords, I have used the king so ill, and he loved me so well; and I have served you so well, and you use me so ill, that no man is sorry for me. Therefore my request is, that you would not think of sending me to the *Tower*, till some-body pities me.



The Earl of Pembroke's Speech in Parliament, on the Debate of the City's Petition for a Personal Treaty with the king in London; and also on the Debate of the Reasons given by the Lords to the Commons, for not sending the three Propositions before a Treaty. 1648.

The Citizens being withdrawn, his Lordship spake as followeth:

My Lords,

I Thank God you had no reason to make me your speaker: and truly (all things considered) I have as little reason to be a speaker as any man; and yet I will speak, for I have been learning these seven years how to do it extrumpere; I have helped too to bawl down bishops and scholars and ministers, for dumb dogs; and do you think I'll be a dumb dog too? a halter I will: If I should sit still and say nothing and let his majesty come to London, that were the way to make me dumb indeed, for I can say no more for myself than a dog. I hope the door is fast, that the citizens do not hear me, because I'll speak my mind: what, tho' I do not know my own mind, yet I'll speak it as well as I can. 'Tis known I am a true *English* man, tho' I cannot speak good *English*, and as honest a man too as my lord Say can make me; and therefore, my lords, now I have lived long enough with you, I mean to die with the house of commons, or else (they say) I shall be no lord; and so say I to you: grass and hay, my lords, we are all mortal, and must be tied up to the manger.

I have been for the city too in my time, when they would pay their money, hear reason, and invite us to dinners. Hang them, rascals, they cannot say but we have given them their bellies full too (I pray God they do not hear me). This time twelve-month they made a young man of me, and yet (as simple as you think me) I am an old man: they drew me into a new war, and made me wait upon a new speaker, and vote his majesty's coming to London: but I was a mad man, I knew not what

what I did then; for if the army had not had the more mercy, I had been a traytor as well as the rest, for ought I know. Do you think then I'll vote the king home again? no, I warrant you, I am an old bird, and scorn chaff, or to be made a traytor any more for any king in *Cbristendom*. I am an old thing made new now: my man *Michael* tells me I am an independant. I think I am a good christian; ay, but citizens and *Scots* are Jews, and who knows but that personal treaty may be a new name for popery?

You may bring in popery, and break the Covenant, if you please, my lords, but I dare not. I am sure we have gotten well by it, we have reason to regard it, for we have gotten the crown-lands, church-lands, the cavaliers lands, every man's lands too, if we please, and the devil and all: and how shall we keep them, if we do not keep to the covenant? for my part I'll keep to my oaths, and rather than part with them, d——e I'll swear down all this personal treaty.

And good reason too, for they say it will undo all that we have been doing these seven years: and for my part, I thought all had beed undone already, then what needs any more undoing by a treaty? my lords, if we must undo, let us undo as the house of commons do, they do one thing to day, and undo it to morrow: they voted they would never make any more addressess to the king, and made us vote so too, and then they made us unvote all again. And truly, I think this is a hard chapter, for I can't read the meaning of it, but I am sure they do not mean a treaty, if they can help it.

I like the way of sending propositions; ay, for I love to go on errands. I am sure it is an honourable employment for an old man to be the state's half-penny boy; and I am glad the commons will not hear your reasons for the king's coming, before he have signed the three propositions. For, observe, my lords, if they should hear reason, they might go whistle: mistake me not, I mean if they should hear any reason but their own, and I think that is all the reason in the world, for it is reason of state, or the state's own reason. There I think I hit it; for all other reason is malignant and high treason. Why then should we treat with the king? for he'll talk malignant reason, and reason of state too; but then here's the matter, my lords, he will not talk the state's reason, and

therefore judge ye, whether the state have any reason to talk with him, when he will talk nothing but treason, and by that means, my lords, make you or me, or any of us all traytors to our faces? trust him that will, for my part, I shall have as little to say to him as any of you all; and yet you see I am a good speaker, according to the state's reason.

I think we never had a good world since we had so much reason: for my part (I'll speak my mind plainly) I never had any reason of my own, nor will I own ever any but *Michael Oldsworth*, and the state's; and, by the life of *Pharaoh*, I think they two are as reasonable creatures as any in the World. But to this point of reason, I mean to speak more, now I come to examine your lordships reasons of state, which the house of commons have voted contrary to the state's reason: for, as I take it, my lords, they are the state, and you know we are all bound to submit to the state, or else we are traytors; I am sure few of us but have been made so for not submitting and 'tis God's mercy we are not all traytors. Howsoever, I'll be one no more, if I can help it, but keep as well as I can to the state's reasons, and I advise your lordships to do so too, for they care not a fig for all your reasons, nor I neither. 's death, I am sure some of you have no reason to the contrary; you know how you were whipp'd with the black rod lately, and I can tell you, there is a black book too at the head quarters; if you'll do reason, ye may, but (mark ye, my lords) it's very dangerous to talk reason, it is the only way to be put in the black book, and then you know the black rod follows. I am an old man, ay, and some of you are old enough too, but you see, we are not past whipping, and yet you will not take warning.

However, I shall have a care of one, and in the mean time see what reason you have to venture to talk reason to the state, if you were their fellow-commoners, you might have some reason to make bold to give them reasons; but being as it is, methinks you might know your distance. You say you would not have the three propositions offered to the king before the treaty; first, because the citizens here, and divers counties, have petitioned for it. The citizens! 'tis true, they have brought us in a petition here for it; but the more rascals they: they may go home and say their prayers; for they are not like to be heard

heard here. What, do they pray when they should curse? d—e, do they think the state's a chameleon, to live upon air, good words, and petitions, and treaties? they were all for a new war, and drew me in too this time twelve-months, and now they are against a new war. Is there any reason in this, when the states have not yet done their business? must they do and undo, as well as the state? and now by doing nothing, quite undo the state? they shall be hanged first; d—e, they shall. I am somewhat the more eager against this, my lords, because you say 'tis reason; but yet I hope the citizens do not hear me. I would not have all that I speak, to be spoken on the house-tops, because usually, my lords, I seldom speak, but I am over the top of the house, before I am aware. But this I say, why should they stand for peace and treaties, that first set a-foot the war? and now, when we expect they should serve another apprenticeship to the state to maintain the war, they meant to leave reformation, like *Dun*, in the mire, and are become so *Papist* as to cross us with treaties. If they were for a new war this time twelve-month, 'tis all the reason in the world they should be so now. What, though the case be not the same, nor the state the same now that it was then? I hope the cause and the state are alive still, and will be as long as the king and the cavaliers live; and out live them too; for they are the same still, and fitter for another world than the state's world: for the state's world runs round, and hath done so these seven years, but the king and the cavaliers are the same still: and therefore, my lords, I shall conclude with as good logick as any I have left in the university, as long as the king and the cavaliers are the same, the cause must needs be the same, though the state be not the same, but mangled, and rent, and patched, and new-modelled, and the covenant likewise cracked all to pieces. And where is your reason now, my lords? doth it not follow then, that they ought not to take the same course to maintain the war against the king and the cavaliers, and not trouble the state thus with treaties? especially seeing *Guild-hall* is the same, the excise, the city-bags, and publick faith too, are all the very same still, and as full and fluent as ever. And if these fellows that come here to vex the state thus with petitions, will not go home in peace, to forward a new war, and be the same men again that

they have been, I hope the army will come and pickle them up in the *Tower*, and serve them the same sauce their fellows had this time twelve month: for what other end, I pray you, do we keep the army, or the army keep us?

And now, my lords, that I have done with the citizens, I shall fall upon the counties. What have they to do with petitions? they are out of their calling; they should follow the plough, and let the state alone, to harrow and fetch in harvest. I warrant you they had rather have a king, and see us quartered, than endure any more free-quarter; but I think the state-guard quartered them sufficiently, and made drawn cats of them, I mean the *Surrey* men; so that I think they, or the rest, will have little stomach again to come a petitioning. What reason then, my lords, have you to regard what they say for a treaty? they can but talk (you see) and the state can fight, and be ne'er the more traytors for it; but if these fight, they are traytors presently, as soon as we have conquer'd them. I tell you, my lords, if the state had voted me a soldier, I would have no more mercy upon these fellows than if they were traytors in gingerbread. What though they would bite? I have ventured, e'er now, the tenderest member that I have, with a biting thing, and lain in a month for it under the surgeon's hands; and I'll venture my tongue with any biter of them all, but I'll be sure to have a care of my head for the service of the state; and who knows, whether I may keep it, if there be a treaty? but I wonder what good my head would do them: I am not weary of it yet, for I never much troubled it, nor have been much troubled with it, and yet I should be much troubled to part with it. 'Tis true, I for my part never got any thing by it, and I suppose no body else will; therefore they had as good let it alone. But neither you have any reason to venture yours, nor I mine. And therefore to this part of your reason, my lords, I say the countries are as very rascals as the citizens, that would have us to pull an old house upon our heads by a personal treaty: they would have a disbanding of the army too, would they? but they shall snap short; for I love the army, d——e, I do dearly. Sink me, they would have us disband, I think too, and sit no longer; but if the army will love us, we'll love the army; for why should the counties be so much against the soldiers, poor wretches! consider, my lords, an
twere

'twere your own case; for it might have pleased God to I have made some of us soldiers. And so, my lords, I think I have maul'd your first reason against the 3 propositions.

Your second reason is, *Because his majesty hath often declared, that he will sign nothing till all things be concluded, and therefore, that the sending of those three must needs cause delay to the treaty.* I would have you to know, my lords, I am not for delays, I hate them; for I think I am as hasty as any man; but yet I care not, if we delay a treaty with God or the king till doomsday, and that I think is a fair time: for it may be to morrow, for ought we know: and it is a very fit time, I think, since his majesty will agree to nothing till the conclusion of all things. I wish him well, he was my master, but I care not much for seeing him, nor for kissing his hand; I can kiss my lady *May*, and she is my mistress. I care not for kissing of men: I am an old man, and it is not for me to be kissing: but if she be for a personal treaty, then indeed this reason holds good against delay, and I am of your opinion.

Then you say too, *It is contrary to the rules of treating, to grant any thing before the treaty.* Have we done what we list all this while, and must we go by rule now? Then it will follow too, that we must let the king rule again. He is in a fine condition to rule, is he not? I thought we could have ruled one another better than he. I am sure my lord *Say* rules me, as well as ever I would desire; and I believe he rules you as well as me; and then we can never be against the rules of treating, as long as he rules the roast; because he says a treaty is out of all rule, and none but unruly fellows do stand for it, and it is not for our honours, my lords, to be unruly: but d—e, I think we cannot be unruly; for we have as good a disciplin'd army as any is in the world to rule us.

But I say further, *That it was the desire of the Scots to have his majesty come to some of his houses near London, and therefore we should yield to it presently, to keep a fair correspondence with them.* D—e and sink me, my lords, what have we to do with them now? we had occasion to use them a while ago; but now that they have helpt us to conquer the king, we have done with them. We, my lords, must be ruled, but the *Scots*, you see, are the lords of misrule. For my part,

I'll have nothing to do with them; I cannot abide a *Scot*; for a *Scot* switch'd me once, and cracked my crown with my own staff, the virge of my lord-chamberlainship, and now they are all coming to switch you too. They say *Hamilton* is their general: he is a duke; I cannot abide a duke, because I am not one myself: but do not I look as like a duke as *Hamilton*? well, I might have been one, if I had had wit enough to keep that honour which I had; but I had honour; what then had I to do with wit? that's for poor rogues; for wit and honour seldom meet together. I know many men count swearing to be wit; and if I had been so witty as to keep close to my oaths at court, and not broke them by playing false with the king, and forswear myself by taking the state's oaths, and the *Scots* oath, d——e I had been as good a duke before this time, as any *Scot* of them all. But hang dukes, we are princes now an't please the commons.

As for the king's coming to one of his houses, I know not what that means, for he hath never a house: I say they are the state's houses time out of mind, at least these seven years, ever since his majesty was turned out of doors. I am afraid, if he should come to any of his houses, and we not agree with him, nor let him be king again, we shall be turned out of our house, and the commons out of their house; and then we shall not have a house to hide our heads in. Mark ye too, my lords, it must be to some one of his houses near *London*. How d'ye like that? I am sure some of you have no houses near *London*, and ye thought to make bold with his majesty's. 's death, I thought ye had housed him for that purpose and will ye now give over house-keeping?

You say likewise there is more reason to offer treaty with him now, than there was heretofore at *Oxford* and *Uxbridge*. Well, my lords, you may do what you will. Sink me, if I don't live and die with the house of commons. I am for the state; ay, but if you'll undo your selves with reason, I cannot help it: you see the cavaliers have undone themselves with it already. And if you'll beggar your selves with it too, and leave me to keep house here by myself, you may. You know the house of commons and I are all one; and if you leave the house of peers to me and two or three more, the commons house and our's will soon be all one too. Hang reason then,
will

will you provoke the state, and leave my company for a little reason? you know whither my lord of *Holland* is gone for his reason, and what's become of my lord *Francis* and the rest, and where I am that have reason. You talk of treating at *Oxford* and *Uxbridge*. 'Tis true his majesty baffled us with reason: but how hath he prospered after it? I believe it never did any body any good; and I am sure, though we had no reason to get the better, yet we got the better with no reason: and therefore because we thrived so well then without reason, I think 'tis wisely done to deal out of all reason ever since. And so, my lords, I think I have tickled you for all your reasons, against our sending of the three propositions before a treaty.

Now, my lords, in the next place, I'll prove the propositions themselves to be so reasonable, that I know you'll never trust to your own reasons again. What though they are unreasonable, yet they are not so, if I keep to my former distinction, that is, not according to reason of state, but the state's reason; for seeing a treaty would quite undo the state, sure 'tis all the reason in the world, they should propound things out of reason, on purpose to prevent treating. Therefore I'll maintain the first proposition is most reasonable, that the king should recal all proclamations and declarations against us, and well he escapes so too, for I am sure he slandered us sufficiently with a matter of truth, though he called us out of our names: s'death! which of all us are rebels and traitors? do I look like one? what, am I a *Vaux* or a *Catesby*? I am sure I had no hand in this last powder-plot; nor the first neither: I scorn to be a traitor, ay, d-----e. What, declarations and proclamations to cut off our heads, and not recal them? you may chuse whether you'll have them recalled or no; but, sink me, I'll have them recalled. What shall your heads be fitted with an iron cap-case, and set a sunning these dog-days upon the top of the house here, to spoil our complexions? d-----e, we must all come to it, if we be rebels and traitors: traitor then in his face, if he will nor recal his proclamations; for they will make us traitors, in spite of our teeth, if we do not make them treason against the state. What tho' the house of commons have made us traitors in many things in spite of our teeth, I hope the state may do any thing, and be no treason: therefore, I say, these procla-

mations are treason against the state, and so not to recal them, is to be a traytor against the state.

But the cavaliers say, if the king recalcs them, then he makes himself and them to be the traytors. And all the reason in the world, believe me; for do what we can, we cannot make them traytors: why then should not he make them so to our hands? for I am sure we use them like traytors; and one had better be traytors, I think, than used so: but they are stubborn fellows; their shoulders are broad enough to bear any thing, and therefore the state hath reason to make them the traytors. I remember, when they proclaimed my lord of *Essex* a traytor, and my lord *Say* here a traytor, and all that stuck to them traytors, I am sure I stuck to them close, and yet I think we are never the worse traytors for being proclaimed. What is a proclamation? I am sure there are some in the state that have torn his majesty's proclamations. How can they be traytors then? but I'll tell you, my lords, who are the traytors. The king's evil counsellors are the traytors; for they never left him till we shut him up close prisoner, and put them away. We are the king's great council now: what though we will not let him come amongst us; yet I am sure we are his best council; for we save him a great deal trouble, and dispatch all things for him, without a hearing, and so I hope we shall dispatch him too, if he will not recal. Judge you then, my lords, whether he had not best recal his proclamations.

Now, for the second proposition for settling of church-government, there is all the reason in the world for it: for, I say, every tub ought to stand upon his own bottom? why then should not the church of *England* be settled upon a *Scotch* bottom? here is such a deal of do about a church and religion; I tell you plainly, my lords, I am an independant; I love it better than presbytery; and yet I think they are both but a tale of a tub: but howsoever, it is an ill tub that hath no bottom: therefore, my lords, I keep my first saying, the church will never be settled, till every tub stands upon his own bottom. Judge you then, whether I am not fit to be a reformer. The assembly says, we must reform according to the word of God. For my part, I never trouble myself to read a word of it, and yet you know I am an assembly-man. What need I read the word of God, when I keep a chaplain.

lain to read it? besides, they say the reading of it would spoil my oaths, and I'll not leave one word of my oaths for all the word of God: but I am willing to be rid of the *Scotch* oath, because they say 'tis taken out of the word of God, and it may by so for ought I know. But yet I would fain keep the covenant, because it hath kept many of us these hard times, and because it keeps the bishops away from us. I cannot abide bishops, they have so much learning and antiquity: I hate surplices too, ever since Mr. *Henderson* preached it up for the whore of *Babylon's* smock. It seems he had taken it up often, for he had many a bout with her, (as Mr *Sedgwick* says) now and anon too: but hang the whore of *Babylon*; she is an old whore, and I am an old man, (I thank God) but I cannot abide old whores, nor you neither, my lords, I hope. Therefore judge you, whether his majesty ought not to settle church-government presently, that all old whores may be excommunicated.

As for our third proposition, for the settling of the militia, I know not well what to say to it. This militia is a hard word, and so is publick faith, but yet the citizens made a shift to swallow it: the devil's in their guts, they will down with any thing these hard times; and they will down with militia too, if we would let them. Sure it is a very hard word; for we have much ado to make his majesty part with it, and we are as loth to part with it as his majesty. But I think we have made him part with it in spite of his teeth. What though he will not give it us, we have it already; and we are fools (I think) if we do not keep it. What, take away our arms? does he think to make the state cross the cudgels, and be popish again? the state shall order *Hammond* to trip up his heels first, and if he cannot do it, *Ralph* shall go and make him kick up his heels. He is a member of the state's militia; he may do it; d-----e, he may; for no body that I see dares question him. Judge you then, whether his majesty had not as good let us cut his throat with the militia, as without it. And so, my lords, I think the three propositions are very reasonable, and that you will never trouble the state with any more reasons against them.

Now, my lords, for the city's petition here before us, I have but one word more to say. I say, their petition is worse than your reasons. They would have
a treaty

a treaty too, and no propositions; but they are not half so mannerly to the state as your lordships; for you give reasons, but they bring not a word of reason that I can understand; and yet they will have no nay to a treaty. Hang them rascals, it is to save their purses; they had rather save their purses, than themselves or the state: but d---e, their purses and they are both reprobates, and therefore I say the state must d---n them both. It is possible in time the state may hang them for all their services; I do not mean the aldermen in their own chains; for, the troopers will find other ware for execution: and well they deserve it; for the poor army hath taken the pains to conquer the kingdom and them too; and yet the churles are so miserable, they never could find in their hearts to give them so much as one meal of thanksgiving; therefore I think after their cold breakfast before *Colchester*, they had best come and fall aboard upon the city. I am sure they have some friends here that will bid them welcome: *Skippan* hath a thousand horse for the purpose, and I think they will help pretty well to fetch recruits out of these dogged fellows of the city, and keep out a personal treaty.

Then mark, my lords, they'll have this treaty to be in *London*; no other place will serve them to have the king in but *London*: I thought they had kings enough at *London* already: but they'll have king *Charles*; that is a malignant word if you put but God to it; for, it is the cavaliers word, and I am for neither. I hope, my lords, you will be so too, and not turn cavaliers now at last; for what should we do with king *Charles*? which of us can look him in the face? d---e, I think you have as little reason to treat with him as I. Well, my lords, I have spoken my mind; I pray you do not order the printing of my speech; for, I would not have every body know my mind before myself. I should speak oftener if I might be less in print; for, a speech in print is near kin to learning, and I hate learning; I hate a king; I hate king *Charles*. Do you do so too, and let us love one another, and be obedient to the state: for, d---e, sink me and ram me nine miles into the bottom of a hedge, we are undone, if we do not make slaves of the city, and keep off a personal treaty.

The Earl of PEMBROKE's Speech.

MY lord-mayor, and you gentlemen of the city, I am commanded, and the reason that makes me trouble you at this time with saying any thing, is by reason of a letter I have received from the committee, which I think is a letter of some consequence, and fitting for you to see; otherwise I am so ill a speaker, after such a declaration made to you, I have not the boldness to say any thing to you: but truly tho' I say little, and have a bad tongue, yet I ever had so good a heart to this business, that I shall ever live and die in it.

Gentlemen, you have shewed yourselves like brave and noble citizens; you have done it with that nobleness, with that alacrity, with that love to God, king, and parliament, that none of your ancestors before you never shewed more love, nor care, nor zeal, nor performed that you have done better: I have only this to say to you, if the times are such (not that I think there is any great peril in the king's army now, for they have told you nothing but truth) yet when you have seen this letter, you will find there is very good cause for you to crown this work, which must be by following it, with the same zeal, love, care, and nobleness, and alacrity; which if you do, you may well crown yourselves with the name of a glorious city: and none more.

The LETTER.

For his Excellency the Earl of Cumberland,
Lord General of His Majesty's Forces
in the North.

MY very good Lord. Your Lordship's of the 20th of this month I have received by Stockdale, and have read it to his majesty; who willed me to signifie to your lordship, that he is well pleased with your lordship's continuing of the sheriff in his place, albeit he sent a writ for his discharge: his majesty takes a special notice of your
lord-

lordship's vigilancy and care, in the trust he hath reposed in your lordship; as he hath by many very gracious expressions declared at several times openly, upon conference of your business in that county: your lordship's care of my lady duchess of Buckingham, is (I assure you) very well taken by his majesty. Sir Ralph Hopton, and other gentleman in the west, have raised ten thousand horse and foot, with which they have already disarmed all persons in Cornwall, that are disaffected to the king; they have taken Launceston, and are marching into Devonshire, to disarm the disaffected there; and so intend to come to meet the king at London: here are also in Wales about 6 or 7 thousand men levied for the king, which are to be under marquis Hartford, that will be ready upon all occasions to come to his majesty; but we hope he will not need their help, having given the earl of Essex such a blow, as they will make no haste again to adventure themselves in that cause against God's anointed. I shall refer your lordship to the relation of the bearer, for the particulars. To morrow his majesty marcheth towards London, by Oxford, I am so full of business, as I must crave your lordship's pardon that I write so briefly: but I am, nevertheless,

Your Lordship's

most humble Servant,

Edgecot, North-
ampton, Oct. 24.

1642.

Edward Nicholas.

The last Will and Testament of the Earl of
PEMBROKE.

I Philip, late earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, now knight for the county of Berks, being (as I am told) very weak in body, but of perfect memory; for I remember this time five years I gave the casting voice to dispatch old Canterbury; and this time two years I voted no address to be made to my master, and this time



E. of Pembroke's last Will page 200

time twelve month saw him brought to the block: yet because death doth threaten and stare upon me, (who still have obeyed all those that threatened me) I now make my last Will and Testament.

Imprimis, For my soul, I confess I have heard very much of souls, but what they are, or whom they are for, God knows, I know not; they tell me now of another world, where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither. While the king stood, I was of his religion, made my son wear a cassock, and thought to make him a bishop; then came the *Scots* and made me a presbyterian; and since *Cromwell* entered, I have been an independant. These (I believe) are the kingdom's three estates, and if any of these can save a soul, I may claim one; therefore if my executors do find I have a soul, I give it him that gave it me.

Item, I give my body, for I cannot keep it, you see the surgeon is tearing off my flesh, therefore bury me, I have church-lands enough, but do not lay me in the church-porch, for I was a lord, and would not be buried where colonel *Pride* was born.

Item, My will is, that I have no monument, for then I must have epitaphs and verses, but all my life long I have had too much of them.

Item, I give my dogs (the best curs that ever man laid leg o'er) to be divided among the council of state. Many a fair day have I followed my dogs, and followed the state both night and day; went whither they sent me, sat where the bid me, sometimes with lords, sometimes with commons, and now can neither go nor sit: yet whatever becomes of me, let my poor dogs not want their allowance, nor come within the ordinance of one meal a week.

Item, I give two of my best saddle horses to the earl of *Denbigh*, for I fear e'er long his own legs will fail him; but the tallest and strongest in all my stables I give to the academy, for a vaulting-horse for all lovers of virtue. All my other horses I give to the lord *Fairfax*, that when *Cromwell* and the states take away his commission, his lordship may have some horse to command.

Item, I give my hawks to the earl of *Carnarvan*; his father was master of the hawks to the king, and he has wit so like his father, that I begged his ward-ship, lest he in time should do so by me.

Item,

Item, I give all my deers to the earl of *Salisbury*; who I know will preserve them, because he denied the king a buck out of one of his own parks.

Item, I give my chaplains to the earl of *Stamford*, in regard he never used to have any but his son the lord *Grey*, who being thus both spiritual and carnal, may beget more monsters.

Item, I give nothing to the lord *Say*, which legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow it on the poor.

Item, To the countesses (my sister and my wife) I now give leave to enjoy their estates; but my own estate I give to my eldest son, charging him on my blessing to follow the advice of *Michael Oldsworth*, for though I have had 30000 *l. per annum*, yet I die not in debt above 80000 *l.*

Item, Because I threatned Sir *Harry Mildmay*, but did not beat him, I give fifty pounds to the footman that cudgelled him.

Item, My will is, that the said Sir *Henry* shall not meddle with my jewels; I knew him when he served the duke of *Buckingham*; and since, how he handled the crown jewels; for both which reasons I do now name him, *The knave of diamonds*.

Item, To *Tom May* (whose pate I broke heretofore at a masque) I give five shillings; I intended him more, but all that hath seen his history of the parliament, think five shillings too much.

Item, To the author of the libel against ladies, (called *News from the exchange*) I give 3 *d.* for inventing a more obscene way of scribbling than the world yet knew; but since he throws what is rotten and false on divers names of unblemished honour, I leave his payment to the footman that paid Sir *Harry Mildmay*'s arrears, to teach him the difference 'twixt wit and dirt, and to know ladies that are noble and chaste from downright round-heads.

Item, I give back to the assembly of divines their chaffical, provincial, congregation, national; which words I have kept at my own charge above seven years, but plainly find they'll never come to good.

Item, As I restore other mens words, so I give lieutenant-general *Cromwell* one word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own.

Item,

Item, To all rich citizens of *London*, to all presbyterians as well as cavaliers, I give advice to look to their throats, for, by order of the states, the garrison at *Whitehall* have all got poniards, and for new lights have bought dark lanthorns.

Item, I give all my printed speeches to these persons following, viz. That speech which I made in my own defence, when the seven lords were accused of high-treason, I give to serjeant *Wild*, that hereafter he may know what is treason, and what is not. And the speech I made *ex tempore* to the *Oxford* scholars, I give to the earl of *Manchester*, speaker *pro tempore* to the house of peers, before its reformation, and chancellor *pro tempore* of *Cambridge* university, since its reformation. But my speech at my election (which is my speech without an oath) I give to those that take the engagement, because no oath hath been able to hold them. All my other speeches (of what colour soever) I give to the academy, to help Sir *Baltazar*'s art of well-speaking.

Item, I give up the ghost.

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT.

CODICIL.

Before his Lordship gave his last Legacy, he mentioned other particulars; but his Sense and his Words grew so independent, that they could not break forth into perfect Legacies; yet we thought fit to write what he spake, which was in his verbis.

Item, I give——'s death, I am very sick and my memory fails me; sink me, if I can remember what I have else to give. I have troubled my mind with things of this world; but who the devil thought death had been so near? ha! what's that? now 'tis at my bed's feet, all bloody. Murder! murder! call up my men: *Oldsworth*, where a plague are ye all? I am well holp up, to have such comforters. What, was it but a cat? a pox mew ye, do you take a lord for a mouse? --so ho, so ho; there, there; O brave *Jowler*. Plague

on

On that cur; couple him to *Royster*.---Come to bed, sweet heart; come, duck, come--pox rot you all, where is my coach? my lord-mayor hath stay'd at *Guild-hall* this two hours.---That cock's worth a king's ransom; he runs, he runs; a thousand pound to a bottle of hay--rub, rub, rub; a pox rub; a hundred thousand rubs: 's death, my bowl's bewitched, it has no more bias than a pudding---I'll to the house, and remove the obstructions for sale of the king's good's---d---e, there 'tis again; ha, a man without a head! speak, what art thou? 's death, can't not speak without a head? --ha! and there with lawn sleeves, come just upon me, beckons me---ha! another yet! all in purple? my own master! I beseech your majesty let me kiss your hand --no, blood! blood! oh, I am undone: help! help! why, *Oldsworth*! oh, where are you all? is this a time to stop your noses? call up my chaplains: where's *Caldicut*; pray, good *Caldicut*, pray, pray, plague consume you, why do you not pray---

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT.

Alderman Atkin's Speech before Dinner, to the Speaker, the General, Lieutenant-General, and Lord President Bradshaw, at Grocer's-Hall.

OH! this blessed day (Mr. Speaker) and marvellous in our eyes, to see you become our supreme head and governour, now that we have cut off the king's head. And (as I take it) it is one main reason of this heavenly thanksgiving to my lord Lieutenant-General, and Mr. General's excellency for their great pains in the business. Verily (Mr. Speaker) I cannot chuse but weep for joy to think on't; and yet I cannot tell you for what, tho' I shall tell you by and by-- in the mean time---prithee, Mr. Steward set aside a couple of custards and a tart for my wife--- in the mean time (I say) I see no reason but why I may cry as well as bawl. I say, Sir, I can bawl as well as my lord *Pembroke* here, or any man else: my mouth was made for bawling, and I think you all know it well enough in the house, upon occasion: for you may

may remember how I bawl'd to the apprentices, two years since, when the house of commons had like to have gone to wreck like a bawdy-house. I am sure I was Mr. Speaker then, for you lookt as white as the driven custard, and had neither tongue, nor eyes, nor ears, nor nose, nor brains, nor any thing else, but were in the same pickle as when the king came to demand the five members. I wonder he did not smell me out too for a traitor: for I had my breeches full on't then, as I had half a year before in *Finsbury*, at the general muster of the new militia: at which time, I pray, Sir, I was one of the city-colonels, and came off cleanly, (tho' I say it) for, being wounded in the belly, I retreated home; and having asked council of a surgeon, the malignant knave would not undertake me; and so the state might have lost a servant for want of a plaister, but that my kitchen-wench made a shift to cure me with a dish-clout.

But having escap'd this scouring (Mr. Speaker) and lived to see this glorious day, now let us sing the song of old *Simeon*, and depart in peace; but first let us have our bellies full. O death, I defie thee, for here's a good dinner coming in, twelve bucks out of *Eltham Park*, besides those of the city; not a *Presbyterian* bit (I promise you) therefore sit down, gentlemen, and eat lustily; I promise 'tis well seasoned. I'll pass my word for the cooks; for I was one of the committee that examined them and put them * every man to their oaths, to forswear *Rats-bane*, *Mercury*, and *Monarchy*. Besides, here is my lord president (for more security) hath brought a dozen tasters along with him. I hope he will lend us some of them. And now, Mr. Speaker, you are welcome; in the name of my brethren representatives of the city, I bid you heartily welcome; you may eat, drink, and be merry; for you have laid up goods for many years, and now you are laying up the king's goods. *More sacks to the mill still*. Sit down, Mr. Speaker, you are a good old speaker, you are the representative of the supreme authority: it was the *Pope's* first, next it was the king's, and now it is your's, thank the army. How daintily things are come about, Mr. Speaker, as well as you and

* Every Cook was sworn.

I could

I could wish! for, as I take it, you and I, and many more here have been at all thanksgivings these seven years. We have waited upon his old excellency *Essex*, and the admiral *Warwick*; and sung psalms with the assembly men here over and over: and now those black-birds are all flown, and out of tune: here is not a man of them but *Thomas Goodwin*, and he is every jot as honest a man as his namesake *John*; for neither of them cares much for saying of grace: therefore sit down, Mr. Speaker, we have his new excellency here now, and general *Cromwell's* honour, that cares for it as little as they. Indeed you must sit down first, and my lord-mayor next; for the army (I am sure) made us vote it so, and that the city sword should be yielded up to you to make a thanksgiving trencher-knife, and so you are as good a man as the king, and a better man than my lord-mayor; and so you might have been still, had you given him his sword again, for you lose your place in yielding up the sword, and leave the supreme authority in my lord-mayor, and the army. Howsoever sit still, Sir; I hope the general will not oppose the votes of the house, but let them pass an't be but for fashion sake; and therefore (Mr. Speaker) for fashion's sake you sit uppermost, and next to my lord-mayor.

I think too, for fashion's sake (my lord general) your excellency may sit down next. I would be loth to displease Mr. Lieutenant-General's honour, I hope he will not be angry at your excellency, nor me: I could wish you had voted all your places before you came hither: but your excellency may sit, I suppose; for Mr. Lieutenant-General looks as if he gave leave. On my conscience, that is a meek humble soul, will take some other time to set you beside the saddle.

And for you, (my Lord President) I should have placed you uppermost; for I know none so fit to have represented the supreme authority, as you that commanded the cutting off that head of it! oh, this scarlet gown becomes your honour! it suits exceeding well with mine, and my lord-mayor's; for you sentenced the old king as a traitor, and we have proclaimed the young king to be no king; and a traitor, when we can catch him. It was a dangerous piece of work indeed; I was afraid, as you were, of following Dr. *Derislaus*, the people did so threaten, as if they would have torn us for the very
rags

rags of authority, and cried up *Charles* the second louder than we could cry him down. I think the rest of my brethren carried it a little better than myself; for my guts began to crow after their old tune, and wrought like bottle-beer, insomuch that I wisht for colonel *Pride* to stop the bung-hole, till the troopers reliev'd us.

But now (my good Lord President) let us comfort one another: and tho' you deserve to be uppermost, yet sit down and be content with your place. For fashion's sake Mr. Lieutenant-General's honour is content to let it be so, till he find it convenient to turn you off, as well as his excellency. Pray take it not ill that I whisper this in your ear; for, now that he hath made you serve his ends, he cares not, so he were rid of you, since you may serve them all as you did the king, in a new high court of justice, because you are pleased to let it be so.

The next place (Mr. Lieutenant-General) must needs be your's. By his excellency's leave, you are the saviour of the three kingdoms. You are he that hath filled our hearts this day with thanksgiving and gladness. You trained the king into a snare at *Carisbrook* castle, and fooled and routed all his party. You set up a high court to cut him off, and you lie at catch for his son. You have made us a common-wealth, that is (as *Malignants* say) have given us power to put a finger into every man's purse and pocket. You have made the people the supreme authority, and left them no laws. And well done (Sir) for what should we do with any law but the sword? or what law like liberty of conscience and power met together? you it is that lead his excellency by the nose like a bear, and at last will bring him to the stake. You have new moulded the city: you are the joy of our hearts, the light of our eyes, and the breath of our nostrils; tho' cavaliers call you the cut-throat of our lives and liberties: for which we set this day apart to give thanks to God, and a dinner to you, and somewhat else into the bargain, as you shall see after dinner. In the mean time fall to; a short life and a merry one; and so give me leave to conclude heartily with part of the Lord's prayer (tho' I do not use it) *Thy kingdom come*; or as the thief did upon the cross, *remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom*; and I promise you faithfully I will never besuit the palace.

Alderman

Alderman Pennington's Speech at the Presenting of the Golden Bason and Ewer unto the General, with a Plate of 30l. value, and 200l. in Gold in a Purse, to the Lieutenant-General.

GIVE ear, O heavens, and regard, O earth! may it please your excellency to open your mouth wide, and I shall fill it. I *Isaac Pennington*, alderman of *London*, confess myself altogether unable to speak the praises due unto yourself, Mr. Lieutenant-General, and all the faithful officers and soldiers of your army. Yet why should I hold my peace? I will speak, tho' I cannot speak; and tho' I cannot speak, I will not keep silence. Some have been so bold as to brand me for a crackt vessel, yet I have been meet for my master's use; and they shall find me as sound as sounding brass, or as a tinkling cymbal. *Moses* was a man flow of speech, yet he was a great leader; and so have I been, and so is your excellency. But as for Mr. Lieutenant-General, tho' he be such a one too; yet he hath the tongues of men and angels so much at his devotion, that the very noise of them drowns the fame of your excellency, and swallows up your senses.

For my part, I bless God exceedingly for you both; for all your labour of love, in gun-powder and gospel, and carrying on that glorious work of reformation; which, tho' I began in desperation, yet you have brought it to perfection. Henceforth therefore all generations shall call you blessed, and me no mad man, tho' I have been as mad as any of you all; and yet I think I am fit enough to deliver the sense of the city, who by me returns you thanks for the great pains you have taken in purging the malignant presbyterians out of the common-council, as well as the house; by which means you made a shift to new model the city as you did the army, turning out all that were not of your own temper: so that we are all now of one soul and one mind, and lay all things in common for the use of the state, but what is our own.

Add to these things your borrowing money of the city, but never paying them again, your breaking all their privileges,

vileges, and putting daily affronts upon them, your imprisoning, fining, assessing, taxing, exercising, free-quartering, and fleecing all their fellows; your conquering them by treachery, and riding thro' their streets in triumph, your over-awing them with the military power, and destroying their trade by land, and traffick by sea. For all which unexpressible favours, with the extirpation of presbytery, and the suppressing of levellers, they conceive themselves bound to return an acknowledgment, and rejoyce in the opportunity of dedicating this day of thanksgiving unto you and your bellies.

But since man lives not by bread only, but by killing of kings and loyal subjects, and seizing on their goods and estates, and turning them into money; since gold is the only goddess of this reformation, and the *Saints* cannot establish their king without it; since your excellency and your Lieutenant-General guardian, have vouchsafed us this favour of a visit, which you denied to the presbyters, we here present your excellency with the same golden *Basin* and *Ewer*, which you refused from their hands. It cost them one thousand pounds; and because it was of their providing, we can the more freely bestow it upon you. I have been an old thanksgiving sinner, as well as Mr. *Speaker*, or any of them all, in the days of old *Essex*, who (I am sure) never received such a present for his pains, but was content to be fobb'd off with a close-stool and a pipe of tobacco; which was the reason I conceive, why my brother *Atkins* here, in those days, kept so close to him after dinner.

And as for you, Mr. Lieutenant-General, tho' your merits out-weigh whatever we can present unto you; and tho' in all the before-named exploits we must allow you the greatest share, yet be pleased to accept of the less requital, a poor pittance of 300 *l.* in plate, and a vision of golden angels in a purse, to the value of 200 *l.* at the cost of our own fraternity.

As for the rest of the lords and gentlemen here present, I hope they will excuse us, and think themselves well satisfied with their dinner: and in particular you, my Lord President, who deserve much in the settling of this republic. But having done but one single act towards it, if you expect more than a dinner, we must leave you to the consideration of Mr. Lieutenant-General, who set you on work, and in the end, no doubt, will pay your wages.

I have but one word more to say, and that is this: we have great cause to rejoyce in the happy settlement of this common-wealth, but I fear we shall not be quiet yet. God bless us from outward dreams and restless nights; and send us well to digest this thanksgiving dinner, and to have no more of them, nor occasion for them in haste: for the frights they put us into before-hand are terrible, and the dinners themselves are chargeable, and will prove chargeable indeed, if *malignants* speak truth, who say this very day's thanksgiving will cost no less than our heads, if not our souls too into the bargain. Therefore, gentlemen, in a word, I think we have but one play, and that is to hold up the state as long as we can, and to make sure of our heads and estates, and pillage other men, when we can hold it no longer.

Hugh Peters's Thanksgiving Speech for a Farewel to the City, in the behalf of the General and Lieutenant-General.

Mr. Alderman Pennington, and the Rest of the Representatives of the City,

I MUST tell you, I have been half the world over, and yet I am come back again; and by my faith, Sirs, I must tell you, I never saw such a goodly jolly crew as are here, all hail fellows well met together. 'Tis merry when maltmen meet; and (they say) some of us here have been brewers, and worse trades too: but uh---uh---let that pass. I defy brewing, for I have been all over your wine cellar, and that's another world, but it's as slippery a world as this, and runs too: what a *Nicodemus* is the butler! he was loth to own me but by night; he bad me stay till night, and then I should have my belly-full. Now, Sirs, I conceive a belly-full, is a belly-full, and if a man have not his belly-full, it is no thanksgiving: and if you gentlemen of the city, have not a belly-full of this thanksgiving, I say, may you have a belly-full.

Had Dr. *Dorisslaus* been so wise as to have staid at home, he might have had another kind of belly-full than he had at the *Hague*: but a belly-full still is a belly-full; and *Grocers-Hall* is a better ordinary than a *Dutch* ordinary

ordinary for a belly-full. Pox o' your *Dutch* ordinaries, I think they will become *English*, and give us all a belly-full; but in another kind, I fear, than I gave my *Dutch* land-lady and her daughter.

But no matter for that, a belly-full is a belly-full; their bellies were empty, and so was mine; for I had not so much as a *stiver* to bless myself, and they would never let me be quiet, and I scor'd up still, and so I got my belly-full, and they got their bellies full; which was one belly-full for another, and so at length I was quit with them.

Then I went to *New-England*, and there I saw a blessed sight; a world of wild women and men lying round a fire in a ring stark naked. If this custom should come up in *London* (as I see no reason but it may, if the state will vote it) then every woman may have her belly full; and it would be a certain cure for cuckoldom and jealousy, and so the city would lose nothing by this thanksgiving.

But now to come home to the point in hand: my lord mayor, and you gentlemen of the city, I am commanded to give you thanks: yes, I will, when I have my belly-full; but your butler is no true *Trojan*; he knows not how to tap and tofs the *stingo*. Sure, he is some-presbyterian spy that is slinkt into office; some cowardly fellow that pines away at scandalous sins, and the stool of repentance, and he will never do well till drench'd for the humour; so that now I see I am like to go away without my belly-full, and have never a jig to the tune of *Arthur of Bradley*,---Sing O! brave *Arthur of Bradley*---Sing O!

But if things go thus, what should I see you for? the states foresaw what sorry good-fellows you would be, or else some of you had been knighted, as well as my lord of *Pembroke*. Nay, it was God's mercy you had not all been knighted: for it was put to the vote (I tell you) whether my lord mayor should be knighted; and whether, you alderman *Pennington*, and alderman *Atkins*, should be dubb'd Sir *Isaac* and Sir *Thomas* of the states own creation. But since it's resolved otherwise, I pray you, bid the butler bring up his cannikins, and I'll make you all lords like myself, for now I am no less in title than *Hugo de Santo Pietro Puntado*, and every jot as merry as forty beggars.

Now I warrant, you expect I should thank you for his excellency's golden *bason* and *ewer*. 'Tis true, I was commanded to do so; but what care I for a *bason* and *ewer*? give me a pipe and a chamber-pot; I mean a pipe of canary into the bargain, or else it shall be no thanksgiving-day for me. Oh! for a conduit from *Malaga*, and we knew how to convey *Middleton's* pipes to the Canary islands, then there would be no end of thanksgiving.

I am commanded likewise to thank you for the Lieutenant-General's plate, and his purse of gold: and I am so much the more willing to do it, because I hope to have a feeling out of it anon when we come home: but (as I take it) you have more reason to thank him, than he you. For you gave him a little purse of money, and 'tis his goodness he does not take all. I observe too, you have given him but the value of 500 *l.* and his excellency, forsooth, as much more. Do you know what you do? could you not have askt my council before! you may chance to be switch't, I faith, for not setting the saddle upon the right horse: and well you deserve it, if I be not furnish't with a pipe of canary. Let me not be put off with nothing, like my lord president, and Mr. *Speaker*; you know where to send, Sirs, my lodging is sometimes at *St. James's*, but most an end in *Thames Street*. There my maid, a handsome lass, I tell you, will take it in as well as myself, or else I would ne'er keep her. Farewel, Sirs, here's nothing to do, I see.

*A pax on your butler, and on his lean jowl,
There's liberty lies in the bottom o' th' bowl.*

Thus it is in one of our modern authors; but I confess I can have none of this liberty, tho' it be the first year of freedom; and than judge you, whether the state, or the state's servants have any cause of thanks. Farewel, Sirs, I am gone. O! for a milk-bowl, or his excellency's *bason* and *ewer* now, to spew in, and make an end of thanksgiving.

*A Seasonable Speech spoken by Alderman Atkins
in the Rump-Parliament.*

Mr. Speaker,

AFTER so many dispensations and out-goings of providence, we are now the third time return'd to sit in this honourable house again; but how long we shall do so, I believe the wisest of us all cannot tell: for the soldiers have of late set up governments, as boys do nine-pins, to throw them down again. But how oft soever they turn us out hereafter, I shall never doubt to get in again: for I perceive those changes and revolutions (as they call them) are just like casting of knaves at cards, where some play, and some sit out, till the set be up, or till the gamsters fall out and throw up their cards, and then they stand fair to be in again. But notwithstanding so many interruption and disturbances; many mighty and great works have been carried on by us worms and no-men. You, Sir, have a new-wainscot chair, and our seats that were but covered with mats, when we came first to sit here, are now lined with good broad cloath of sixteen shillings *per* yard, and the whole house is hang'd in a better manner, than any man expected. But this is not all that we have done; for we have reformed religion, and brought the church as nigh to what it was in the primitive times amongst the *Jews* and *Pagans*, as may be; for the *Christians* have sold all they have long since, and laid it at our feet, and we begin once more to have all things in common. Besides, Sir, we have done strange justice on the late tyrant, and transform'd the kingdom into a common-wealth, as *Nebuchadnezzar* was into a beast. But there is one thing that we have omitted, and which indeed the people have much reason to expect from us; for reformation, as well as charity, begins at home: to hold forth my meaning in brief to you, Sir, 'tis the cleansing of our house of office; and if that name be not mannerly enough for this place, it is in your power to help it: for there is a spare name that hath been lately conferred upon this honourable house by the people, which was once called the house of parliament,

as it is now the rump. This name, in my opinion, we cannot better dispose of, than in conferring it on the house I spoke of; for not only that, but all other houses of the same quality, (of which ours is the representative) may in the right thereof hereafter be called a *Rump*, as being a name more proper and significant, in regard of the relation it hath to the part. And truly, Sir, I believe the wisdom and justice of this house can do no less, if you please but to consider the near and intimate correspondence that house has ever held with this, as having ever been intrusted with the most urgent and weighty matters that we have ever carried on; and so necessary that I may boldly say, without that recourse which we have had to it in our greatest extremities, this house might have suffer'd for it many a time and oft. It is now, Sir, as full as this honourable house was once of members, and as unuseful; until we take some course to empty it, as we did this; which I humbly conceive, we can by no means avoid. For, under favour, I do not think we can use this house as we did the house of lords; I mean, vote it down, when it will serve our turns no longer: no, this is a matter of a higher nature, and more weighty concernment; and as the difference is great in reason of state, so it is also in point of conscience: for tho' it is true we engag'd and swore to maintain the house of lords, yet we did it not after a right manner; for we read, it was a custom among the *Jews*, when they made any solemn vow, to put their hands under one another's hams; and if we had done so when we swore that, and kiss'd the book, I grant, we had been bound in conscience to have upheld it longer than we did, I mean longer than we had need of it; but we, quite contrary, held up our hands, and so were not bound to keep it otherways than we took it, *viz.* hand over head; for unless we differ'd from the *Jews* in other matters more than we do, I know no reason why we should in this. But now I speak of the *Jews*, give me leave, by observing one passage in their history, to hold forth unto you the danger of suppressing the aforesaid house. *Saul*, for want of such a convenience, going into a cave where *David* had hid himself, had like to have lost his life; for if *David* had been one of us, I know what would have become of *Saul*; he would rather have cut off his head, than a piece of his coat; as I wonder he did

not, since, being a prophet, he might have made scripture of purpose to have proved him a tyrant and a traytor, as we did law to condemn the late king after he was put to death. But tho' *David* was wiser than his teachers, he was not so wise as we were: 'tis true, for his own advantage he knew how to make the silly *Philistines* believe he was mad; but I am mistaken if we have not outdone him this way too, and made the wisest think us so. But to return to the purpose; suppose, Sir, the army should have occasion to give this honourable house a purge again, you would be loth it should work here; and truly I do not know what other way you have to avoid it, unless we should make use of that place where the assembly of divines lately sat, which for my part I like very well, if it were nearer; and certainly they have no reason to take it ill, for it is according to the example of the best reformed churches. And I know no reason why we may not as well sit there, and make sowre faces at our own charges, as they did at the charge of the common-wealth. For my own part (did not the common good provoke me to it) I have as little reason to speak as another, and perhaps less; for my breeches are made close at the knees, and so better fitted against a mischance. Besides, I know the worst of it; for I believe you have often heard what I have suffer'd in the service of my country. But let that pass; tho' it were the worse for my reputation and my breeches, it was the better for my body and my soul too, for I have edified much by it: 'tis true, the boys hold their noses, and cry, fogh, when they see me in the streets; but what of that? a wise man knows how to make advantage of the greatest disasters, and so have I done. For there was a time, Mr. *Speaker*, when this honourable house had like to have been a foul house; and when was that? why truly it was when the apprentices came hither to shew us one trick more than ever we taught them: then did I take this worshipful chain off my neck, and very politickly put it into my codpiece; for I knew well enough, that no body in this town, where I am so well known, would venture to look for it there; and I was not mistaken, for here you see I have it still. The same thing I did at another time, and that was when (as you well remember) a piece of plaister falling from the roof, some of the members cry'd, treason! and many made haste to get out of the house,

house, as fast as they could, so did not I. No, Sir, I resolv'd to stay by it; and therefore having put my chain into my codpiece, I crept under the bench, in this very place where I now sit, and there I lay close, till I heard some that were near me say, they smelt gun-powder; but then I knew it was a mistake, and so it proved indeed: but if it had been otherwise, no danger should have made me forsake my duty. No, Sir, I have been so faithful to this house, and so constant to my principles, that I have not changed so much as my seat, since the happy beginning of this parliament. In this very place did I sit then, on both sides of me fate two members that prov'd malignants, for they took snuff at something that fell from me in my zeal to the cause, and ran to *Oxford* to the king. Their estates are long since sold, for which the common-wealth may thank me; for verily, Sir, I have not been altogether an unprofitable member according to my talent, and the disposition of what was in me: for my bowels have been oft poured out for the prosperity of this house, and I hope my conversation hath held forth much of the inward man, as may be sufficient to satisfy the well-affected by whom I am intrusted: and as for any backbiters, I forgive them freely. Alas! they hurt themselves, and not me; for if they get any thing by dealing with me that way, they must have good luck—Sir, I have used the more freedom with you, because I have some pretence of your pardon? for I believe you have often observed, that when any thing has fallen from any of my fellow-members, that the house has censured, it has been presently laid to my charge, and I have always taken it upon me freely; for I shall never refuse to serve this house in any sense whatsoever. I shall therefore humbly move, that you would be pleased to order this honourable house to adjourn for a convenient time, until the house be emptied, and made sweet again; for if we should sit here before, it will not be in the power of any man to own so much stink as will be laid to my charge.



A Coffin for the Good Old Cause, &c.

Sirs,

Ir is a solemn and sacred saying, *That a wise man foreseeth any evil, and preventeth it, but fools go on, and are punished:* that there is such an imminent evil impending, as your eye hath not seen since first you sat in your seats, or wore swords by your sides; such an evil as will (if the wisdom and goodness of God prevent not) be the inevitable ruin of that interest you have been the asserters of, is most certain; or no less than all your friends in *England* are in an extream error.

But a little to convince you hereof (because man is a rational creature, and ought not to stir one step in any act, but as he is led thereto by the light thereof) I shall endeavour to spread before you the danger, and then pray the father of mercies to give you hearts to do your duty in preventing it.

I. Your army is unsettled.

II. Your house divided.

III. Your friends discouraged.

IV. Your trade decayed.

V. Your treasure exhausted.

VI. Your enemies increased and heightened.

I. That your army is unsettled, is most certain; neither can the course you take settle it, but discompose it more every minute; for you fill it with strange faces, which will make as strange effects. It is true, the heads of regiments (yea and captains) that have been capital offenders, it is not your prudence to trust; but for the inferior fry, (who ever yet have been the fastest friends to your power, and the publick) to be turned out by wholesale, without a fair and legal hearing, is not for your own honour, nor interest. You have seen how little a colonel signifies, where his acquaintance is but green; soldiers love to be lead by them they have bled withal.

Again, how many men have you turned out even for their judgments sake, that never sinned against your

power

powers at that rate, as many that are kept in? if an Anabaptist should have behaved himself equal with one of another persuasion, let their encouragement be equal also: how will you persuade the people you intend a common-wealth, whilst thus partial in your petty proceedings? it is not what he is, but what he hath done, ought to be the question to all. I know a quaker in arms, that eminently served you; yet meet I not with one that is willing to serve him. If you will call in the conduct of the army, as in 46. (which was as presbyterian as ever) they will lose it before a year be over, as then they had. The Anabaptist was thicker in office than any other persuasion, but immediately before this turn, yet could he not keep it, nor stem the tide, when the turn came; and just is it with the great *Jehovah*, that that party that pretends to common liberty, and yet grasps at all, should lose even what he already hath. Much reason might also be urged for this; for naturally all parties conspire against any that alone enjoys the power, as nine at a table would at the tenth, when he ingrosses the entertainment of the whole.

Moreover, that party that is so industriously set upon incroaching all, can least be credited, because of their many former defections, and attempts to betray the cause: *Love* was belyed, if not a presbyterian, and *Booth* no less. I speak it not to reflect, for there are that I love and honour of that persuasion, as convinced they do indeed deserve it, both as truly pious persons and friends to the publick: as of the other hand, I do believe there is more than a remnant of that opinion, royal. Whereas the sectarian party cannot be charged by envy itself, with treason of that nature, nor is this a bare surmise issuing from a jealous brain, whilst we see even one of the commissioners, refuse the oath against the *Stuarts* claim, and Sir *Anthony Asby Cooper* (an old cavalier) made a colonel, whilst his malignancy incapacitates him to be a member of the council. Officers generally are most civil, and pocket up injuries silently; but when you come to model the troops, as you have done the conduct, your work will recoil; or if you do it not, your new officers will have no command over the old soldiers. Thus the further and faster you go in your settlement, the more unsettled are you;

you; like one that mends his pace when his way is wrong.

II. Your house is divided. I will only remind you of the word of the Lord Christ, from whose lips never came guile, and who certainly may be believed. *A house divided against itself cannot stand*; which carries conviction with it, that your ruin (except prevented) is ready to enter. And I think, you think, the cause and you must fall together.

III. Your friends are discouraged many ways, and for many things; your new modelling the army, putting the sword into the hands of rigid, royal, neutral spirits, that never yet were judged worthy to be trusted with the cause, that never bled, nor fought, nor prayed for it; that have neither courage nor conduct. They see you prone to pardon a spirit beneath your own, but not above; they that would carry you back, or halt you in the work, but not they that press you forward: they see you shrunk, and less in your publick declarations than many years ago; you were taller by the head and shoulders in your publick words and works, in 49 and 51, than now; they saw greater reason to rejoice at what you said and did then, than now; they had higher hopes of true liberty, both as men and christians then, than now; which shews that the rebukes that have been upon you, have not been sanctified, nor you bettered and improved thereby. At your first sitting you were an apparent blessing to the nation, which begat in all good people longings for your return again, in hopes to find you yet better; but not so: you were a second time interrupted, and good men engaged for your return, with heighten'd expectation you would rule righteously and purely for God and your generation; but behold worst of all. I beseech you to lay it to heart, examine, and see what is the reason you dye and wither in the esteem of good men; see whether you have answered those private and personal obligations to good people at *Portsmouth*, the *Fleet*, *London*, and every where, which made them not value their lives for your sakes; and see whether all this gives not great ground of fear, that your (and our) glass is run, and an overflowing scourge just ready to seize upon us.

Again, lesser faults in good men are punished severely, while greater in others are let go scot-free; which

doth demonstrate your spirit is rather united to evil than good; what else can be the reason that Sir *Henry Vane's* expell'd your house, for framing only a form of government, never received nor practised, (tho' I desire not to be understood, as adjusting his act, or condemning yours simply considered) and *Oliver St. John*, one that was both, yet he can keep his seat, have impunity, and rule the roast? it is true, the act was private and personal, yet did it, and the secluding major *Sallyway* liberally discover the complexion and temperature of your house.

Again, you kiss and hug them that scorn and hate you, and slight such as faithfully served you. Your declaration (a pitiful, dull, confused, senseless piece) courteth the clergy and the lawyer, a brace of birds, that ever yet have endeavoured to pick out your eyes; oh! Lord, what sad fate must needs attend that power that accounts it their interest to exalt their eminentest enemies, and shake off their surest friends? was it the lawyer brought you back to the exercise of your power? or did he not rather laugh and scorn you? was it *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, *Calamy* and *Cafe*, that steered your fleet, raised your siege, incensed your souldiers so, as they would either die or set you in your seats again? was there no *Sectarian* put their neck in the noose for you? and did what none else either could or dared to do? and must they now dispond, hang their heads, and be ashamed to look their friends in the face, thro' your abuse of the adventure of their blood?

Furthermore, 'tis a great discouragement to your friends, to see the giddiness and instability of your actings. One day solemnly thank colonel *Rich* for his good service; the next, conspiring to cut his throat: if he did indeed serve you, your latter proceedings are ugly; if otherwise, your thanks was grounded upon ignorance; so that whether he served you, or served you not, you do much disserve yourselves by such actings. For the veil is too thin, all men do see and say, 'tis not *Rich* or *Ludlow*, but the whole *Sectarian* party; some among yourselves design to ruin; and to the end, they may the better usher in the exiled interest.

Moreover consider, can you at once suppress the *Sectarian* and keep out the king? I know not what you may imagine, but the wisest without doors think otherwise.

otherwise. Now if this be impossible, that an ideot may make the inference, then look how much you lay aside the *Sectarian*, just so much you lay aside your strength, and propagate the interest of *Charles Stuart*. How behoveful therefore is it, that you eye this evil betimes, and suffer not your forces nor fleets to be baptized too much into the *Boothian* spirit; enfeebling yourselves, and laying further pressurers and discouragements upon the hearts of your friends. Many other discouragements I might enumerate; but your time is precious, so also is mine.

IV. Your trade's decayed. I presume you will give me your faith (without proof) that it is so: how it came, and why it continues, every one satisfies himself with his own reason, and therefore I shall spare my pain and your trouble: only let me tell you, this is the dame of all idleness; and no vice can be your friend, if you intend a common-wealth. Lack of employment first foment, then fosters discontents. No men of mettle will starve while meat is to be had, if they cannot have it by a civil employment, they will by a military, and if you cannot list them, others shall; for it is not choice but necessity which brings them to you. Thus you see how nature hath distressed your affairs, and all men lay all their lacks on you. A speedy applying of yourselves therefore effectually to remedy this distemper, is certainly your duty, or this single evil, which is not easily buried, will sink you.

V. Your treasure's exhausted; yet would not this disease be incurable, were not your army and navy in arrear: invert therefore that proverb, that many answers all things, and you will take a true account of your own condition: how you will fill the empty purse, considering the difficulties, as well foreign as domestick, that you must encounter, is worthy your serious thoughts. You may assess, but the humour of a free parliament, supported by all the art and interest of the royalist and secluded members, gives too good reason to doubt the collections will be but slow in the country. Add hereunto, the enemies you make yourselves, (to wit) all the *Sectarian* interest, (who certainly will most unwillingly maintain their oppressors) together with their general want of trade, as aforesaid; and I fear you will find such a dulness, as (if I mistake not)

not) your exigents cannot indure: how hardy you are, I know not, but I assure you this consideration hath a very grim and gasty aspect, and hath in very legible characters (at least in my apprehension) the death of our cause ingraven on it. I shall not so much as mention the infinite inconveniences that are intailed to this; only will say (what you may observe) this army serves you not on principle, but for pay; I will not deny but there are among them that would have me by the ears, should they know I said so: but deceive not yourselves: could *Dick* have kept them, they had never been yours; and they staid with *Fleetwood* till they had eat up the three months assessment; nor had they left him yet, could he have got or lent them more.

Lastly, Your enemies increase, and that both in number and nature; for you create enemies to yourselves, and this with so great an industry, that were I an alien, I should think it your interest to do so; for no man ever could imagine any power should be so busily occupied in kicking off its fastest friends. Are not your old enemies enough, but you must make new? this carries conviction with it, that you intend to take your old enemies for new friends, but woful is this advice; and unavoidable ruin will be the effect, and if you enter not into new councils, farewell for ever the old cause. The ways to save you, are but two. Espouse again and indulge the *Sectarian* interest; for a little time will tell you, you cannot keep out the king without their aid. His interest or theirs you must make yours. The presbyters alone cannot preserve you if they would, and three parts of four would not, if they could; think not I speak at random.

The other is, the speedy filling up your house; contempt's upon you, because of your paucity; nor will the secluded members give up their claim, till others are in the room.

Besides, as you are, you are not a competent representative for so large a territory as *England* is. Many places have none to represent them at all, and you have oft declared no laws shall be made, nor money raised, but by the peoples representatives in parliament, so that you yourselves have tied their purse; nor will you get it open without knocks till then. Moreover, your enemies increase upon you, because no man sees you
have

have any maw to this work, but rather think of keeping the power in your own clutches. This also is the reason of your want of trade, because every wise man sees you cannot hold it as you are; and no man will manage affairs, and adventure his stock, whilst affairs of state are at this uncertainty; and they who would mind their business, and imploy themselves and others, growing idle, and their monies lying dead, become enemies to you, as the cause thereof, nor can any excuse be formed for you.

To conclude, how many would be thorow common-wealth's-men, saw they you so? but whilst you are uncertain, so are they, and judge it imprudent to out-face the power; to abjure monarchy, and the monarch also, till the state doth it; after you is good manners, because if you vary, they they are undone; would you any faster than yourselves? that is most unrighteous, if you will reserve a turn to the king, quarrel not with others for being reserv'd also; lead the van therefore over *Rubicon*, doubt not enough will follow, but it must be also for a free, just, and equal common-wealth; not that one party or perswasion must have all the magistracies in their own hands, and all the rest as servitors attending it; no, this is but the name, it is the thing you must set up, or the name of *Charles Stuart* will be better, and find more followers than it. Sirs, your vessel's leaky, and your pump too little; carreen her quickly, or you sink past all recovery. This is the humble, but hearty advice of,

Your Faithful Servant,

S. L—e.

Mola

Mola Asinaria: or, the Unreasonable and Insupportable Burthen now press'd upon the Shoulders of this Groaning Nation.

Jusque datum Sceleri.

TO THE READER.

THE following excellent Piece intituled, *Mola Asinaria*; which (altho' Mr. Prynne's name, by way of irony, is put to it) was certainly written by the author of *Hudibras*; as appears by the remainder of the title, which runs thus: or the unreasonable and insupportable Burthen now press'd upon the Shoulders of this groaning Nation, by the headless head, and unruly rulers, that usurp upon the liberties and privileges of the oppressed people: Held forth in a remonstrance to all those that have yet sound and impartial ears [observe that sarcasm] to hear, and duly weigh'd in the scales of equity and justice: wherein is demonstrated, what slavery the nation must subject itself to, by allowing the lawfulness and usurped authority of the pretended long parliament, now unlawfully and violently held at *Westminster*. The Motto, *Jusque datum Sceleri*; taken from the first book of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, is à propos to the subject; and the title is made so extravagantly long, in derision to Mr. Prynne's titles to all his works, which generally comprehended the whole scope of them, *Ab ovo usque ad mala*, without any occasion of a preface. But, nevertheless, we are very well assur'd, that this piece is the performance of Mr. Butler; because the ingenious Mr. Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses* confirms it; and as it is now very scarce and valuable, we may reasonably suppose 'twill find the same kind entertainment, among all that love monarchical government and episcopacy, as the other subjects which flow'd from his as truly loyal as unparallel'd pen.

Mola

*Mola Asinaria, &c.**Countrymen,*

THERE is not any thing in the universe deserves less to be a member of it, than a self-speaking man, who unconcern'd in the publick good, regards only his private interest. The world unwillingly contributes to his maintenance; and nature less abhors a *Vacuum*, than that any place should be filled by a subject so empty of desert. He is a savage creature in the midst of civil people, not deserving to be born of others, as not caring to live, but for himself. Nay, it is worthily reputed a kind of civil death, to do nothing else but live: for as long as we have a country to abide it, we have a duty to tender it. All we have, we have from it; and by consequence owe it all we have. Our lives and fortunes are safest, when ventured for the publick interest; and he is the truest lover of law and liberty, that effects rather to be ruled, than to rule; he the freest subject, that creates himself a voluntary slave to his countries service. Take from the world this inviolable law, (that is not writ in brass, but deeply imprinted in loyal hearts) and it shall again turn savage and barbarous. This is a truth so manifest, and not to be dissembled, that never yet was there a tyrant, but pretended to be a saviour of the people. Liberty, conscience, a glorious nation, the good old cause, and such specious names are made use of: *Nec quisquam alienum servitium & dominationem concupivit, ut non eadem ista vocabula usurparit*: TACIT. These *Machiavilian* tricks and political cheats, so often put upon the people of our nation, methinks should have, by this time, undeceived us with a sad experience of the miseries we have subjected ourselves to, by a perpetual itch of reforming, annulling, creating laws, and framing new governments to the model of every grandee's ambition; and yet we are again ready to thrust our necks into a new yoke of slavery, rather than any man will engage his private fortunes, and venture to redeem his country from bondage. It is laid to the charge of *Englishmen*, by foreigners, that we are *φιλαυτοι*, and above all nations pretending

to civility, the greatest self-seekers; as regarding much more our own particular, than the general, concerns. I must needs say, other nations would have canonized for martyrs, and erected statues after their death to the memory of some of our compatriots, whom ye have barbarously defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other motive but their undaunted zeal. It has been (I know not whether I should say) your misfortune, or my glory, to become a sufferer for the legal vindication of the liberties of our kingdom; but yet I never knew what it was to fear, when I perceived myself engaged in so good a cause; not envy, nor snarling pamphlets shall stop the course of my pen freely running into my country's defence, which my profession and age forbid me to vindicate by the sword. Let young men serve it with their strength and arms, let old men secure it by their heads and counsel. For my part, I desire to live no longer than I can in some sort contribute to so glorious a work. I have of late been snarled at for it, by certain licentious scribblers, that durst not own their names for fear of discovering their asses ears: however, they are pleased to twitch at the honourable remnant of mine. They thought to have stopt my mouth by their brawling and braying; but I dare yet speak louder; and I hope I shall be heard by all such as have yet sound and impartial ears: but if my cry will not reach you, I fear (dear countrymen) the voice of blood will speedily interrupt your slumbring security. Those that will be lawless, find fault with my writings, because I vindicate the anciently established laws of *England*; and tax me of desperate nonsense, because I will not allow them an unlimited, illegal legislative power to repeal, annul, alter, and enact what laws soever they deem best to serve their own turns. They deceitfully cry out, *Salus populi suprema Lex est!* An axiom that I no ways deny to be true; but I would desire to be instructed who are to be judges of what is expedient for the good of the people? the author of the forfeited maxim says, *Leges Magistratibus præsumt, ut Magistratus præsumt populo*: and the great doctor *St. Austin*, not doubted to affirm, that those societies where law and justice is not, are not commonwealths or kingdoms, but *Magna Latrocinia*, great thefts and trappanning cheats.

As

As for the power of altering laws, or bringing in new ones, and setting up new governments, it is allowed by wise men, that all power lawfully exercised upon a commonwealth, must necessarily be derived either from the appointment of God, who is the supreme lord of all; or from the consent of the society itself, that hath the next power to his, of disposing of their own liberty, as they shall think fit for their good, whose benefit is the end of all government; therefore whoever arrogates such power to himself, that cannot produce one of these two titles, is not a ruler, but an invader, or a tyrant. Now, how this pretended long parliament, restored by the force of soldiers, by whose force it had first been dissolved, and was before annulled by the death or murder of king *Charles I.* that summoned it, he being *Principium, causa, & finis Parliamenti*: after his murder, the house of lords and monarchy being abolished, and so many of the ancient members thrown out, new ones unduly elected, and such horrid thefts, rapes, &c. committed by them upon the people, can lawfully be said the peoples representatives, and authorized by them, is the greatest riddle that ever was propounded to a puzzled state. It was in the year 1649, that I published a *Legal Vindication of the Liberties of England*; in which I demonstrated the nullity of the then pretended long parliament: and lately I set forth a lively pattern of the spurious *old cause*, pretended to be revived and vindicated by the fine pageant, or now sitting ghost of the long-since departed long parliament; neither need I reason farther with reasonable persons about it: yet since this fantastical hobgobbling appears still to fright the quiet people, and tempts them (like an evil spirit) to give themselves to such an unruly devil; I will here only hold forth to the view of all good *Englishmen*, what slavery they must needs subject themselves unto, if they resolve to cast off for ever their lawful master and sovereign, and take for new Masters these upstart domineering tyrants. Let then every honest freeborn subject of *England*, lay his hand upon his breast, and ask of his own conscience, whether, notwithstanding all former oaths of allegiance, supremacy, protestation, solemn leagues and covenants, &c. he can voluntarily submit to, and thereby freely acknowledge,

ledge, contrary to his former knowledge and the said oath, &c.

I. That there may be, and now is a lawfully-assembled parliament of *England*, actually in being, legally continuing after the late king's death, or lawfully re-assembled without king, lords, or most of their fellow-members, consisting only of a few late members of the commons house.

II. That this parliament, re-established by a military force, and packed together by power of an army combining with them, hath just and lawful authority, and had it before;

1. To arraign, condemn and execute their lawful king himself, with the peers and commons of this realm.
2. To disinherit the king's posterity of the crown.
3. To extirpate monarchy and the whole house of peers.
4. To violate the privileges, rights, freedoms, customs, and alter the constitution of parliaments themselves; to change and subvert the ancient government, seals, laws, writs, courts, and coin of the kingdom.
5. To sell and dispose of all the lands, revenues, jewels, goods of the crown, with the lands of deans and chapters, for their own advantage, not for the easing of the people from taxes.
6. To dispose of the ports, ships, forces, offices of honour, power, trust or profit, to whom they please.
7. To raise and keep up what forces by land or sea they please, and impose taxes, &c. to make what new acts, laws, and reverse what old ones they think meet.
8. To absolve themselves (by more than a papal power) and all the subjects of this land, from all the aforesaid oaths, engagements, protestations, &c.
9. To permit, settle, or invent what sect, heresy, or religion they please, provided they be not papacy or prelacy, and that they allow not blasphemy against the Trinity.
10. I ask now if every freeborn subject that hath not raised himself an interest by villany, or an estate by robbery, or incurred a guilt to the gallows,

for

for having his hand in blood, had not better venture life and fortunes to reduce the true and lawful heir into a peaceful possession of his right, than to authorize by his consent, a new fangled government, compacted of treason, usurpation, tyranny, theft, and murder.

HUDIBRAS's *Elegy*.

IN days of yore, when knight or squire
By fate were summon'd to retire;
Some menial poet still was near,
To bear them to the hemisphere,
And there among the stars to leave 'em,
Until the gods sent to relieve 'em:
And sure our knight whose very sight wou'd
Initle him mirrour of knighthood;
Shou'd he neglected lie, and rot,
Stink in his grave and be forgot,
Wou'd have just reason to complain,
If he shou'd chance to rise again.
And therefore to prevent his dudgeon,
In mournful dogg'rel thus we trudge on.

Oh me! what tongue, what pen can tell
How this renowned champion fell?
But must reflect, alas! alas!
All human glory fades like grass,
And that the strongest martial feats,
Of errant knights are all but cheats:
Witness our knight, who sure has done.
More valiant actions ten to one,
Than of *More-Hall*, the mighty *More*,
Or him that made the dragon roar;
Has knock'd more men and women down
Than *Bevis* of *Southampton* town,
Or than our modern heroes can,
To take them singly man by man.

No sure the grisly king of terror
Has been to blame, and in an error,
To issue his dead warrant forth,
To seize a knight of so much worth,
Just in the nick of all his glory.
I tremble when I tell the story.

Oh!

Oh! help me, help me, some kind muse,
 This surly tyrant to abuse;
 Who in his rage has been so cruel,
 To rob the world of such a jewel?
 A knight more learned, stout, and good,
 Sure ne'er was made of flesh and blood:
 All his perfections were so rare,
 The wit of man could not declare,
 Which single virtue, or which grace,
 Above the rest had any place;
 Or which he was most famous for,
 The camp, the pulpit, or the bar;
 Of each he had an equal spice,
 And was in all so very nice,
 That to speak truth th' account is lost,
 In which he did excel the most.
 When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,
 And out he went a colonelling;
 Strange hopes and fears possess the nation,
 How he cou'd manage that vocation,
 Until he shew'd it to a wonder,
 How nobly he cou'd fight and plunder:
 At preaching too he was a dab,
 More exquisite by far than *Squab*;
 He cou'd fetch uses and infer
 Without the help of metaphor,
 From any scripture text howe'er
 Remote it from the purpose were;
 And with his fist, instead of a stick,
 Beat pulpit drum ecclesiastick;
 'Till he made all the audience weep,
 Excepting those that fell asleep.
 Then at the bar he was right able,
 And cou'd bind o'er as well as swaddle;
 And famous too at petty sessions,
 'Gainst thieves and whores for long digressions.
 He cou'd most learnedly determine
 To *Bridewell* or the stocks, the vermin.
 For his address and way of living,
 All his behaviour was so moving;
 That let the dame be ne'er so chaste,
 As people say, below the waist,
 If *Hudibras* but once come at her,
 He'd quickly make her chaps to water;

Then

Then for his equipage and shape,
On vestals they'd commit a rape;
Which often, as the story says,
Have made the ladies weep both ways.
Ill has he read that never heard,
How he wi'th' widow *Tomson* far'd;
And what hard conflict was between
Our knight and that insulting quean.
Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains,
For rhimes for his melodious strains;
Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,
To get into a jilt's good graces,
Than did Sir *Hudibras* to get,
Into this subtile gypsy's net;
Who after all her high pretence,
To modesty and innocence,
Was thought by most to be a woman,
That to all other knights was common.

Hard was his fate in this I own,
Nor will I for the traps atone:
Indeed to guess I am not able,
What made her thus inexorable;
Unless she did not like his wit,
Or what is worse, his perquisit.
How e'er it was, the wound she gave
The knight he carry'd to his grave:
Vile harlot to destroy a knight,
That cou'd both plead, and pray, and fight.
Oh! cruel base inhuman drab,
To give him such a mortal stab;
That made him pine away and moulder,
As tho' that he had been no soldier:
Could'st thou find no one else to kill,
Thou instrument of death and hell?
But *Hudibras*, who stood the Bears
So oft against the cavaliers;
And in the very heat of war,
Took stout *Crowdero* prisoner;
And did such wonders all along,
That far exceed both pen and tongue.

If he had been in battle slain,
We'd had less reason to complain;
But to be murder'd by a whore,
Was ever knight so serv'd before?

But since he's gone, all we can say,
 He chanc'd to dye a lingering way;
 If he had liv'd a longer date,
 He might, perhaps, have met a fate;
 More violent, and sitting for
 A knight so fam'd in civil war.
 To sum up all, from love and danger,
 He's now (O! happy knight) a stranger;
 And if a muse can ought foretel,
 His fame shall fill a chronicle;
 And he in after-ages be,
 Of errant knights th' epitome,

HUDIBRAS'S Epitaph.

Under this stone rests Hudibras,
 A knight as errant as e'er was;
 The controversie only lies,
 Whether he was more stout than wise;
 Nor can we here pretend to say,
 Whether he best cou'd fight or pray;
 So till those questions are decided,
 His virtues must rest undivided;
 Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,
 And full as oft took pains in tubs;
 Of which the most that can be said,
 He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.
 As for his personage and shape,
 Among the rest we'll let them scape.
 Nor do we, as things stand, think fit,
 This stone shou'd meddle with his wit.
 One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
 He liv'd and dy'd a colonel;
 And for the good old cause stood buff,
 'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff.
 But since his worship's dead and gone,
 And mould'ring lies beneath this stone.
 The reader is desir'd to look,
 For his atchievement in his book;
 Which will preserve of knight the
 Till time and death itself shall

FINIS.



